



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

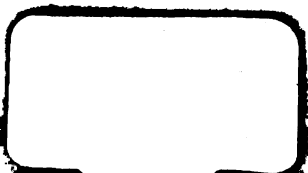
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08167619 3



THE
FORTNIGHTLY
REVIEW.

EDITED BY
JOHN MORLEY.

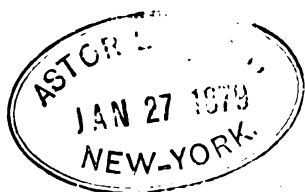
VOL. VI. NEW SERIES.

JULY 1 TO DECEMBER 1, 1869.

(VOL. XII. OLD SERIES.)

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1869.

[*The Right of Translation is reserved.*]



260

LONDON:
PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO.,
CITY ROAD.

101178
2185
1879

CONTENTS.

AUTHOR.		PAGE
ALTMANN, C. K.	Public Education in Holland	338
AMBERLEY, Viscount	The Latter-Day Saints. Part I.	511
	" " " " Part II.	665
BAGEHOT, Walter	Physics and Politics. Part III.	58
	Henry Crabb Robinson	179
BAIN, Professor	On Teaching English	200
BLANDFORD, Dr.	The Nature of Emotion	103
BLIND, Karl	Ancient and Modern Russia	250
	The Condition of France	651
BRIDGES, Dr. J. H.	Influence of Civilisation on Health	140
COX, G. W.	Gladstone on Historic Credibility of the Iliad and Odyssey	241
CROCKETT, Bernard	The Academy of 1869. Part II.	46
DAVIES, J. Llewelyn	Christian Theory of Duty in its Relation to Universal Morality	1
DOWDEN, Edward	Walter Savage Landor	121
FREEMAN, E. A.	The Morality of Field Sports	353
FORMAN, H. Buxton	Richardson, as Artist and Moralist	428
HAMERTON, P. G.	Claude Tillier; an Unknown Satirist	13
HARRISON, Frédéric	The Trades-Union Bill	30
	The Positivist Problem	469
KEBBEL, T. E.	Pope's "Essay on Man"	641
KINNEAR, J. Boyd	The Question of the House of Lords	270
LESTER, J. D.	Heinrich Heine	287
LUDLOW, J. M.	Old Guilds and New Friendly and Trade Societies	390
M'LENNAN, J. F.	The Worship of Animals and Plants. Part I.	407
	" " " " Part II.	562
NORTON, C. Eliot	On Emigration	189
PALGRAVE, F. T.	The Scientific Study of Poetry	163
PATER, W. H.	Notes on Leonardo da Vinci	494
SAVAGE, Marmion	The Woman of Business. Chapters XX. to XXXIX.	82, 215, 304, 444, 536, 692
SEEBOHM, F.	The Land Question. I. English Tenures in Ireland	626
SWINBURNE, Algernon C.	Victor Hugo: <i>L'Homme qui Rit</i>	73
	Super Flumina Babylonis	386
	Intercession	509
TROLLOPE, Anthony	Mr. Freeman on the Morality of Hunting	616
WYLLIE, J. W. S.	Masterly Inactivity	585
CRITICAL NOTICES	116, 236, 348, 467, 583

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXXI. NEW SERIES.—JULY 1, 1869.

RELATIONS OF THE CHRISTIAN THEORY OF DUTY TO UNIVERSAL MORALITY.

WE Christians have for ourselves a certain theory of duty. We find the principles of it in our sacred writings. It is expounded and enforced in our churches. There are, we know, very considerable variations in the modes in which it is interpreted; and it very often happens that Christian teachers speaking to fellow-Christians give advice and use appeals which might be addressed by any man to any other men. But it is, nevertheless, obviously true that there is a Christian manner of life professedly grounded on Christian assumptions, having claims on those who acknowledge, and not having the same kind of claims on those who do not acknowledge, those assumptions. The ethics of the pulpit in their most characteristic form are intended for believers only. How then do we who accept the properly Christian ethics stand towards the morality of men in general? This is a question which forces itself upon any Christian who looks outside the present life of his own communion, and takes an interest in the affairs of the world. It is hardly necessary at this time to refer to the opinion—though it has been held by the most earnest Christians—according to which there is no such thing as morality at all, except in the sense of some indispensable worldly conventions, for the non-elect, or the unconverted; which has denounced the best acts of non-Christians as nothing better than splendid sins, and has refused to have any other conception of men in general than that of creatures walking blindly to their ruin. Practically, we may regard this way of thinking as now repudiated by responsible Christians. And therefore they are called upon to realise to themselves, and to explain to others, what are the relations between their morality and common morality. Does the word Duty express for them two different sets of ideas? Has the Christian, besides his own ethics, to adopt another system for more general uses? Is he compelled by his own doctrines to choose one rather than another of the systems of morality which

he finds competing in the world? It will be my endeavour in this paper to show that, with legitimate interpretations, the Christian theory of duty becomes available in a very adequate and complete degree as a universal system of morality.

I must briefly state what would be generally accepted as the Christian conception of duty. We believe that we are, by our higher nature, God's children. It is our duty to be true children of God. God has revealed himself in a Son, so that we know in an appreciable degree what God is, and what his children should be. We are to yield him filial affections, and to imitate his nature. The chief features of the Divine Nature are righteousness and love, and we, accordingly, ought to become righteous and loving. But the constitutional relation of man to God is such that dependence on God is a condition of moral life. The just man lives by faith. The will of God is what the Christian has to do, and it is by trust and self-surrender that he becomes able to do it. This statement would probably seem to all Christians too bald and incomplete to be taken as anything like an adequate account of the principles of their morality. Some would like to add to it one development or qualification, some another. But Christian morality must always, I apprehend, have for its cardinal assumption sonship toward God, and, for its sphere and code, the affections proper to that sonship, and to the mutual relations amongst human beings which it involves.

Outside of the Church we find systems of ethical science endeavouring to establish themselves, in which no account is taken of such a filial relation, or of such filial duties. The field of ethical controversy is in the main occupied by two rival schools, that of intuitive or spiritualist, and that of inductive or utilitarian morality. Just now, fresh life has been thrown into the conflict between the two schools. A gallant but evidently somewhat rash assault has been made upon the utilitarians by Mr. Lecky, and has been hotly repelled in their name by the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. The conflict is full of interest and instruction. It is easy to see that the intuitionist moralists are most in sympathy with theological views, and that the utilitarians—though Mr. Lecky may be unadvised in saying that their creed is practically incompatible with belief in a God—make it their business for the most part to explain human life to its roots without reference to God. But it is generally assumed that the ethical controversy should be carried on without the introduction of theological elements; and, for various reasons, intuitionist moralists who have been not only theists, like Mr. Lecky, but undoubted Christians, have thought it best to argue moral questions upon grounds which are presumably common to themselves and their opponents, and therefore to keep their theology in the background. Paley is an exception of some importance to these latter remarks. He was a utilitarian moralist, adopting what other utilitarians have thought a low standard, and at

the same time the will of God and a future life were necessary elements in his system. But, as a rule, Christians are expected to maintain the intuitive morality without making their Christianity a ground of it. On this point I may express the general feeling in the words of the late Professor Grote, a clergyman and sincere Christian. The position to be held, he says, is this :—

“That morality *suggests* religion, and that the *more right* morality is, the more it suggests, and must suggest the *true* religion : but that morality is in itself independent of anything which can, with significance, be called actual religion, and that all the great notions of morality are suggested independently of any distinctively religious considerations. This latter principle appears to me to be of prime importance, for two reasons : the one, that without it morality cannot furnish any independent support to definite religion—any argument, *e.g.*, in support of the truth of our Christian revelation—and to me it furnishes the greatest ; the other, that we want morality to have its full force, as morality, under *false* religions as well as under the true, and not to be *only* valid for those who acknowledge this latter.”¹

I quote these words with great respect, but the considerations I have mentioned, as to the exhaustive pretensions of the properly Christian law of duty, make me unable to agree with them.

In observing the battle between the intuitive and the inductive moralists, it may be noticed that the antagonists do not both bring their strength to bear upon the same point. The most important division in moral science (as Mr. Morley has pointed out with perhaps excessive vehemence) is that between the moral *standard*, and the moral *sanction*. The former answers the question, How do we find out and know what is right ? The latter answers the question, What constrains us to do it ? We can all say, “I ought to do what is right.” But inquirers will ask, either—Why ought I ? or, Why is this or that right ? Now utilitarians urge, that the criterion of rightness in an action is its tendency to promote the general well-being or happiness ; and the position is one which it is extremely difficult to assail. Intuitive moralists urge, that we have instinctive preferences and a consciousness of obligation, which incline us *a priori* to what is right ; that Right asserts an authority over us, which we naturally acknowledge. In these contentions each party is strong, and it does not appear, so far, that there is any direct contradiction between them. But if utilitarians affirm that what we call the authority of conscience is nothing but impressions of pleasure collected by experience and brought to bear in the form of constraint upon individuals by law and social opinion, and that all thought and feeling and action are only modes of molecular activity ; or if intuitionists deny that a tendency to promote well-being is a sound test of right action, then an undoubted antagonism arises. If, however, we are at liberty to take from each school what we choose and to leave the rest, we may find ourselves very much disposed to pay deference to the criterion by which the utilitarians would discover what is

(1) From an unpublished letter.

right, and at the same time to believe with the *a priori* moralists that human nature is so made as to recognise the inherent authority of what is right, whenever and however it has been discovered.

The moral standard for the Christian must be the will of God ; nor can his moral sanction be anything else than the same will of God. That which is right for us to do is what God wills. The reason why we ought to do it is because God wills it. There is nothing more ultimate or fundamental to the Christian than these two principles, which thus coalesce into one.

But when we have called the will of God our rule and standard, it becomes necessary to explain how we are to learn what the will of God is. The first impulse with a great number of Christians is to pronounce that we learn it from the Bible. An innocent dictum of this kind, prompted by the loyalty and reverence which Protestants have been taught to cherish towards the Bible, gives great advantages to hostile reasoners, and is summarily accepted by them as the Christian theory of the standard of morality. It is easy to show that the Bible cannot serve as such a standard ; and it is equally easy to show that in the New Testament, and in all the more authoritative utterances of Christian belief, we do not find such a character ascribed to the Bible. The authentic Christian theory may be stated as follows:—The great principles of the will of God, and those which should govern all human action, have been exhibited in the most perfect and impressive form in the life of the Son of man. These principles commend themselves so naturally to the human conscience that they will never be honestly denied by any one. They are such as justice, truth, self-control, love. In by far the greater part of human life these principles are of themselves sufficient to guide and determine conduct. But they do not settle beforehand what ought to be done in all circumstances. New circumstances raise new questions. One step towards greater perfection suggests another step. How, in such cases, are Christians to ascertain what is the will of God ? We might answer, speaking most broadly, that help of every kind is to be willingly accepted. Such a criterion as that of congruity with what is already known and thoroughly trusted will be of great use. But on the whole the new principle or mode of action will have to be *proved*. Experience is the great test of accordance with the will of God. How does it work ? is the question which the devout Christian is bound to ask concerning any innovation in life. The question is asked with confidence by Christians, because they believe that the conditions of human life do not come by chance, but are divinely ordered. The verdict of experience is necessarily the judgment of the Divine Ruler. This is the plain and reiterated teaching of St. Paul, and this was the rule on which the first Christians consciously and deliberately acted. The prepossessions of a devout mind will be rich in suggestions, but

they can never afford to be independent of facts. It will always be necessary to prove by trial, *δοκιμάζαν*, what the will of God is.

With regard to the great questions which mark the line of moral progress, this has always been the legitimate Christian policy. I do not for a moment mean to say that Christians in general have faithfully followed it. But they would have been better Christians, as well as more useful to the world, if they had. And, though not firmly observed, that policy may be distinctly traced in the history of Christendom. In regulating customs as to marriage, slavery, and other dominant institutions of life,—in deciding upon the comparative claims of religion, of country, and of family,—whilst hints and suggestions have generally come from the aspirations of Christian hearts, the testimony of experience has been confessed by the greater Christian teachers to be sacred, and has even been accepted as the final judgment.

And the question how a thing would work, whether experience was in favour of it or against it, could not substantially differ from the question whether its tendency was to promote the well-being of mankind, or not. In other words, Christian judgment has submitted to the utilitarian or experiential test. The will of God is the real good of mankind. We cannot for a moment allow that there can be any possible divergence between the two standards. It is true that utilitarians affirm that good is happiness, and happiness is pleasure, and I admit that there is something extremely distasteful to the Christian habit of mind in making pleasure the aim and end of existence. But then we find that this notion, *in the same sense*, is almost equally distasteful to the modern utilitarian. The selfish theory is utterly and conclusively abandoned by the highest utilitarian authorities.¹ They appear to call for the unreserved sacrifice and destruction of himself, if a man can thereby

(1) See for example Mill's "Utilitarianism," pp. 22–24. On the other hand, the self-regarding theory has been re-asserted in one of the most remarkable of recent ethical discussions ("The Morals of Expediency and Intuition," *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 5th and June 8th), by a writer who combines the principles of Bentham and Paley. This vigorous thinker says that the utilitarian answer to the question, Why ought I to do what is right? is, Because it will conduce to my greatest happiness: and he endeavours to prove that the very question, Why ought I, cannot be thoroughly understood except so as necessarily to imply such an answer. But he holds that the probability of rewards and punishments in a future state must affect the expectation of happiness in an important degree. The principle, affirmed by Mr. Mill, that a man is bound to give up his own happiness without reserve or hope, if he can thereby promote the greater happiness of others, will be felt by Christians to be a strained and unnatural one, binding a needless burden on men. According to Christian belief, he who casts himself away will find himself. We are encouraged not to care for ourselves, because God cares for us. In some respects those who start from the Christian relation between men and God, will rather agree with the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* than with Mr. Mill. But there is an important difference between his conception of God and theirs. Whilst he thinks of God chiefly as wielding the promises and threats—especially the threats—of the future world, they would take the most perfect ideal of parental guidance and filial trust as illustrating what God is to men and what men should be to God.

promote largely the general happiness of his fellow-men. And when we find that they also eagerly insist upon a difference of dignity in pleasures, setting the æsthetic above the sensual, and the moral above the æsthetic, I do not see that we need have any quarrel with them upon this point of the nature of well-being.

Mr. Lecky, speaking on the side of intuitional morality, is rash enough to allege that the higher kind of virtue is *not* of a nature to promote the well-being of mankind, or at least to promote such social happiness as he conceives to be the ideal of utilitarians. He takes the apparently high line of advocating, on the ground of our native instincts of preference and approbation, a virtue which not only does not make happiness its aim, but is actually likely to diminish the amount of human happiness. It is inconceivable that any one accustomed to believe in God as the Creator of human society, should think that there can be a virtue which would in the long run have such an effect. Christians have always assumed and taught that obedience to the will of God is the way to true happiness. They will agree with Mr. Mill when he says,—

“If men believe, as most profess to do, in the goodness of God, those who think that conduciveness to the general happiness is the essence, or even only the criterion of good, must necessarily believe that it is also that which God approves” (“Utilitarianism,” p. 41). “If it be a true belief that God desires, above all things, the happiness of his creatures, and that this was his purpose in their creation, utility is not only not a godless doctrine, but more profoundly religious than any other. . . . A utilitarian who believes in the perfect goodness and wisdom of God, necessarily believes that whatever God has thought fit to reveal on the subject of morals, must fulfil the requirements of utility in a supreme degree. . . . Whatever aid religion, either natural or revealed, can afford to ethical investigation, is as open to the utilitarian moralist as to any other.” (Ibid., pp. 31, 32.)

Let us take as an example some question within the domain of moral science, upon which there would now be a difference of opinion amongst well-informed persons. It is a remarkable fact that, whilst there is so much diversity as to the *grounds* of duty, there is so little as to the duties themselves. But such a subject as the relation of women to men may be considered as belonging to morals, and upon this it may be assumed that at the present moment people seriously differ. Some would advocate greatly increased facility of divorce, an absolutely equal contract in marriage, identical rights for each sex before the law, and other innovations affecting the position of women. To a certain extent Christians may be said to be prepossessed against such proposals. A theory of marriage is laid down in the New Testament, which is represented as having the sanction of God himself. To give up marriage altogether would make a great hole in the New Testament teaching. And certainly the general effect of that teaching is to persuade us to regard the marriage-tie as sacred, and not to be dissolved. A theory which treats marriage as a matter of convenience is repugnant to our Christian instincts. But we Christians are quite ready to justify the

most reverent view of marriage as conducive to the well-being of mankind. We have no fear of its being proved by any appeal to experience that the institution of marriage is an injurious one. If evidence unfavourable to any existing custom in the department of marriage-laws or the legal condition of women begins to accumulate, we shall probably be led by our Christian prejudices to scrutinise it with severity, and we shall feel an interest in meeting it with arguments from experience on the other side. But should the unfavourable evidence be manifestly the stronger, it is vain to suppose that we shall be unaffected by it. Gradually, perhaps slowly, but surely, we shall come to recognise the testimony of experience as bringing a Divine sanction with it. Good customs which seem to be endangered will find a firmer support than they had before. We shall once more perceive the will of God in what the facts of life bring home to us. The witness of facts, if only we can get it genuine, is as positive and authentic a revelation of the will of God as anything in the New Testament.

So far, then, as the determining of what we ought to do is concerned, we may be better satisfied that we are walking on Christian as well as solid ground, in going with Mr. Mill or any other of the moralists who make the promotion of human happiness the test of right action, than in depending, with Mr. Lecky, on the guidance of our innate moral consciousness. And, to turn the matter round, the Christian theory of accepting God's will as our law, and finding out by experience what God's will is, provides us with just those means of discovery which utilitarianism professes to supply.

It is not so easy to describe the *sanction* as the standard of utilitarian ethics. With the Christian the will of God is the sanction as well as the standard. We hold ourselves bound to do God's will *because* it is his will. Mr. Mill seems to allow that Christians, without giving up their theory of obligation, may be perfect utilitarians by simply accepting the utilitarian test. But he holds—in common with nearly all moralists, on his own side and on the opposite—that duty may be defined without reference to God; and he undertakes to show that utilitarians can account for and produce the phenomena of conscience and obligation as well as the *a priori* moralists.

In thoroughness and simplicity Christians may surely contend that their theory of obligation is beyond all rivalry. Only let their datum be granted—that there is a God who communicates his will, in whatever way, to men, his children—and no one can deny that we have in this fact a simple and final explanation of conscience and duty. All the language which seems most natural and inevitable about moral obligation fits in readily with this theory. We have but to name the will of God, to imply that it is absolutely binding upon us. When we further consider what we believe about the nature and acts of God, the law of complete self-surrender and dependence—the principle of righteousness by faith—commends itself to us as

necessarily involved in that belief. If all the world consisted of believers in the God of the Christians, it would be manifestly futile to attempt to construct any other theory of duty but that according to which men are responsible to their Maker, as to a perfectly wise and just and loving Father.

Both intuitionists and utilitarians, however, undertake to explain duty without assuming man's relation to God. And the former do it by affirming that there is something in the constitution of man's nature which gives to right action an *a priori* claim and authority over his mind. They make their appeal to the common consciousness. When the received morality says to us, You ought to do this and that, if we ask, Why ought we?—intuitionists answer by asking, Don't you know and feel that you ought? Utilitarians bring against this method the well-known objections, that this is simply turning the popular impressions of the moment into a law, and that these supposed constitutional assumptions cannot stand against analysis. They proceed to analyse. They say that all that they have to deal with is the internal persuasion or bias which we call the sense of duty. This is, in fact, a strong leaning to what is right, and a strong shrinking from what is wrong. They resolve this feeling into the result of many influences. They trace it to hereditary tendencies impressed on the bodily system, to early education, and, most generally, to the action of law and social opinion deterring from and punishing what is wrong, and encouraging with approbation and rewards what is right. When such influences have been brought steadily to bear upon a human organisation, there results the state of feeling called conscience, or a sense of duty. To nourish the conscientious feeling it is only necessary to strengthen and direct those influences.

The most determined spiritualist can hardly follow, unmoved, these operations of "victorious analysis" upon the moral sense. But however adequate the explanations, in the hands of an able reasoner, may for a moment appear to be, no one can acquiesce in them as satisfactory except those who have despaired of the spiritual world. The old terminology of morals is continually protesting and rebelling against this theory of the conscience. Explain it as you will, the word "I ought" is hardly the word to express a physiological inference. If we try to frame a language really suited to such conceptions of duty, the very life seems to have gone out of morality. We miss the most powerful spring of conduct, the most intelligible object of appeal, the strongest anchor in a storm of personal temptation. For the promotion of inward virtue, the morality of thoughts and aspirations, we lose the hold upon a higher power, and have to fall back upon self-culture only. The moral chemist may bring together materials from below which promise to make the living growth of goodness; but, after all, we continue to feel that we cannot dispense with the subtle influence from above, which animates, and inspires, and draws the soul upwards.

But we Christians do not now profess to deny all morality in those by whom the Christian sanction is not accepted. We recognise and admire virtue in men who do not practise it because it is the will of God. If we, then, whose explanation of morality is that God speaks to us, and we hear his voice, and confess his authority, are called upon to explain morality in those whose conception of it is a totally different one, we must either avail ourselves of some independent system of morality for them, or show that our system can adapt itself in some way to their case. The latter course seems to me in every way preferable. And in order to justify ourselves we need nothing but one principle of interpretation, a principle which is on all accounts a most important one. We need *to conceive of God in a truly spiritual manner*. That is, we must think of God as mysterious, never more than partially apprehended, speaking in nature, and in human society, as well as in Christ and in the sacred writers. We must think of trust in God and the service of God as not limited to those who accept the definitions of theology.

The narrowest and most formal notions of God and his action are too common amongst Christians; and these are naturally welcome to those who make it their business to account for all things without God. Non-Christians have great excuse for assuming that the will of God is but another name for infallible Scripture, or that God only acts in miracles, or that faith is a curious principle to be understood only by the initiated. But these notions never formed part of the higher Christian theology. It is impossible for a man to be an earnest and intelligent Christian without being raised by his Christianity above them. All the greater Christian theologians have been led inevitably to views which, by comparison, may be called mystical and pantheistic. They have been accustomed to see God in all things, and especially in all order and goodness. It would be impossible to find a more unmystical and common-sense divine than Paley; but even of him Professor Bain remarks, with significant wonder, "He cannot, it seems, trust human nature with a single charitable act apart from the intervention of the Deity." We should not use by preference the word "intervention;" but assuredly a spiritual theology, whilst ready to acknowledge the charitable acts of any man, would never admit that one of them was done without the Deity. We say then that everything to which the idea of duty attaches itself is some aspect or manifestation of God; that a moral law, whence soever derived, is, in fact, a law of God; that ideals cherished with reverence are shadows of the Divine perfection; that even devotion to human kind is devotion to the Father in whose image mankind is made. We do not invent these interpretations merely for the sake of contriving an ambitious, but unreal and delusive, comprehension; these and similar statements have been expressed from the first in the language of Christian doctrine, and with an eye

to Christians only. We preach upon them from texts of Scripture¹ in sermons intended for the edification of believers. So that this method is a perfectly real one to Christians, and we apply it to ourselves far more, and more naturally, than we think of applying it to unbelievers. But it is capable of application to their case as well as to ours. It will follow then that, according to the Christian view, he who regards Duty as having an indefeasible claim upon him is really acknowledging the absolute sovereignty of God's will ; he who forgets himself to live for his fellows is living for Christ and for God ; he who cherishes an ideal of honour and purity and kindness, is paying homage to the Son of man, and striving after the perfection of God. A conscience is a conscience, however it has been produced ; and the higher law to which it is in fact sensitive, however it may be named by the owner of the conscience, is necessarily by Christians named the law of God.

Professor Huxley, in the paper in this Review, in which he has declared so uncompromising a determination to know nothing but natural phenomena and their laws, seems to reduce the noblest acts of duty to the precise level of the contractile agitation of the protoplasm in the hairs of the stinging-nettle. "All thought," he says, "is but the expression of molecular changes in the physical matter of life. As surely as every future grows out of past and present, so will the physiology of the future gradually extend the realm of matter and law until it is co-extensive with knowledge, with feeling, and with action." Most of his readers cannot help feeling depressed by such a prospect, and would at any rate take it to be discouraging to moral appeals and exhortations ; but Mr. Huxley, with his unsparing severity, when he has excited their fears, proceeds to laugh at them as foolish ; and he himself seems to consider the identity in nature of action and contractility as positively suggesting with peculiar emphasis a moral conclusion. "Why trouble ourselves," he asks, "with anything beyond natural phenomena ? We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it." The plain duty of each and all of us ! Where in the world, we are inclined to ask, does Mr. Huxley find a place for plain duty amongst his molecular changes ? Nevertheless, we see that he does acknowledge a plain duty for all and each ; and this plain duty he declares to be to strive against misery and ignorance. Well ; any man who does that, in the eye of the Christian, is doing God's will ; if he is responsible for doing it, he is really responsible to God. Mr. Huxley is a physiologist, and goes a little aside from his own professional

(1) For example : "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." "Every one that loveth is born of God." "When saw we thee an hungred and fed thee ? Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

line in making this appeal to our consciences. But when we see the warmth with which such moralists as Mr. Mill, say, or M. Comte, at moral questions, the enthusiasm with which they desire the improvement of the human race, their indignation against wrong, their reverence for goodness, the profound sense of responsibility they would cultivate in themselves and others, we cannot but say, these men live by faith more than most Christians, and their faith is in—what? In what we, speaking for ourselves, should most certainly name God.

It may make philosophers smile, thus to pronounce them theists and even Christians, whether they will or no. But these considerations are not addressed expressly to them. The object of them is to justify the Christian theory of duty as capable of universal application. Mr. Bain says of Paley, "The ethical standard with him is the conjoined reference to the will of the Deity, and to utility or human happiness. He is unable to construct a scheme applicable to mankind generally, until they are first converted to a belief in revelation." From such an objection I desire to clear the doctrine of those who make the will of God the supreme law. I contend that Christians have no need to add an exoteric to their esoteric morality. The theory taught them by their Master and St. Paul and St. John serves for all the world. It accepts the utilitarian test of the rightness of actions without reserve. It more manifestly embraces, and gives much-needed support to, the whole intuitional morality. It is able and willing to recognise and affiliate the goodness of all good men, whatever they may profess to believe. In utilitarianism there is nothing which there is not in Christianity. What there is in the Christian ethical system beyond and in advance of utilitarianism—how it gives birth to a larger and finer code of duties, how it presents more powerful and inspiring motives, how by dealing at once with the heart, out of which are the issues of life, it escapes the embarrassment of a system which is primarily a morality of actions,¹ how it

(1) It is by no means an easy thing to define *an action*. There is on one side the Scylla of making it mechanical, by shutting out mind and feeling from it; and on the other side the Charybdis of putting too much mind and feeling into it, and so making it include what does not properly belong to it. The question of the relation of a motive to an action is so important that I may be permitted to refer to an incidental discussion of it in a note contained in the second edition of Mr. Mill's "Utilitarianism" (p. 26). Mr. Mill says in the text of his work (p. 26), "Utilitarian moralists have gone beyond almost all others in affirming that *the motive has nothing to do with the morality of the action, though much with the worth of the agent*. He who saves a fellow-creature from drowning does what is morally right, whether his motive be duty or the hope of being paid for his trouble; he who betrays the friend that trusts him, is guilty of a crime, even if his object be to serve another friend to whom he is under greater obligations." I had objected to this statement, in a criticism which Mr. Mill does me the honour to notice, that we cannot help taking the motive into account, in estimating the rightness or wrongness of an action; and I had suggested more extreme alternative cases than Mr. Mill's, as that the life of the drowning man was saved in order that he might be tortured alive, and that the friend was betrayed with an eye to his own greater good. Mr. Mill replies, that by a common and venial oversight, I have confounded the

invests the human ideal with heavenly radiance, touching the imagination as well as the heart,—on these topics it has been beyond my present purpose to dwell. My conclusion is, let not Christians be distrustful of their theology. Let them be glad to see it searched and proved by any trial. Marcus Aurelius has said (iii. 13)—a Christian ought to say it with tenfold meaning and confidence—"The bond which unites the divine and human to one another is such, that neither wilt thou do anything well which pertains to man without at the same time having a reference to things divine; nor the contrary."

J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

very different ideas of motive and intention, the distinction between which utilitarian moralists (and Bentham pre-eminently) have taken great pains to illustrate. In the case of rescue which I have supposed, not only the motive. Mr. Mill says, but the act itself is different. The rescue is only the necessary first step of an act far more atrocious than leaving the man to drown would have been. True: but the same criticism appears to me to apply to Mr. Mill's own illustrations. What Mr. Mill, in the passage quoted, calls motives, Bentham would rather have called intentions. Intention may regard, says Bentham, either the act or its consequences. The man who hoped to be paid for saving the other from drowning, *intended*, Bentham would have said, to make some money; his *motive* was desire of money, a thing neither good nor bad. The saving of life was right, because saving life is generally conducive to happiness. In the other case, what Mr. Mill calls the man's "object"—meaning his motive—would also be, more strictly, his "intention." To serve his friend is his *intention*, and the betrayal of the other friend's trust is "a necessary first step of this act;" his *motive* is that variety of benevolence which is called gratitude,—a motive which, according to Bentham, might just as easily prompt a wrong action as a right one. As regards this particular point, then, I venture to think that I have offended against accurate distinction neither more nor less than Mr. Mill himself. The question of importance is, how we are to give an action its full moral quality, when we separate it from the motives and disposition. Bentham is so extremely cool in his judgments, and refers so continually to pleasure and pain, that he seems to evacuate the actions he discusses of moral quality altogether. To him it is enough to call an action pernicious, without stamping it as wicked. He would have so far differed from Mr. Mill, I imagine, as to persist that in the case I suggested, the man in the mere saving of life was doing what ought to be called right, because generally beneficial, although in the particular case it was a step to a wrong action. Mr. Mill appears to be unwilling to call a bad man's act, done with a bad purpose, a good act. On the other hand, are we willing to say with him that a man who betrays a friend in order to serve another friend to whom he is under greater obligations, "is guilty of a crime," no less than if the act were a wholly selfish one? The act, in the legal or Benthamite view, is a wrong one; it is an act for law to punish. But in pronouncing on the guilt of the doer, in considering the reflex character of the act, we can hardly help taking motives into account. Mr. Mill allows us indeed to do this, if we are estimating the worth of the agent. We may infer, he says, disposition from acts, and shall think well or ill of a man according to his disposition. Well, what I contend is, that this principle of estimating according to motives, runs of necessity into our judgment of acts when we are determining their moral quality. Bentham himself says, "It is an acknowledged thing that every kind of act whatever is apt to assume a different character, and be attended with different effects, according to the nature of the *motives* which give birth to it." It is most natural, when we are thinking of moral responsibility, to regard an act as an expression of mind or feeling. And Christians will habitually and consistently so regard it. They will always look beyond the act to its motives. In their view, acts derive their morality from the actuating purpose or feeling. And they will judge of feeling as right and noble, or the opposite, not only by its tendency to produce beneficial results (although they will accept this as a safe criterion), but also as it is in harmony or not with what they have learnt to be the highest attributes of the Divine nature.

CLAUDE TILLIER: AN UNKNOWN SATIRIST.

It is probable that few readers, even amongst those best acquainted with French literature, will already know the name at the head of this article, and it is more than probable that it is here for the first time printed beyond the limits of Claude Tillier's native land. He is not much known in Paris even, and not generally known in France. Who and what was he, and why do we write about him here? He was a provincial humourist and satirist, born at Clamecy, a little place on the banks of the river Yonne, where it flows, still in its infancy, amongst the picturesque hills of the Morvan. He died at Nevers, in 1844, at the age of forty-three. He wrote a good many pamphlets and a few stories, and his life was that of a poor schoolmaster and provincial journalist. He wrote in a small paper published at Clamecy, and called the "Independent," and afterwards edited a newspaper at Nevers called *l'Association*. His pamphlets and stories were collected soon after his death, and an edition in four volumes was printed and published at Nevers, by one Sionest. This edition, which is dated 1846, has long been exhausted, and as it has not been succeeded by others, Tillier's works are exceedingly difficult to get. Copies still circulate like books from a lending library, and their owners cannot keep them on their shelves; they are all worn by much use, and it is probable that in many instances the four volumes have parted company. This is as much as to say that Tillier has many admirers. He has; and all who admire him at all admire him enthusiastically. He is also very much disliked by those who from conviction, or from the sympathy of situation and circumstances, naturally take part with the personages whom he attacked in his pamphlets. It is not easy for a good Catholic to like a man who did all he could to make a bishop ridiculous, and who spoke very disrespectfully of relics, suggesting that they might be profitably converted into bone-black. On the other hand, the sceptical part of the population, always very numerous in northern and central France, enjoy his satirical writings still, though the objects of his attacks are now for the most part dead, and would in some instances be forgotten, if Tillier had not given them a "cruel immortality." So far as I have been able to judge from the interest still taken in Tillier, a new edition of his works would be a very safe speculation; but as his fame is exclusively provincial—almost local—no Parisian publisher would be likely to undertake it; and provincial book-sellers, at least in such a small place as Nevers, are apt to consider a book in four volumes rather a heavy speculation. Indeed, it is

much to the credit of M. Sionest to have ventured upon this edition of 1846. The only hope that I have for a continuation of the literary vitality of Tillier's name is, that some house in Paris might be persuaded to issue a new edition of the fictions. It is always a great misfortune to an author when his reputation is too local; and it is, on the other hand, rather a good sign, when a writer who is known to all is not known in his own locality. There is a pettiness in provincial fame which seems to be a real hindrance to the extension of it across nations and continents. It is as if the winged messengers, who ought to carry the name wherever the winds blow, hovered perpetually round one village. The sound of their innumerable wings is all concentrated in one place.

Claude Tillier is very famous in the regions about Nevers, and yet there is nothing in the nature of his genius to confine his fame so narrowly as this. The novels are not too local; it is true that they belong to the soil, but not in any sense implying exclusion of readers bred elsewhere. They are written in admirable French, with a remarkable abstinence from *patois*, and might be as thoroughly enjoyed in Paris as in the Nivernais itself. No doubt many Englishmen would appreciate them; but without desiring to imply that there is any want of literary faculty in the English mind, it may be observed that the distinguishing quality of Tillier is not an English but a French quality, namely—*finesse* (using the word in its true French sense). Tillier is exquisitely *fin*; and his humour is so delicate, so careless about explaining itself, that much of it would be missed (and that often the very best of it) by a reader accustomed, as the English reader is accustomed, to have anything facetious set before him as plainly as possible, and repeated twenty-five times, that he may have every opportunity of seeing the significance of it. Some of our own writers and painters have been *fins* also,¹—Goldsmith and Leslie were; yet I should not say that it is a very common quality with English writers, because our public likes other qualities better, which are scarcely compatible with it; and writers do not write simply what they feel might be good in itself, but what is likely to be understood by the public they address. Englishmen are often very acute and very humorous; but they do not take delight in the delicacy of an idea for the sake of that delicacy. This is the point on which Tillier is essentially French. If a beautiful or lively idea comes to him he handles it as tenderly as he would handle a butterfly, gives you one clear glimpse of it in half a sentence or a

(1) There is no English word that will even approximately translate *fin* and *finesse*. The dictionaries give a column of instances, but never any equivalent word. *Finesse* is always taken in the bad sense when popularly used in England. The only possible translation of *fin* would be a whole sentence. It implies the union of intense keenness of perception with moderation. Quiet humour is very commonly associated with the quality, but not essential to it.

phrase, with no more apparent satisfaction with his *trouvaille* than a quiet smile may indicate. If you have seen it, very well; if not, he will not call your attention to it a second time.¹

Tillier was the son of a locksmith at Clamecy, and being an intelligent and studious boy, made such rapid progress with his learning, that his native town, which possessed a scholarship at the *lycée* of Bourges, sent him there to finish his education. In 1814, he set himself at the head of a party of youths in the college, tore the white cockade, and replied to the official cry of "Vive le Roi!" by the cry, "Vive l'Empereur!"

He left the picturesque town of Bourges in 1819, having passed through the curriculum of education there, and became *maitre d'études* in the college of Soissons, after which he filled the same post in a private school in Paris. The reader will at once understand the position of a *maitre d'études*, if he knows that in a French college the "studies," or rooms where lessons are prepared, are separated from the "classes," or rooms where lessons are heard. The *maitre d'études* is a master whose business is to see that the boys learn their lessons, and his position is by no means an exalted one, being neither well paid nor much respected. Poor Tillier fell, however, into a still worse career than that, for, being a conscript in 1821, he was forced to go to the Spanish war as an artilleryman. When we reflect that this war was directly against Tillier's political principles, and that he had the most ardent convictions, we can only wonder how he bore the life at all. For six weary years did this intelligent and cultivated man labour as the servant of a cannon. It is conceivable enough that a man of genius would willingly turn soldier if the fighting were against some gigantic tyranny that he hated; but when he has to fight in favour of what he hates the lot is a very hard one. These six years of military service being at length ended, Tillier came back to Clamecy in 1828, set up as a schoolmaster, and got married. Soon afterwards he was appointed master of the *école communale*, a position about equal to that of a parish schoolmaster in an English village. His literary career began in 1831, and as French journalists sign their articles, his contributions to a local newspaper drew down upon him the vengeance of certain magnates of the place, who proposed to give him an usher, to divide his work and share his meagre income. Tillier made a humorous remonstrance, in which he set forth the absurdity of harnessing together a horse and a donkey, and said that if this were to be done the horse would tender his resignation. So he resigned, and set up a school of his own, but his enemies got him

(1) This is true of Tillier in his best vein, but he occasionally passes into caricature, and then is no longer *fin*. We shall come shortly to instances of both states. What I mean in the text is not that Tillier was always *fin*, but that his capacity for being so, when in his best mood, is his most eminent quality. It is less displayed in his pamphlets, which are polemical, than in his novels.

put in prison; and, no doubt, during his week of imprisonment many bitter thoughts occurred to him, which afterwards found expression in his terrible pamphlets.

His first pamphlet appeared in 1840, and his success encouraged him to rely entirely upon his pen for subsistence. His purely literary career lasted four years, and it included the drudgery of newspaper editing. Since he died of consumption, it is evident that during these years he must have had a painful struggle against declining health. His old deaf mother remained near him, and nursed him, and his perpetual effort was to cheat her into the belief that he was not *very* ill, after all. Here is a fragment written by Tillier himself in the last weeks or days of his life, one of the saddest pages in literature:—

Ma mère est à côté de mon fauteuil de malade; elle est sourde, la pauvre femme, et nous ne pouvons guère nous faire entendre; *mais elle est là qui m'enveloppe de tous ses regards, qui cherche à deviner dans mes yeux ce que je désire, et dans le moindre pli de mon front ce qui me déplaît*; elle a quitté l'autre moitié de sa famille, celle qui n'a pas besoin d'elle, pour prendre sa part de mon agonie. Les soins qu'elle avait donnés à mon enfance, elle les prodigue à ma précocité vieillissante. Elle a déjà vu mourir un fils, et elle vient encore me prêter l'appui de son bras pour me faire descendre plus doucement les pentes de la vie.

Pauvre mère! de quelle lourde main Dieu vous a-t-il donc mesuré les larmes qu'il a mises sous votre paupière! Dieu ne serait-il donc point juste envers les mères? Un fils ne peut enterrer qu'une fois sa mère; mais une mère, de combien de fils souvent ne porte-t-elle pas le deuil! Suis-je au moins le dernier enfant qu'elle enterrera? Lui en restera-t-il un dernier pour lui fermer les yeux et mêler à nos os ses chères dépouilles? est-elle destinée à emporter la clef de notre chétive maison?

Oh! combien je suis moins à plaindre qu'elle! Je meurs quelques jours avant ceux de ma génération; mais je meurs dans cet âge où finit la jeunesse, et après lequel la vie n'est plus qu'une longue décadence. Je rendrai à Dieu mes facultés telles qu'il me les a données: mon imagination vole toujours d'un vol libre dans l'espace et le temps n'a point blanchi les plumes de son aile. Je n'ai perdu que quelques uns de ceux que j'aimais, et quand je vais à la Tous-saint, visiter le cimetière où dorment nos pauvres ancêtres, à peine trouvée-je dans le gazon quelques débris de noms qui me sont chers. Je suis semblable à l'arbre qu'on coupe ayant encore des fruits entre le tronc dont il est poussé et les jeunes rejetons qui poussent. Belle et pale automne! tu ne m'as point vu cette année, dans tes chemins bordés d'herbes flétries; je n'ai vu ton doux soleil et je n'ai senti tes brises parfumées que de ma fenêtre; mais nous nous en irons ensemble! Je veux mourir avec la dernière feuille des peupliers, avec la dernière fleur de la prairie, avec le dernier chant des oiseaux, enfin avec tout ce qui est doux, avec tout ce qui est beau dans l'année. Il faut que ce soit la première bise qui me dise: *Il faut partir!* Ne vaut-il pas mieux mourir à temps que de vieillir?

The touch about his poor mother, "Is she destined to carry away the key of our poor little house?" is infinitely pathetic. But the whole picture is profoundly moving—the dying man sitting in his arm-chair, and his old deaf mother come to sit by him, and work for him, and minister to his comfort, watching for the indication of wants that cannot be communicated to her verbally. And the son, thinking hour by hour how sad and desolate she will be when he goes, and

hoping that she may not be left utterly alone. And then the biting satirist, the dreaded pamphleteer, looks out on the autumnal fields, and all his simple love of nature breaks forth in the tenderest regret.

M. Félix Pyat, in his preface to Tillier's works, observes with truth that the pamphleteer is now absorbed in the journalist, and that both have strictly the same office. The office is foreseen in the order of nature, and is in fact one of the functions of the great spiritual power. The priest and the pamphleteer do not like each other, and believe that their work is very different, but, in reality, they perform similar though not identical functions, and their jealousy is a *jalousie de métier*. Tillier did not simply hate priests, he loathed them, and the priests detested Tillier, yet both were exercising spiritual power, Tillier by his pamphlets, the priests by their discourses. Some discredit attaches itself to the militant pamphleteer, because he speaks on his own responsibility, and is not backed, as the priest is, by a vast and venerable organisation. But if the pamphleteer has talent and truth on his side, he is backed by the forces of nature, and, therefore, in his way, is a power having a place in the world. A pamphleteer is simply a journalist of the higher class—that is, a maker of articles on contemporary men and events, who does not publish his compositions in a newspaper, but issues them separately. He loses by doing so the support which the reputation of a journal might give him, but he gains in individual influence. During his brief career as a writer of pamphlets Tillier became powerful in his own neighbourhood, and the mere fact that spiritual influence is attainable by these means is enough to prove that they are in the order of nature, though not officially recognised by human hierarchies. If a man, who has anything to say, wait until some official hierarchy authorises him to say it, he may wait until he dies; and even if the hierarchy permitted him to speak, the mere fact of such a permission would trammel him. A bishop is officially allowed to speak; but what bishop is half so free to say what he thinks as Claude Tillier was? The unofficial character of the pamphleteer is, in fact, as much in favour of his practical efficiency as it is against his social consideration. Tillier was not in a bad position for the work he had to do. He was a poor man, acquainted with the hardships of life, and, at the same time, an educated man, able to say all that he had to say in the most forcible and masterly language. He had the two educations most needed for such work as his, the austere education of poverty, and the polish of intellectual training. The one tempered the steel of his rapier, the other brought it to a fine point.

I will speak of him first as a pamphleteer, and before doing so, make, with the reader's permission, an observation or two about good taste, in which, from the common point of view, Tillier was often deficient. No expression of condemnation is more dreaded in

England than the phrase, "it is in bad taste." When once uttered people scarcely dare question the justice of it, fearing even to appear to defend anything so abominable. In short, these two words, "bad taste," describe now in England the great social heresy, and sound in our ears with that peculiarly hateful sound which in the days of our fathers attached to such words as "Radical," "Free-trader," "Papist," "Socinian," and the like. The inference from an examination of the current criticism on conduct would appear to be that good and bad taste are terms, like orthodoxy and heterodoxy, relative to power. As orthodoxy is the dominant doxy, and heterodoxy any other doxy, so good taste is the strong man's way of behaving, and bad taste another man's way of behaving. Unless, indeed, the latter is simply submissive.

It is, therefore, inevitable that a pamphleteer like Tillier—a poor man, an insignificant man, attacking men of rank and position—should have been constantly guilty of bad taste. But it is like the "bad taste" of Mr. Bright—always on the side of humanity against privilege. He is not to be cowed by the appearances of State and power; his organ of veneration does not subjugate his reasoning faculty; and notwithstanding the high social position, or the numerical forces of his adversaries, he coolly estimates their real power, and feels that, though apparently weak and alone, he himself is sustained by the intelligent and manly part of the public. For instance, after laughing at his contemporaries for being so much afraid of the Jesuits, he says, "what if all the priests in France were Jesuits, what have you to fear from them?"

Vous vous imaginez que les prêtres ont beaucoup d'influence, parce que la foule, cette poussière que soulève tout ce qui agite l'atmosphère, tourbillonne volontiers autour d'eux, parce que vous voyez des bandes de femmes et d'enfants suivre leurs processions; parce que quelques vieux hommes qui ne savent plus que faire vont passer une heure ou deux à leur église. Mais sur la partie vivante de la Nation, celle qui a une tête d'homme et un cœur de citoyen, ils n'ont point de prise: elle glisse sous leur étreinte comme une outre imbibée d'huile; ils ont beau dorer leurs hameçons, ils n'y prennent que quelques ablettes étourdies et de vieilles carpes que leur grand âge a rendues aveugles.

With the same easy confidence in the good sense of the more intelligent section of his countrymen, Tillier rebukes the timidity of those who dreaded the predominance of the priesthood in education. "Don't exclude the priests," he said; "let education be free, and you have nothing to fear from them."

Pourquoi les prêtres s'empareraient-ils avec tant de facilité de l'instruction si elle était libre? Reconnaissez-vous en eux une capacité infuse qui n'existe point chez les laïques? Lorsqu'il seront dans leur classe, l'inspiration du Saint Esprit descendra-t-elle sur eux comme s'ils étaient dans un concile? *auront-ils des saints qui feront des miracles de syntaxe et de méthode, comme ils en ont qui font des guérisons miraculeuses? ou, s'ils n'en ont point, en feront-ils venir de Rome?*

Enfin, comme ce mendiant béni de Dieu, leur suffira-t-il de dire : "Que l'instruction publique entre dans mon sac," pour qu'elle s'empresse d'y entrer ?

And on the next page comes a splendid paragraph of the truest liberal sentiment. If they get public instruction into their hands, it must be because the majority of families are willing to have it so ; and to forbid them to instruct implies the fear that they would enjoy the support of this majority.

Quand bien même, du reste, le clergé devrait s'emparer infailliblement de l'instruction, serait-ce une raison pour lui en escarper les bords ? Pour que les prêtres s'emparassent de l'instruction que faudrait-il ? que la majorité des familles eût placé en eux sa confiance ; or, la majorité des familles, c'est la Nation. C'est donc parceque vous leur supposez la confiance de la Nation, que vous voulez les exclure de l'enseignement public ? Mais prenez garde à ce que vous allez faire ! agir ainsi envers eux c'est leur dire : "Nous ne voulons pas que vous enseigniez parceque vous enseigneriez trop bien si nous vous permettions d'avoir des chaires." Pour moi, je vous avoue que je me trouverais très honoré d'être exclu de cette manière. Si votre intention est de relever les prêtres, vous ne sauriez employer un meilleur moyen que celui-ci. Je serais fâché sans doute que vos collègues tombassent devant les maisons religieuses, mais j'aime encore mieux l'égalité devant la loi que vos collègues.

There is a superb loftiness in a subsequent passage, where he tells the French people that its fears are ridiculous, if it is master of its own house. This passage is so eloquent, so grand, and so scornful, that had it been pronounced orally in a national assembly it would have produced an effect never to be forgotten.

Je n'ai pas, moi, imposé ma volonté à des rois et à des empereurs ; je n'ai point commandé au Caire, ordonné en maître à Rome, régné à Madrid, signé des traités à Vienne, passé des revues à Berlin, je n'ai pas eu un mois sous ma domination les cendres de Moscow : *mais si j'avais une maison, fût-elle grande comme Paris, IL ME SEMBLE QUE J'Y SÉRAIS LE MAÎTRE* ; quand je voudrais mettre un habit, si mon valet de chambre m'apportait une redingote, le drôle goûterait de ma housine ; *et il ne faudrait pas, s'il me plaisait de manger gras le vendredi, que mon cuisinier s'avisât de servir maigre !* Il aurait beau dire qu'il a peur de mon aumônier, je le jetterais à la porte et je mettrais un artiste luthérien à sa place. *Or, ignores-tu, peuple souverain, que la France est ta maison, que tu y es le maître, et que tes ministres ne sont que tes premiers domestiques ? . . .*

A la vérité, nos pères ont obéi à un empereur ; mais quel peuple eût jamais un plus grand et plus glorieux maître ? Et eux, encore, ils étaient bien moins les serviteurs de Napoléon que ses compagnons d'armes ; s'ils le suivaient, c'est qu'il les conduisait toujours l'à où ils voulaient aller : ils marchaient tant que l'aigle volait, et l'aigle ne s'arrêtait que sur le clocher d'une capitale. Mais toi, vois quels sont ceux qui te tordent, comme une rouette, entre leurs mains ; qui mettent leur volonté à la place de ta volonté abolie ! Va ! quand trente-deux millions d'hommes ne peuvent se faire obéir par six ministres ils sont dignes de ramper sous des prêtres. Toi, vieux grenadier d'Austerlitz et de Marengo, te voilà destiné à servir la messe !

Tillier had the bad taste, not only to speak lightly of the powers of the earth, but even to laugh at sacred things. Now if there is one thing which believers cannot tolerate, it is to have their beliefs laughed at. They laugh at the beliefs of others very readily ; but it

is in the worst possible taste to laugh at *their* beliefs. Tillier must therefore have made himself bitterly hated by the *comme il faut* and the Catholic population of Nevers for the persistent ridicule with which he pursued the little arts and doings of the priests. For example, some relics had been brought from Rome (a femur and part of a skull), which the clergy decided to have belonged to a martyr of imperial blood, Saint Flavia. A wax image of the saint was carried through Nevers with all the splendour of an episcopal procession, and Tillier wrote a pamphlet about these doings in his lightest and most amusing style, in which he demolished the very slender evidence for the authenticity of the relics, and narrated (or made the saint herself narrate) how a recent miracle had been performed. A conversation takes place between Tillier and the holy image, in the course of which Tillier contrives to scatter sarcasms at a newspaper and four notabilities :—

“ — Mais, franchement, est-ce que vous faites des miracles ? ”

“ Certainement, Monsieur, ” me répondit-elle.

“ Alors, donneriez-vous bien un peu d'esprit à l'Echo de la Nièvre ? ”

“ Pourquoi non, Monsieur ? est-ce que la puissance de Dieu n'est pas infinie ? ”

“ Inspireriez-vous bien un petit discours de dix minutes au député de l'arrondissement de Cosne ? ”

“ Cela ne me paraît pas impossible ; Dieu a bien tiré une source d'eau vive d'un rocher. ”

“ Et le roi de Clamecy, M. Dupin aîné, l'homme au boutoir, feriez vous bien en sorte qu'ayant parlé blanc il ne dit pas noir ? ”

“ La langue et la pensée des mortels sont entre les mains de Dieu, mon cher Monsieur Claude. ”

“ Enfin, Madame, pourriez-vous élever d'un cran plus haut M. Dufêtre dans sa propre estime ? ”

“ Oh ! pour cela, Monsieur, c'est impossible. ”

Then Tillier gets the image to talk with him very confidentially about a miracle that has lately been attributed to its supernatural power :

“ Voici le fait, ” says the image : “ ces jours passés, une femme m'amène une espèce de petit aveugle ; elle le plante à genoux devant ma chaise, lui pose un chapelet entre les mains, et lui ordonne de réciter. Or, cette vieille imbécile m'avait amené un aveugle de bon aloi, et il fallait que je lui rendisse la lumière ; vous concevez que j'aurais autant aimé qu'elle se fût adressée à un oculiste. Quand le gamin eut bien tourné et retourné son chapelet, on lui met un morceau d'étoffe sous les yeux, et on lui demande de quelle couleur elle est ; il répond sans hésiter qu'elle est rouge ; or, l'étoffe était noire. On lui en présente un second, un troisième, un quatrième—tous les chiffons, enfin, que les vieilles femmes ont dans leurs poches : toujours ce vilain petit éraillé devinait à l'envers ; et personne là, pas le moindre sacristain pour le souffler ! Vous concevez, Monsieur, quelle dû être ma confusion ! une proche parente de Domitien rester en figure d'âne devant tout le public de la neuvaine ! Je suis sous le velours de ma pourpre comme si j'eusse eu la fièvre cérébrale ; je me repensais presque de m'être laissée faire martyr par M. Gaume, et s'il se fut trouvé là, je lui aurais donné de ma palme d'or au visage. ”

“ Quoi, Madame, vous vous seriez portée à cette extrémité ? ”

“ Sans doute, Monsieur ; une sainte n'aime pas plus qu'un autre qu'on la ballote. Heureusement un bon jeune homme me vint en aide : il s'approche de mon aveugle, et passant une rose sous son nerf olfactif, ‘ Mon ami,’ lui dit-il, ‘ qu'est-ce cela ? ’ Alors les yeux du malade, s'illuminant tout-à-coup, il répondit, ‘ Monseigneur, c'est une rose. ’ C'est ainsi que je guéris ce petit malheureux de sa cécité. ”

Claude Tillier was a thorn in the side of Monseigneur Dufêtre, Bishop of Nevers. He let the bishop alone, once, for a short space of time, and excused himself afterwards for this abstinence on the plea that as the bishop had done nothing to deserve a pamphlet, a pamphlet could not be written about him : —

Maintenant que M. Dufêtre se fait modeste je le laisse jouir du bénéfice de sa modestie. Or, ces mêmes personnes me disent : “ Mais M. Claude, vous ne nous parlez plus de M. Dufêtre ; l'auriez-vous amnistié, comme vous avez fait autrefois de M. Paillet, ou bien êtes-vous entré dans la congrégation des Jésuites ? ” Je leur répondrai ce que précédemment je leur répondais : “ Le pamphlétaire ne peut prendre de sujets là où il n'y en a point. Je suis comme le lièvre qui reste à la même place tant qu'il y a du serpolet à brouter, et qui émigre aussitôt qu'il n'y en a plus. M. Dufêtre ne fait plus de saints, il ne fabrique plus de miracles, il ne triomphe plus, que voulez-vous que j'en dise ? L'illustre prélat est-il un sujet de pamphlet même dans son sommeil ? Croyez-vous que j'ai pris à tâche d'être son persécuteur ? Pourquoi troublerai-je le silence de sa vie obscure et retirée, et irais-je, du bruit de mes critiques, interrompre ses prières ? Me prenez-vous pour une hyène qui va déterrants les cadavres ? ”

The preceding extract serves as a preface to a story about the bishop's visit to a small village in the course of an episcopal tour. He got there an hour too soon, and missed the ceremonial of his reception. This put him out of temper, and he declined to stay to *déjeuner* with the parish priest. But one of the bishop's clerical attendants had penetrated into the kitchen and seen a magnificent salmon, so as Monseigneur was departing, having actually one foot on the step of the episcopal carriage, this fact was whispered mysteriously in his ear, the love of salmon prevailed over his anger, and he relented and stayed. But see how well this story is told in Tillier's own words, how dramatic it is, how the satire keeps breaking out in little repeated stings !

M. Dufêtre était en tournée. Il était attendu pour bénir et pour déjeuner—deux choses qu'il fait volontiers—dans une paroisse dont je ne me rappelle plus le nom. Comme on sait qu'il aime à triompher, on lui avait préparé un petit triomphe proportionné aux faibles ressources du pays ; l'on m'a dit même qu'à cette occasion le maire s'était fait faire une redingote neuve. Mais, soit que le diable eût fait galoper l'aiguille de sa montre, soit que ses chevaux, saturés d'avoine au dernier presbytère, eussent couru avec une vitesse inaccoutumée, il arriva une heure plus tôt qu'il n'était attendu. Personne, donc, n'était à son poste. Les sonneurs, seuls orateurs qu'on ait au village, buvaient au cabaret pour se mettre en verve ; les femmes étaient devant leur miroir, ajustant leur cornette ; monsieur l'adjoint passait sa chemise blanche, et le curé lui-même dans sa vieille soutane, était au pied de ses fourneaux qui stimulait le zèle de sa cuisinière, lui rappelant les éloges que lui avait décernés M. Naudot. M. Dufêtre fut obligé de triompher tout seul. La principale et unique rue du

village n'était pas même balayée, et il ne rencontra pour tous diocésains que des molosses insolents qui aboyèrent comme des forcenés autour de sa calèche, ce qui le mit d'une humeur extrêmement acide, bien que M. Delacroix lui représentât que ces animaux, pleins d'enthousiasme, criaient dans leur idiome : "Vive sa Grandeur Monseigneur Dufêtre, l'envoyé de Dieu ! etc." Pareil affront n'était pas encore arrivé à ce grand prélat ; et un moment il crut que le curé du lieu était abonné à ses pamphlets. Au bruit de la calèche sur le pavé de sa cour, le curé arrive tout confus, et ne pouvant, d'émotion, desserrer les dents.

"Eh ! monsieur," lui dit le prélat, "est-ce donc ainsi que vous glorifiez la religion ? voilà donc comment vous recevez votre évêque ? Est-il étonnant que les gens du monde ne nous honorent pas quand nous ne nous honorons pas nous-mêmes ?"

Mais tandis que l'évêque gourmandait ainsi le pauvre curé, un prêtre de son état-major alla faire, comme nous disons vulgairement, un tour de cuisine ; il remarqua un saumon magnifique qui nageait encore dans son court-bouillon, mais tout prêt à passer dans un élément plus confortable, et il ne le prit pas pour un brochet, je vous prie de le croire. Il crut que ce serait mal avisé de boudier contre une si belle pièce, et il jugea convenable d'en référer à M. Dufêtre. Celui-ci, à bout de son improvisation, avait donné l'ordre du départ, et il avait déjà une sandale sur le marche-pied de sa calèche. L'officier d'état-major qui était allé en éclaireur se pencha vers son oreille et prononça des mots mystérieux que personne n'entendit, mais on vit M. Dufêtre tressaillir dans sa soutane violette ; le nuage qui couvrait son front auguste s'éclaircit tout à coup ; il revint au curé, et le frappant d'une façon toute paternelle sur l'épaule :—

"Ce pauvre curé !" dit-il, "combien je suis fâché de lui avoir fait de la peine. Pardonnez, mon bon curé, l'accès de mauvaise humeur auquel je me suis laissé emporter contre vous, aux tracasseries qu'un écrivain infernal me fait éprouver dans la capitale même de mon diocèse. . . . Eh bien, oui, mon bon curé, je jeûnerai au presbytère, mais il ne faut que la religion souffre de nos erreurs, ses droits sacrés ne se périment pas. *Faites avertir vos gens qu'au lieu de triompher à mon entrée, je triompherai à ma sortie du village.*"

There was a lady at Nevers called Déal who, though herself poor, was known and loved for her constant kindness and charity. At length she became old and weak, and all her means were exhausted ; so, as she could do no more good in the world, and did not wish to become a burden on others, she quietly lighted some charcoal and closed the apertures of her room, and lay down and met death. The priest refused religious interment, and the sorrowful crowd who followed Madame Déal to the grave, having wished at least to place the coffin for a short time in the church before carrying it to the cemetery, found the doors of the church locked, a very exceptional thing in France, where churches are always open. So the poor lady's coffin, after waiting for some time outside in the rain, was carried to the cemetery without having been prayed over. The mourners were naturally indignant, and Tillier gave expression to their feelings in a pamphlet of more than ordinary severity. I cannot, however, in this instance, entirely agree with Tillier, who attached, in my view, too much importance to the matter. The mourners ought not to have exposed the body to insult by taking it to the church at all, and the best vengeance they could have taken

would have been by signing and publishing a mutual agreement to be themselves interred without religious ceremony when their turn should come. The priestly power depends in a great measure for its existence upon the feeling, which long custom has rendered hereditary in all countries, that on all solemn occasions the presence and action of the priest are necessary—that you cannot be married without him, cannot die without him, cannot be buried without him; and the conduct both of Tillier and the mourners in this instance rather confirmed this belief than not. His line of argument was this: “Either the ceremonies of the Church are of use, as affecting the future of the dead, or they are not. If they are of use, it is cruel to refuse them even to the greatest of sinners, for these are precisely the persons who have most need of them; if, on the other hand, they are of no use, then the Church by receiving payment for them is guilty of procuring money by false pretences.” Tillier’s pamphlet was an eloquent development of this thesis. But we know that Tillier, in common with most Frenchmen of the middle class, was convinced for his own part that the ceremonies in question were of use only so far as they might afford some consolation to survivors, and it seems rather as if his real business would have been to show the folly of being dependent for such consolation upon men who withheld it when most needed. Similar observations might be made upon another pamphlet by Tillier, about a case of baptism, in which the priest, having at first been unwilling to baptise, resolved, when he yielded, to baptise as shabbily as possible, and would neither have bell rung nor taper lighted. What is the use of quarrelling with the clergy about their bells and tapers? What are their bells and tapers to us?

The most amusing of all the pamphlets is that entitled “*Les Canons de M. Miot.*” At the small town of Moulins-Engilbert the municipality possessed two old cannons which had been used in the wars of the Convention, but since then had rusted in repose. It being decided that these engines of destruction were of no use to the town, the mayor and his privy council resolved to sell them as old iron, but a certain Monsieur Miot, having a poetical sentiment of sympathy for them as relics, generously saved them. The cannons were knocked down to Monsieur Miot for the sum of thirty-two francs fifty centimes.

Now the said Monsieur Miot possessed a garden from which he looked down upon the town of Moulins-Engilbert, and by way of ornamenting his garden he mounted his newly-acquired artillery on the wall thereof, with inscriptions to commemorate their past history. At first nobody was alarmed, but some inhabitants of Château Chinon, a town situated on a magnificent elevation at some distance from Moulins-Engilbert, represented that their security was menaced

by Monsieur Miot and his cannons; so that gentleman was brought before the court at Château Chinon, which confiscated his cannons and condemned him in costs.

This almost incredible story supplied a capital subject for Tillier. He wrote a pamphlet thereon in which, with admirable humour, he patiently examines the whole matter in the minutest detail:—

D'abord, personne n'eut peur des canons; M. Miot, possesseur de deux pièces d'artillerie, n'en parut pas plus terrible qu'auparavant; les habitants de Moulins-Engilbert passaient à portée et à demi-portée des pièces, sans la moindre inquiétude: l'on dit même que ces braves enfants osèrent plusieurs fois regarder dans la gueule. Il y a plus, aucuns riaient de cette fantasmagorique artillerie.

Mais des avis venus de Château Chinon troublèrent la sécurité publique. On représentait au conseil municipal que M. Miot, avec son parc d'artillerie, menaçait incessamment la ville; qu'il la tenait comme assiégée; qu'il était maître de lui imposer ses volontés les plus révolutionnaires; que le jour de la Saint-Philippe, si les habitants criaient *vive le roi* avec trop d'enthousiasme, s'ils illuminaient leurs fenêtres, il pourrait tirer sur la ville et la réduire, avec tous ses monuments, en décombres. . . . Le danger était d'autant plus grand, que Moulins-Engilbert n'était point fortifié. Les habitants, sur ces avis presque officiels, se crurent obligés d'avoir peur. . . . Un ennemi puissant, décidé, capable de tout, était au cœur de l'arrondissement, et la capitale elle-même, malgré la hauteur escarpée de sa double cime et sa brigade de gendarmerie, n'était pas, dans son aire, à l'abri d'une attaque! . . . M. Miot fut donc cité à la police correctionnelle, comme détenteur d'armes prohibées.

Ce formidable artilleur obéit à la cédula du parquet, ainsi que le ferait un homme faible; il se rendit au tribunal, seul, sans canons . . . il ne daigna pas même tirer son avocat du fourreau, tant il se croyait sûr de la victoire, et il prit lui-même la défense de ses canons; mais malgré sa résistance désespérée, il fut obligé de céder. Le tribunal ordonna une expertise. C'était envoyer un médecin constater l'état sanitaire d'un homme mort depuis vingt ans. Toujours est-il que l'opération eut lieu avec solennité, et les deux canons eurent l'honneur d'être visités par un ancien capitaine d'artillerie.

The artillery captain found the cannons *spiked*, in the first place; and they were half full of old iron, which had rusted till it made one mass with the rusty cannons themselves. M. Miot's battery, furthermore, could not, in the opinion of the old artillery officer, be of much use for offensive purposes, because, as the cannons were simply placed on his garden wall, and had no platform behind them, their recoil, which was likely to be considerable, would throw them off the wall altogether. In short, the captain concluded that these pieces of artillery were "*peu susceptibles de nuire*."

Le tribunal de Château Chinon a pris ce petit adverbe de quantité—PEU—au sérieux; il en a profité pour condamner M. Miot à la confiscation de ses canons et aux dépens. Mais il résulte évidemment de l'état des deux pièces qu'elles sont hors de service. Ici le mot *peu* employé par l'expert est une espèce de correctif: c'est comme une concession qu'il fait aux ennemis de M. Miot. Il dit, en parlant des deux canons mutilés, qu'ils sont peu susceptibles de nuire, comme un ami de M. Lepaulme dirait qu'il est peu spirituel, pour ne pas dire qu'il est sans esprit; comme un maire dirait de l'Echo de la Nièvre qu'il est peu consciencieux, pour exprimer qu'il parle toujours contre sa conscience; comme je dirais, moi, en parlant des vers de mon tailleur, qu'il

a peu d'imagination, pour faire entendre qu'il en est totalement dépourvu. Le tribunal de Château Chinon me paraît *peu* familier avec les tropes, et, en effet, ces enfantillages de style ne sont plus de son âge. Toutefois, il y a des inconvénients à ne pas connaître la valeur d'une litote. *Ainsi, si monsieur le président du tribunal de Château Chinon entendait dire à Arago qu'il n'est pas aisé de prendre la lune avec ses dents, il en conclurait que la chose est possible.*

Tillier gravely argues the question about these cannons through eighteen pages of close print, every line of which is brilliant with wit. "If everything is a prohibited arm," he says, "which by some modification might be turned into one, then a great many things ought to be prohibited." He then elaborately demonstrates how this thing and that may become an arm of offence, and even undertakes to show that the judge's wig may be included in the number, since one might ram it into a cannon as wadding.

The polemical spirit of the pamphleteer gives place, in the novels, to a spirit of quiet humour and observation. There is a good deal of satire here, too; but not being so personal, it is not so sharp and concentrated as in the pamphlet. The novels of Tillier are so purely and absolutely original, that it is impossible to give a just idea of them without very copious extracts. He writes like nobody else; he dwells upon little things that nobody else would consider available literary material; and he passes carelessly by other material that the ordinary writer would seize upon with avidity. A superficial reader might set down Tillier as a realist, because his characters are taken from the classes which he knew best, and because he does not hesitate to give locality to his events; but the truth is, that his novels, notwithstanding the air of reality which this gives to them at first, are purely ideal creations. For example: "*Belle-Plante et Cornélius*" is the contrast between two types of mind which usually stand in irreconcilable opposition—the mercenary mind and the mind devoted to ideas. Belle-Plante is the man of money, and Cornélius the man of ideas. Each is an extreme type, though perhaps most of us have had the opportunity of studying in real life types equally extreme. Belle-Plante and Cornélius are brothers, the sons of a well-to-do farmer at Clamecy; and from their earliest youth each follows his own instincts—Belle-Plante missing no opportunity of adding sou to sou, and Cornélius gradually wasting his fortune in the pursuit of scientific experiments. At last, Cornélius goes up in a balloon, and is never more heard of. He is devotedly loved by a pretty young woman in the neighbourhood, who faithfully believes that some day he will win fortune and fame. But there is no attempt at the accurate painting of reality in the relations between these personages: we are in a world related to the real world only so far as is necessary to give it a certain degree of solidity; on this the novelist builds a superstructure of exquisite fancy and thought. There are innumerable touches of delicate wit and genius, and quiet

effects wrought into the general tissue of the narrative. The style is always perfectly easy and unconstrained. For example: on the first page, to describe how near the village of Armes is to the little town of Clamecy, Tillier says, "If you light your cigar at the last houses of the Faubourg de Bethléem, it will not be extinguished before you get to Armes."

Nous voici arrivés à Armes. Vous êtes sur la grande place du village. Si vous voulez parler à M. le Maire, c'est ici qu'il demeure, ainsi que les gros personnages de l'endroit. Ces maisons affectent un air d'importance comme leurs maîtres; car, tel maître telle maison, aussi bien que tel maître tel valet. Beaucoup ont des balcons et quelques-unes sont décorées de l'aristocratie persienne.

Avez-vous soif? voilà une grosse source qui jaillit à l'extrémité de la place. Cette eau ne vaut pas du bourgogne assurément; mais elle est renommée à plusieurs kilomètres à la ronde pour sa limpidité, et vous ne sauriez en boire de plus fraîche. Après s'être arrêtée dans un grand bassin couvert où barbotent les canards et les enfants du village, elle s'en va libre et bouillonnant sur le gravier du chemin; mais quand elle est presque à la fin de sa course, elle tombe dans un guet-à-pens que lui a tendu le brasseur et se laisse mettre en bouteille. C'est ainsi que tous les élans de liberté auxquels on s'abandonne dans la jeunesse se changent souvent, quand le vieil âge est venu, en servilité.

Pauvre source! Tu t'es laissé affriander par de l'orge bouilli et du houblon d'agréable amertume; mais, au lieu d'aller dans des cuves te faire maltraiter de cent façons pas des cuistres, ne valait-il pas mieux te promener entre des branches vertes, accrocher tes flocons d'écume aux herbes qui pendent, faire de gracieux remous aux racines des saules, réfléchir le ciel et murmurer avec ces oiseaux qui gazouillent. Tu as cru à une destinée pleine de liesse, mais de tout cela qu'advient-il? Quand ta mousse se sera épanouie quelques instants dans un beau flacon de cristal, quel sera ton domicile?

A Armes, donc, en 1780, demeurait un certain Belle Plante, Monsieur Belle-Plante pour les uns, et Maître Belle-Plante pour les autres. Comme il était riche et marguillier, M. le Curé, M. le Maire, et beaucoup d'autres l'appelaient Monsieur Belle-Plante; mais, comme il était fermier, les paysans disaient Maître Belle-Plante tout court, à moins qu'ils n'eussent un service à lui demander.

The novel opens with a story about a hare, which all who have read Tillier remember. The father has sent the two boys with a hare as a present to their schoolmaster. Belle-Plante determines to sell it at the fair, and explains to Cornélius that if he were to deliver it faithfully to M. Guillerand, their schoolmaster, the present would do him more harm than good:—

"Tu ne comprends donc pas, toi qui as tant d'esprit—selon M. Guillerand, que si nous lui donnons ce lièvre nous lui ferons plus de tort que de profit; il invitera à déjeuner ce mauvais sujet de Benjamin Rathery, cet ivrogne de Page, ce gouffre d'Arthur qui lape une tête de veau comme un potage; ils lui boiront trente bouteilles de son meilleur vin, ils lui videront toutes ses carafes; ils l'emmèneront ensuite au café, ils le griseront, ils lui mettront sa perruque à l'envers, comme ils ont fait l'autre jour, de sorte qu'il ne savait plus de quel côté était sa face, et en rentrant il battra Madame Guillerand, cette excellente femme qui demande toujours grâce pour nous quand il nous rosse." Arrivés au pont de Chiches les deux frères se séparèrent. Belle-Plante prit le chemin du marché, et Cornélius alla l'attendre sur la promenade. Une heure après, Belle-Plante revint faisant sonner des pièces de billon entre ses mains. "Tiens," dit-il à Cornélius en lui remettant une poignée de gros sous, "voilà ta part."

"Il me semblait pourtant," dit Cornélius, "que les lièvres se vendaient plus cher."

The misfortune of having to quote in this way is that in order to bring the matter within the limits of an article of this kind one has to abridge as much as possible, and so lose that gradual development of effects in which an artistic writer proves his skill. The story of the hare is continued in another chapter, when the schoolmaster comes to *déjeuner* with the father of the lads :—

En ce moment, une servante apporta un rable de lièvre d'un fumet exquis ; à cette vue le front de M. Guillerand s'épanouit comme un champ de sainfoin après une averse, car il n'aimait rien tant que le rable si ce n'est le civet. Mais Cornélius et Belle-Plante, qui grignottaient leur pain au coin du feu, bien qu'ils aimassent aussi beaucoup le lièvre, ne partagèrent point sa joie.

"Voilà," dit Cornélius à Belle-Plante, "*un plat qui nous causera malheur.*"

The reader guesses the discovery which follows.

There is an admirable touch when the schoolmaster is trying to show off the acquisitions of his pupil :—

"Voyons, François," dit Maître Belle-Plante, "fais-moi ce petit calcul : un homme a deux yeux, on lui en creve un, combien lui en reste-t-il ?"

"Il est borgne," fit François.

"Bien ! très bien !" s'écria M. Guillerand, qui étouffait dans sa houppe ; "eh bien, êtes-vous content cette fois, M. Belle-Plante ? *Un total exprimé par un adjectif, comme cela est élégant ! comme c'est joli !*"

Cornélius is a great talker, and likes especially to discourse in a speculative manner upon the great insoluble problems of the universe ; this bores Belle-Plante, who refuses to listen to him *unless he is paid for it*. The idealist consents to pay Belle-Plante so many sous an hour to listen to him. This may seem exaggerated ; but how many men there are in the world who listen to tiresome speeches and sermons because, directly or indirectly, they are paid for it.

Amongst a thousand intentional exaggerations, and often under the mask of apparent carelessness and levity, Tillier scatters little pearls of genial wisdom through the pages of his novels, for example :—

"Pourquoi perdre à cajoler Louise un temps précieux à l'humanité, et que tu pourrais si bien employer en découvertes utiles comme celles que tu as déjà faites ?"

"Bah !" dit Cornélius, "il faut bien des distractions dans la vie, et mon avis à moi est que le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd."

The doctrine here enunciated could not be advocated in schools or workshops, and would appear highly objectionable to good people who take everything quite literally ; but how profoundly true it is. Without the time lost what should we all be ?

Tillier, as we have said, could not endure priests, and it was inevitable that a priest should play a disgraceful part in "Belle-Plante and Cornélius." He tries to seduce Louise, whom Cornélius

loves, and afterwards, in enmity to the latter, rouses the village against his balloon, making the people believe that Cornélius is a sorcerer, and that all manner of evil will befall the village so long as the balloon is suffered to exist. Here is an explosion between Cornélius and the curé :—

"Monsieur," lui dit le curé, "vous faites là une œuvre impie."

"Comment cela, Monsieur le Curé?"

"Parce qu'avec tous vos tours de force de mécanique, vous faites douter de l'existence de Dieu."

"Au contraire, Monsieur le Curé, plus l'intelligence est grande, plus on est forcé de lui supposer un auteur."

"Si Dieu eût voulu donner le domaine des airs à l'homme, il l'eût fait naître avec des ailes!"

"Si Dieu eût voulu que les prêtres portassent un morceau de cuir ciré sur la tête, il les eût fait naître avec une calotte."

"Ceci est une plaisanterie, et non un argument, Monsieur!"

"Eh bien! je vais vous donner un argument. Si Dieu eût interdit les airs à l'homme, il eût fait l'atmosphère telle qu'elle n'eût pu soutenir un ballon."

"Les hommes peu éclairés diront que c'est dans un ballon qu'Elie est monté au ciel."

"Ma foi, je ne voudrais pas jurer que non."

"Alors vous êtes un impie!"

"Je ne dis pas le contraire, Monsieur le Curé."

"Je vous fermerai les portes de l'église."

"Qu'est-ce que cela me fait? Je n'y vais pas."

"Je vous refuserai les sacrements!"

"Je n'en use pas."

"Je ne vous enterrerai pas dans ma paroisse."

"Ce sera douze francs d'épargnés pour mes héritiers."

"Je ferai brûler votre ballon sur la place publique!"

"Et moi, Monsieur le Curé, si vous permettez le moindre attentat contre mon ballon, de quelque nature que ce soit, je mettrai le feu à votre presbytère."

"Vous aurez de mes nouvelles, monsieur!"

"C'est très bien, mais si vous m'écrivez par la poste, affranchissez votre lettre."

"Le mécréant!" disait le curé en s'éloignant.

"Le sycophante!" disait Cornélius en préparant ses roues.

A few days afterwards there was a thunder-storm, "made of electricity like all the others," and the day after, which was Sunday, whilst the people were still vexed at the partial destruction of their harvests and vines, the curé mounted his pulpit and told them that the anger of God had burst upon the village on account of Cornélius and his diabolical inventions. He quoted many texts of Scripture in proof of this, and excited the peasants so much that they attacked Cornélius and his balloon. Cornélius has no allies but a dog and an old woman; the dog fights well, and the old woman heats oil to pour, if necessary, upon the assailants. Towards the close of the combat a sort of *Deus ex machina* appears in the shape of M. Benjamin Rathery, on a black horse, and carries the ringleader bodily away. The curé, however, has his revenge; for when the balloon at length mounts in the atmosphere, and Cornélius directs it against

the wind (having solved the great problem), the curé fires a gun at it, and shatters one of the guiding wheels. The machine immediately becomes unmanageable, and drifts away in the high atmospheric currents, and is never heard of more. Poor Louise sends advertisements to all the papers about her Cornélius, but is obliged at last to give him up for lost.

The M. Benjamin Rathery above-mentioned is the hero of Tillier's other important novel, "Mon Oncle Benjamin." He is a doctor by profession, and much attached to the good things of this world in the way of eating and drinking, not an uncommon characteristic of the inhabitants of the region where Tillier lived. I have not space here for any analysis of "Mon Oncle Benjamin." It is full of the richest comedy; it is one of the most vivacious books ever written; and, although we too easily forget books that we have read for our amusement, I never met with anyone who, having read "Mon Oncle Benjamin," has forgotten it. The main characteristics of the book are that it is so merry and genial, and, under the appearance of folly, so wise. The hero is, in respect of pleasure, a disreputable personage. He is too fond of enjoyment, gets tipsy on every opportunity, is always in debt, and not so chaste as might be desirable; but he is kind to everybody, and loved by all honest and charitable men. But a novelist may obviously use great powers of intellect in describing lives which are not intellectual; and Tillier, in "Mon Oncle Benjamin," gave proof of much the same order of inventive genius that distinguished our own Fielding. The few who know Tillier are convinced that he was one of the most lively and original geniuses that France ever produced. It is astonishing that in the narrow circumstances of his life he should have been able to develop his abilities as he did. He was a masterly writer of French, and yet he lived (until his removal to Nevers towards the close of his life) in a region, and in a class of society where good French is scarcely ever heard. His wit had all the brilliancy and point of the best French wit; and yet he lived far from the capital, in the wild hills of the Morvan. In this respect Tillier is as astonishing as Charlotte Brontë. He can scarcely ever have enjoyed intercourse with intellectual equals; but a genius full of sympathy finds intercourse where the merely cultivated person (*minus* genius) would be isolated. To the writer of the present paper it is a matter of personal regret that Claude Tillier should have died so prematurely. Had he been alive now, a journey to Clamecy, which since his death is merely a pilgrimage, might have been rewarded by hours of happy *causerie* in the simple cottage where he lived.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

THE TRADES-UNION BILL.

It is the fate of those who offer a moderate solution of a vexed question to be attacked by the bigots of either side on the most contradictory grounds. A simple plan is foolishness to the over-ingenious; a broad plan makes the timid hesitate; common-sense is a stumbling-block to the theorist. In the meantime, whilst the various opponents are answering each other, it steadily makes its way in the public mind. It is at first a plan "which has certainly something in it;" it is soon that which every one sees must come; and at last it is that which no one ever doubted.

Such is the course which is being run by the Trades-Union Bill, prepared by Mr. Thomas Hughes and Mr. Mundella. The principle on which it proceeds is simply that which has won a hundred triumphs, and has scarcely another field but this to win—the principle of removing State interference with industry. Leave bargains of labour to settle themselves, like all other bargains—under the law. Those who believe that the Bill is to give "a free license to every crime short of murder," may be left to argue it out with those who think it "would rob the unions of all their independence, and of all they have claimed." "Outrage made easy," is the battle-cry of one set of critics; "Legalised outlawry for unionism" that of another. Some think that it does a great deal too much; others that it does a great deal too little. In the meantime no shadow of any other scheme appears on the field.

Some will ask, How can this or any Bill for legalising unions be the removal of State interference with industry? It is so, however, in the strictest sense. The Bill proposes to make very considerable alteration both in the statute law and in the common law; but those portions of both which it proposes to abolish are nothing but relics of a time when the State assumed the right of tutoring, nursing, and giving moral lectures to industry. The only part of the common law which the Bill proposes to change is that which makes it unlawful for workmen to engage with each other as to the terms of their work. The only part of the statute law which it is proposed to abolish is that which creates for them a special class of crime, and subjects them to a special kind of penalty. If the Bill becomes law bargains in labour will stand on the same footing as bargains in cotton; and workmen will be under the same criminal code as other citizens. The burden of proof is surely on those who insist on keeping them on any other.

The trades-union question is another and the latest example of

the truth, that the sphere of legislation is strictly and curiously limited. After legislating about labour for centuries, each change producing its own evils, we have slowly come to see the truth, that we must cease to legislate for it at all. The public mind has been of late conscious of serious embarrassment, and eagerly expecting some legislative solution, some heaven-born discoverer to arise, with a new parliamentary nostrum. As usual in such cases, it now turns out that there is no legislative solution at all; and that the true solution requires, as its condition, the removal of the mischievous meddling of the past.

The real gain from the recent discussions and inquiry consists in this, that for the first time the legal and the moral aspects of the question have been properly distinguished. When in this question men have recognised, as they have in most other questions, that economic truths and moral duties are not the end of Acts of Parliament, all is clear. Whether combinations can or cannot raise wages is a matter for the social philosopher, and is no ground for the statesman to suppress combination. The objection to work with any number of apprentices is one which calls for the schoolmaster, the preacher, or the lecturer, not for the constable and the magistrate. The simple way to deal with men who refuse to use machinery is to offer the work to those who will; and if you still fail to find men willing, your course is to appeal to their good sense, and not to apply at petty sessions. The attempt to enforce economic truth by law is as foolish as an attempt to enforce religious truth by law. There is but one way in which the law can raise the moral tone, and that is by purging itself of injustice. It is curious how much confusion has been caused in this question by mixing up legal and moral sanctions. Men have *no right* to object to apprentices it is argued, by which it is intended that it is not *morally* right, and then the argument is continued—the law should prevent men from doing it. It would be as wise to argue that, because men have no right to be unneighbourly, the law should visit unfriendly conduct as a crime. To make an objection to the use of machinery an offence at law, on the ground that it is an economical heresy, requires us in consistency to make idleness a crime, because idleness is even more plainly condemned by political economy.

It is this distinction into legal and moral right which makes the legislative solution of the trades-union question so near. It is happily not necessary to wait for sound law on the subject until the social problems it presents are set at rest. No one in his senses can think that questions going to the very root of man's duty towards society, and the whole functions of capital and of labour in the State, can be solved by any blue-book commission, debate, or Bill. True harmony between employer and employed must be the final triumph

of civilisation, of education, and even of religion, when these become equal to their task; but a rational law is possible at once. It is, indeed, the first step towards an improved moral relation, and towards peace in place of war. There is nothing to prevent all parties in the economic or social question forming but one party in the legal. Men may cordially concur in passing a simple Bill like that of Mr. Hughes, whatever may be their views on the economic principle. Men who hold the restrictions that unionism imposes on its members to be rank economic sophistry, and men who think these restrictions wise and just, can equally vote against the punishment of economic sophistry as a crime. However much men may desire a higher tone of social morality amongst workmen, and because they do desire it, they may be clear against attempting to enforce a higher morality by three months of gaol. When the Bill passes, and workmen are placed on the footing of other citizens, the ground will be clear for the teaching of sounder opinions. To enact legal equality is not to decide any economic or any social problem; on the contrary, till the law is equitable no enduring solution is possible.

These principles have been so little regarded by the legislation of the earlier ages that the law relating to this subject is a network of irrational and vexatious provisions. The history of the statute law, as well as the common law upon it, derives its spirit from times when the rates of wages were things which the State claimed a right to fix, and when combinations to affect them were a kind of treason. And of this feudal law enough remains to cast opprobrium on any civilised code. As the law now stands the following consequences result. At common law if the workmen of a factory agree that they will henceforth only work on such terms as their body determine they are doing what is unlawful. The agreement is not only void, but taints everything based on it. Consequently, if they subscribe their shillings and form a fund to support them in sickness, or to bury them when dead, and the fund may partly be destined to support each other whilst waiting for these terms, the whole fund and subscription is tainted, and the courts will not aid them in recovering it, nor, as a matter of course, punish the actual thief. If they form a society which has these payments as one of its possible objects, the society is illegal, and can in no way be recognised at law. But this is not nearly all. If the men who have agreed to work only on certain terms attempt to keep their fellow-workmen to their engagements, though committing no specific breach of law, they lay themselves open to a charge of conspiracy, and to punishment for a misdemeanor. The exact line which constitutes conspiracy is one of the darkest corners of the law. But some high authorities have held that the guilt is incurred by any agreement not to work resulting

in a strike, and certainly by any means—even legal means—of holding men to that agreement.

So far for the common law. The statute law now comes into play, which makes “intimidation,” “molestation,” or “obstruction,” punishable by three months’ imprisonment. Judicial authority has interpreted or extended these terms, and by it we learn that “intimidation” may mean notice to an employer that he will lose his present workmen, “molestation” may mean using a nickname, “obstruction” may be creating inconvenience to an employer.

Now, the Bill of Mr. Hughes is simply directed to the repeal of these extravagances. It asks us to do away with over-legislation, which has done nothing but embitter a difficult question. It does not take one step beyond. There is literally nothing which it seeks in the way of new law. It asks only the removal of bad old law. It has but three ends and three principles—

I. That all men may freely determine to work or not to work, to employ or not to employ, on such terms as they choose to agree on.

II. That where men associate themselves for this and other purposes (not being criminal), their joint property may be conveniently held and protected.

III. The abolition of special tribunals and special offences in matters arising out of trade disputes, and the punishment of acts so committed under the same process and the same law as the acts committed by other citizens, or arising out of ordinary causes.

Propositions like these are so plain and obvious, so appeal to the most ordinary sense of justice, that no one would care to discuss them; and few but lawyers could believe that a Bill should now be introduced in Parliament to establish them, much more that such a Bill should be fiercely contested. It is not the less true that this is the sole scope and end of the Bill in question, and that such a Bill is urgently needed. We will now proceed to show this in detail.

I. The Bill proposes to enact *that all men may lawfully agree to work or not to work, to employ or not to employ, on any terms that they think fit*. A proposition so obvious might raise a smile, and prompt the question if it need an Act of Parliament to tell us that. *Quis negavit?* men may say. On the contrary, the reverse has been the law from the Plantagenets, and the Bill to establish this proposition is bitterly opposed. The doctrine of restraint of trade has been pushed to such absurdities—as against those who are strong only by their union—that every combination to work or to employ only on the terms which the whole body shall agree on is illegal, and *ipso facto* void. Such is the common-law doctrine of restraint of trade. To this doctrine is united another. Not only is every such agreement void, but the mere agreement, and certainly any attempt by the parties to make it effectual, has been held by high authorities

to be a conspiracy and punishable as a crime. One of the first of our judges, Mr. Justice Crompton, held that it was "indictable at common law, as tending directly to impede and interfere with the free course of trade and manufacture."

The result of these two doctrines conjoined appears to be this. An agreement to work or to employ only on the terms which a majority may determine is null and void, and everything founded on such an agreement is bad, and the property which may be collected by such an association—as well as the association itself—is outside the pale of law and incapable of legal recognition. And every attempt to act on such an agreement by means neither criminal nor oppressive, is itself a crime, and may be punished with two years' imprisonment. What exactly constitutes the unlawful element is an inscrutable mystery which no judge has yet ventured to lay down.

It need scarcely be said that these barbarous and foolish rules are a mere bugbear and dead thing, and have no *direct* operation whatever. For any practical use they are as dead as the laws against excess in apparel. Masters and men go on combining and giving notice, striking and locking out, with the most perfect impunity. No union of employers or employed, no strike great or small, no combination whatever, was ever checked or frightened by either of these rules. No man and no body of men were ever put upon trial, or even so much as threatened with indictment under this doctrine. It is mere *brutum fulmen* which nobody attends to, which gives no one any protection, which few but lawyers ever heard of. The whole body of the law reports contains no case of any conviction under this law. It is a bit of mischievous nonsense interwoven into our law. Therefore, the Bill so far proposes to enact what is our daily and familiar practice, to make that law which men do, have done, will do, and cannot be hindered from doing; and proposes to abolish nothing but a monument of the foolish notions of the older lawyers.

It may be naturally asked, if this doctrine of law is so completely obsolete, what is the pressing need for its formal abolition? The answer is very simple. Though it has lost all direct operation, and can give no security to any one, or check any practice whatever, its indirect operation remains, and is continually turning up in unexpected ways. It must be obvious that where this doctrine of the absolute illegality of certain agreements runs through the whole course of things affected by them, or derived from them, no one can tell what mischief may ultimately arise from it, for it lies hid like the rotten timber in a ship. Combinations are formed and established and may often do things which the public condemn. If the doctrine in question could do anything to limit them, there might

be practical grounds for supporting it. It does, however, nothing of the kind; the combination goes on, and the society grows strong; and perhaps after years of usefulness, and with nothing left in its action but that which every one approves, just as its poor or disabled members most need it, a dishonest agent embezzles its funds, or it seeks for a cheap investment of its savings, and it is discovered to be outside the protection of the law, criminal as well as civil.

It is to remedy this latent, indirect, and vicious operation of the doctrine that an Act is needed. The only way in which such a doctrine could be of use, would be in repressing crime or molestation, and in that it totally fails. It only comes in as a side-wind to create a scandal in the law, by showing it incapable of protecting *bonâ fide* property in lawful hands.

The mode in which the Bill proposes to deal with this difficulty "of restraint of trade," in its double aspect, is this:—First, a clause (§ 2), which in effect declares that all agreements as to the terms of employment by masters or men are *per se* lawful; secondly, to meet the doctrine of conspiracy, a clause (§ 3) to the purport that no combination with the intent *merely* of giving effect to *such* an agreement, shall be *per se* criminal. Of course any combination having any *other* and unlawful object—*e.g.*, that of ruining a master or a man maliciously, or any combination having a criminal character—would still remain a conspiracy, and liable to punishment. There then follows, *ex abundanti cautela*, a saving clause (§ 4), which provides that, excepting in so far as that combinations "in restraint of trade" can no longer be indictable as conspiracy, the whole of the criminal law is to remain unaltered; and that every one is to remain civilly liable for damage or loss. With these clauses must be coupled another (§ 16), which provides that, although "restraint of trade" shall not constitute a shelter, either civilly or criminally, to any one who wrongfully possesses himself of property, the courts in enforcing all agreements shall act on the same principles as at present. The doctrine is touched, therefore, not in its rational form, but only in its extravagances.

The effect of these four clauses together is therefore this: all agreements as to the terms on which employment will be given or accepted become henceforth lawful, *primâ facie*, and will constitute neither civil disability nor criminal offence. But no agreement restraining the freedom of industry, which the judges regard as unreasonable, will be enforceable in any court. Anything arising out of an agreement which has no unlawful character will be entirely legal, and receive the complete recognition of the law. For the repression of crime there will remain—first, the indictment for conspiracy, should the combination maliciously seek to inflict injury, and not be confined to maintaining a *bonâ fide* trade agreement, and this the

judge and jury who try it must decide; secondly, there will remain the whole of the rest of the criminal code. Can any alteration of the law be more natural, more guarded, more just?

It will be borne in mind that this change in the law is virtually recommended by the unanimous voice of the recent commission. The only fundamental difference between the report of the majority and that of the minority relates to another point. On the question before us, at present, the difference is one of detail. The majority recommend, on this point, an amendment in the law identical with that of the Bill, excepting only that they would retain the old rule of the unlawfulness of combinations in two particular cases—first, that involving a breach of contract; secondly, that directed against any particular person. On these points, moreover, two of the majority dissent; so that virtually this qualification to the recommendation is supported by five only out of a commission of ten.

The points, however, though important in principle, in practice are of infinitesimal value. Since no one was ever convicted, or was ever restrained, by the *brutum fulmen* of the old rule in its entirety, much less will any such result follow from keeping alive a mere shred of it. Breaches of contract, as Lord Elcho points out, are amply protected by the law of Master and Servant (30 & 31 Vict. c. 141). As to refusing to work with a particular person, that may often be purely vexatious; but must it be always criminal, and may it not sometimes be reasonable? It is impossible to make that act broadly a crime, which may often be venial, and occasionally meritorious. That is to debauch and degrade law—to punish acts which may possibly be right. There is a case in the books where men were committed by magistrates (under the 6 Geo. IV.) for refusing to work with a man who had outraged the daughter of a fellow-workman. If you make it penal to refuse to work with a particular man, you compel magistrates to convict in such a case. Besides, how can you make it penal not to work on terms which a man will not have, unless on the assumption that you may force him to work, whether he will or not? If it is replied that the intention is only to punish malicious combinations to ruin and drive a man out of his livelihood, the answer is that the Bill abundantly provides for that case; for such a purpose would remain a conspiracy at common law, and is clearly not licensed by the clauses of this Bill.

The use of any qualifications in repealing this rule destroys the good of repealing it. Still more so, when the qualifications are of this trifling kind. The sole end of repealing it, since it has lost all practical efficacy, is that its remote consequences are an embarrassment, and its arbitrary character a scandal to justice. But by keeping it alive in these trivial and intricate provisoes, you are doubling the confusion and pointing out the inconsistency.

II. The second principle of the Bill is simply this:—*That trade associations are per se lawful, and their property should receive convenient protection under the condition of ample publicity.*

This principle is the mere corollary of the last. If that is admitted it is scarcely capable of discussion. It is a commonplace of the subject with both parties, and in substance is recommended by all the members of the Commission. The mode in which this is affected by the Bill is as follows:—After declaring (§ 5) that it shall be lawful for masters or men to form (voluntary) associations for mutual support in any trade, provided that they have nothing of a criminal character, the Bill extends (§ 6) the benefit of parts of the Friendly Societies' Acts to such *lawful* associations. These parts are the powers referred to in the 11th section of the Friendly Societies' Act, 18 & 19 Vict. c. 63. To state them briefly, they are these—(1) the power of vesting property in trustees, (2) the power of referring disputes to arbitrators, (3) the power of summarily punishing misapplication and fraud. By the first, the society will have a simple machinery for appointing trustees, who may hold all property, and buildings, and one acre of land, and who can sue in respect of it, with convenient provisos for their appointment, removal, and control. This is the bare requisite to enable associations of small means to hold their funds without cumbrous and costly processes. With less than this, the right of holding property becomes hardly tangible.

The second power provides for the summary settlement of disputes between the society and members, without the expense of a trial, by the means of an arbitrator, to be named in the rules.

The third power is the summary process of the Act, which enables two justices to try a case of alleged fraud or misapplication by an officer or trustee, to order restitution of all property of the society, with a further power to inflict fine and imprisonment.

Such are the bare facilities granted by the Bill, and which are all virtually essential to complete right of property. It will be remembered, that two of these powers, the summary process against fraud, and the settlement of disputes, were originally intended to be conferred on trades-unions by the 44th section of the Friendly Societies' Act, and were long enjoyed, until the decision in *Hornby v. Close* transformed the position of the unions. The addition of the trustees' clauses is one which can raise no objection. It is needed on the ground that where small and complex accounts have to be adjusted, some concentration and simplification is actually essential to the enjoyment of property. The summary settlement of disputes is essential to avoid the cost of long and complicated suits, where the subject of dispute may amount only to a few shillings. The sum-

mary punishment of fraud is one which few on either side could with decency seek to withhold.

It is frequently asserted that the recent Act, known as Gurney's Act (31 & 32 Vict. c. 116), sufficiently protects the funds of the unions, and that nothing further is required. This is an error. The recent Act only enables the punishment of a partner who embezzles partnership property, as if he had not been a partner. Unless with consent of the party to be tried, this charge cannot be taken by magistrates, and the cost and delay of a regular committal, indictment, true bill, and trial by jury, must necessarily be encountered. The expense of all this may amount to a large sum, and the value of the property may be only a few shillings. It is rather a mockery to tell a society of bricklayers, who may trust sums of a few pounds to a lodge-treasurer, to be assured that they may get a conviction at the fountain-head of justice at considerable cost and long delay. Justice to the poor means quick, simple, cheap justice. Any other kind is injustice. Besides, the remedy given by the Friendly Societies' Act (§ 24) is very complete, and is exactly what such bodies require. "If any officer, &c.," it says, "by misrepresentation or imposition shall obtain possession of any monies, securities, books, papers, or other effects of such society, or having the same in his possession, shall withhold or misapply the same, or shall wilfully apply any part of the same to purposes other than those expressed or directed in the rules of such society"—then any two justices may order him to deliver up the monies, &c., or repay the amount misapplied, and pay a further sum, not exceeding twenty pounds, and twenty shillings costs; and, in default, may order him to be imprisoned for three months. It is obvious that powers so complete as these cover much more than the process of indictment for stealing and embezzling. This is the real and the only efficient protection of the property of the unions; for it is at once summary and adequate. The satisfaction of sending a treasurer who is an actual thief to prison at the cost of a year's income may be a luxury, but it is not protection. Besides, Gurney's Act wholly fails to give any mode by which property of a society can be recovered by civil process, or any civil right can be enforced. It is plain that whilst all trades-unions are illegal at common law, it is a farce to say they are protected.

It has been shown that the powers of the Friendly Societies' Act, which it is proposed to employ, are confined in the narrowest way to those without which property can hardly be secure. It may fairly be asked why does the Bill stop here? Why should not trades-unions receive the complete protection and all the facilities of the Friendly Societies' Act? They are virtually societies of that class conferring assurances and benefits, and existing for mutual support. The question is a powerful one, and indeed it is obvious that directly

combinations cease to be unlawful, all unions have a right to two of these powers, without any condition whatever, by a simple deposit of their rules (Friendly Societies' Act, §44). The answer to the question above is as follows:—However lawful trades-unions may be, they cannot in fairness claim the facilities of the Friendly Societies' Acts. They are not, strictly speaking, friendly societies within the meaning of the Acts, for the benefits they assure are not dependent on conditions calculable by tables of average. They assure not on death or sickness or old age alone, things over which the members have no control, and which are calculable by scientific rules; but they assure sums to be paid whenever the members choose to strike, and, therefore, at any moment they may defeat all calculations by the act of the majority, or of the managers. For this reason they must forego the protection accorded and the facilities granted to those benefit societies, the solvency and condition of which can be ascertained and guaranteed by the rules of an actuary. Every union is potentially insolvent, for its liabilities are never calculable; and also potentially is reducible to a strike fund. For these grounds it must forego the facilities and be free from the responsibilities of a friendly society in the strict sense.

The facilities to the unions which are provided by the Bill are of a different kind, and, with one trifling exception, are those which the unions practically enjoyed down to the decision in *Hornby v. Close*, without any other condition than that of depositing their rules. The Bill, for the first time, will require a real and thorough guarantee of publicity. This it effects by insisting on the annual submission to the registrar of all laws, rules, and bye-laws of the association, *or of any of its branches*, and a full statement of all expenditure, distinguishing the benefits from the trade purposes, the registrar having power to call for books, ledgers, and documents. This machinery, for the first time, introduces an effectual security that the union enrolled is free from questionable proceedings. Even if the registrar failed to trace out a discreditable payment, the sense that every rule and bye-law, and every item of expenditure, was open to inspection, would do more to secure an honest administration than any system of repression that has ever been proposed. This is the real security which the Bill offers to the public—the only one that could ever be enforced, or that would be of any use. To obtain it would be worth large concessions, even if the Bill proposed to require any.

It will be seen that no other condition except ample publicity is to be required. Of course it is needless to say that any rule or item involving a criminal intent would at once disentitle the society to enrolment. This is specially provided. An appeal from the registrar is to lie to the superior courts. The report of the recent commission recommends that in registering unions the registrar shall require

the exclusion of certain rules which are thought to violate principles of economic science. This is the second of the points of detail in which the dissenting commissioners differ from the rest. The matter is sufficiently discussed in the various reports, and has already been adequately treated in the foregoing pages. It now rests with the legislature to decide. For those who have not the Blue-book at hand, it may be sufficient to quote from the third dissent: "whether the rules of these voluntary associations be, on economic grounds, expedient or the contrary, we consider that it would be impolitic to exclude them from the pale of, and at the same time to free them from responsibility to, the law."

These are the sole facilities which the Bill proposes to give. In a series of clauses it provides that the unions are not to be capable of suing at law or in equity for any agreements with their members. They will remain voluntary clubs, enforcing contributions solely by means of exclusion. The claims which have been put forward on their behalf for legal powers of recovery are distinctly rejected; and by a special clause (§ 16) the courts are not to be compelled to enforce any agreement which they hold to be contrary to public policy as being in restraint of trade.

So far we have dealt with two of the three leading principles of the Bill—the legalisation of combination, and the protection of the property of unions. On these points, with two trifling differences in detail, the whole of the recent commission was agreed. They may be said to be settled in principle by public consent. We come now to the third and remaining point—the removal of special legislation. This is the only matter on which the three dissenting commissioners differed in principle from their colleagues. It is the key and substance of the Bill—the *sine quâ non* with the workmen—the consideration which urges them to ask so little and to concede so much.

III. The third and last object of the Bill is to provide that: *offences arising from trade disputes be tried on the same conditions and by the same process as ordinary crimes.* This is the necessary consequence of amending the rule as to restraint of trade. When trade combinations cease to be crimes, the acts of such combinations cannot be visited with extraordinary penalties. As the whole of the arguments in favour of this reform may be read at length in the Blue-book, it seems unnecessary to do more than shortly to notice them. Speaking generally, the law, for the wisest reasons, does not punish uncivil words, much less angry gestures; there is no law against indefinite molestation, much less against indirect obstruction. It is not penal to make a man *fear* that you will raise his rent, nor to call him by a rude name, nor to accost persons going to his house. It is not a crime to tell a man that if he refuses your price you will cease to deal with him, nor to tell the man who is underselling you that

you intend to "cut" him. It is not (now) an offence to buy up all the flour in a town, and to force the bakers to buy it at your price. But in matters of industry all this is different. By 6 Geo. IV. c. 129 any one is liable to three months' imprisonment, with hard labour, who endeavours to force any one (say, to alter his mode of business) by "threats," "intimidation," or by "molesting," or in any way "obstructing" another. Now, here we have a new crime, or rather a new criminal code, as vague as words can make it, utterly exceptional in substance and form. By a series of judicial decisions these terms have been amplified until they may now be said to comprehend anything which any one can *dislike*. A "threat" is explained to be any kind of harm—*e.g.*, that the price of labour will be raised; "intimidation" consists in conveying any kind of fear—*e.g.*, that a body of workmen will engage with another employer—and that either by deeds or words; "molestation" becomes any act that can annoy another—*e.g.*, a contemptuous look or gesture; "obstruction" is hindering another from getting the labour he is seeking—*e.g.*, persuading workmen to avoid his shop.

This is not mere abstract law, but is amply supported by actual decision. The following are amongst the acts which have been held to fall within the statute:—

1. To give an employer respectful notice that his workmen will leave him on the expiry of their contract, unless he dismisses a particular workman.
2. To tell a workman that he will be considered a "black."
3. To shout "ba-ba, black sheep," to workmen going to a shop.
4. To tell a workman that if he goes to work "there will be a row."
5. Coercion, not extending to abusive language or gestures.
6. A public notice to workmen not to engage with a particular master.

It is no argument for such a state of law as this to tell us that these acts are highly undesirable, and should be checked by the law. Acts of the same kind, and acts far more serious, under all other circumstances, and with all other citizens, are treated with impunity. It is against workmen alone that these special penalties exist. In their trade questions only does the law recognise these exceptional crimes. But the punishment of these offences—the vaguest and the most artificial of all crimes—is exceptionally placed in the hands, not of judges, but of justices, who are pledged as a class to sympathy with one side. Where is the ground for this anomalous penal code, directed against a particular class, creating special crimes, and administered by an order which consists of partisans? Why is not the general law which protects the public, sufficient to defend the mill-owner or the iron-master? Why is that to be a crime in a workman on strike which is no crime in a citizen in the pursuit of

his trade? Special laws for a class, special crimes in labour, are a relic of feudal oppression. We need the same code and the same tribunals for the crimes of all classes.

However much disposed we may be to view with disfavour any form of coercion, there is all the difference possible between that and endeavouring to suppress it by imprisonment. There is no character of English criminal law more marked than its extreme jealousy of vague words of offence which may include innocent or venial acts. In almost every sphere of crime, numberless acts (highly objectionable in themselves) are excluded from the definition of crime, rather than introduce words which may include things harmless. From time to time, classes of persons, under a just indignation with certain offences to which they are not themselves exposed, struggle to suppress them by wide general statutes. Drunkenness, offences against chastity, harbouring criminals, fraudulent speculation, and the like, are vicious or pernicious proceedings, which it is often proposed to deal with under wide general penalties. Practical legislators steadily resist these well-meant proposals. However desirous, for instance, they may be to put down the guilt of seduction by statute, in practice they find it impossible to define the crime so as not to include venial cases. In all cases of the kind, the great risk is remembered that the law may be made use of by private enmity, and be turned into a fresh source of oppression itself. That is pre-eminently the case here. For almost all the instances of prosecution are brought during a trade dispute, and are promoted, not by those who are *bonâ fide* aggrieved, but by employers, as a means of crippling the workmen in a struggle. In one sphere only the legislature is eager, not to limit, but to multiply offences. It is a striking commentary on this exceptional law, that at the very time we write, a Bill is pending to disable the Mayor of Cork for spoken words of an atrocious kind—a Bill most jealously criticised by her Majesty's Opposition. It requires an Act of Parliament to punish the public words of a minister of justice—words of the blackest wickedness, plainly inciting to rebellion and assassination—and great constitutional lawyers are jealous even then of punishing words; and yet if a bricklayer on strike were to call out "black sheep" to another, or tell him he was a "black," the nearest justices—his employer's neighbours—will send him to prison for three months, with hard labour.

For a sound criminal law it is essential that it should be precise and clear, and should rigidly exclude from its operation a plainly venial act. A statute is doomed so soon as it is shown that it may punish acts which society does not hold punishable. This was the case with the Usury Laws, with the old Game Laws, and a variety of now effete or abrogated criminal statutes. A law becomes an evil when it offends common sense, and it offends common sense so soon as it (even occasionally) operates to punish venial acts. But of all

kinds of laws, this is most true of those which may be thought to be directed against a particular class. The moment a case of what is thought injustice arises, the whole sentiment of the class raises the prisoner into a victim. Nothing can be more fatal to the good effect of a law than that any considerable part of the public should, with even a show of reason, regard it as a wrong to themselves. The only way of making such a law respected is to get for it the entire moral support of the honest part of the community. This the harsh and irregular operation of the present law will never obtain.

Since the Report of the Trades-Union Commission the whole aspect of this question is essentially modified. At the commencement of that inquiry the public mind was in a state of agitation, the gravest charges were urged against unionism, and the strongest precautions were demanded to check it. Every union in the kingdom, we were told, was a latent conspiracy, every secretary was a possible Broadhead. The industry of the country was being driven to other lands, the character of the workman was fatally destroyed. Nor were preventive suggestions wanting. To strike under specified conditions was to be made a new punishable offence; "picketing" was to be rigorously suppressed; the trade funds were to be separated from the benefit funds; the union was to be compelled to register; the making of certain rules was to be a specific crime; the rules were to be authoritatively revised, and recast by decision of a "censure." In a word, unionism was to be suppressed by Act of Parliament.

Never did any case more conspicuously break down. No endemic crime resembling that at Sheffield and Manchester was shown to exist elsewhere. No *prima-facie* case was presented to call for the extension of the powers of the Act. The report contains nothing specific on the subject of crime but reference to the disclosures of the two local inquiries. As to the destruction of the trade of the country, the report can trace no connection between unionism and occasional fluctuations in commerce. On the influence of unionism on the condition of the workman, it holds language scrupulously negative and judicially guarded. The various proposals above mentioned (as appears from the rejected draft) were all patiently considered, and, as appears from the report, have one and all been dismissed. If proposals so thoroughly matured, and so ably urged, were finally rejected as impracticable as the result of two years of inquiry and debate, they are never likely to be seriously proposed again.

The ground, therefore, is changed. Instead of the ingenious and vigorous system of repression which some persons have looked for, the proposed changes are to be all in the other direction. There is not a single provision suggested which is to limit or suppress unionism at all, but several to give it increased freedom. The sole question at issue is the degree to which what is oddly called "relaxa-

tion" of the law should be carried. It was just the same when it was proposed to "relax" the laws against religious dissent. The indictments, as a whole, have failed; and the accused are now asking, in their turn, for justice.

No one in his senses can doubt that they will have it. The objections to the Bill are not few; but they answer each other. As with free-trade of old, the Irish Church Bill, and any measure which excites the prejudices of a class, nothing that unscrupulous perversity can do to assail it will be spared. Misrepresentation, exaggeration, and ignorance, will all have their fling. The organs of the mere capitalist do not seem quite decided whether the Bill can be best discredited on the ground of its moderation, or by the charge of extravagance. Some of the more ardent obstructives have been betrayed into blunders which would be amusing if they were more unconscious. One of the most popular of these arguments is, that the Bill will open the door to impunity for any crime short of murder. It is hardly necessary to answer a charge so transparently untrue. In the first place, the Bill expressly provides against infringement on any part of the criminal law (§ 4). The ordinary law of assault remains intact. "Assault" in law means an offer or attempt to do any corporal hurt, even by gestures, when the means of hurting are present. Thus, to raise the hand to strike, so that a man could strike, is an "assault;" much more the slightest touch, threatening immediate violence. Now, the 41st section of the Criminal Law Consolidation Act provides that any assault in pursuance of an unlawful trade combination shall be punishable with *two years' imprisonment, with hard labour*.¹ This statute remains untouched by the Bill. Therefore, when it becomes law, any gesture threatening immediate violence, as part of a system of coercion, would make a man liable to two years' imprisonment. Is this Act not sufficiently sweeping? Is the penalty not sufficiently severe?

To the objection that the Bill is to give a license for oppression, it must be answered that a combination to ruin or harass any person will still be a conspiracy, to be punished by two years' imprisonment, though only on the terms and by the words of the general law. To the objection that to alter the common-law rule is to give free license to combine, it must be replied that the common-law rule does nothing whatever to repress or modify combination at present. Those who object to extending to unionism anything but the simple protection of their property, may be asked to show that their property could be

(1) This section is as follows:—24 & 25 Vict. c. 100, § 41: "Whosoever in pursuance of any unlawful combination or conspiracy to raise the rate of wages, or of any unlawful combination or conspiracy respecting any trade business or manufacture, or respecting any person concerned or employed therein, shall unlawfully assault any person, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; and being convicted thereof, shall be liable at the discretion of the court, to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding two years, with or without hard labour."

guaranteed by less than the provisions of the Bill. And to those who declare that unions will reject it, the obvious answer is at hand, that it has been frankly and completely accepted by the Trades' Councils in all parts of the kingdom. Some wiseacres have gone so far as to assert that the Bill savours of socialism. It is a pity they do not add that it will prove an encouragement to bigamy.

In conclusion, let us ask all thinking men in the capitalist class what is it they propose to gain by resisting a measure of justice and moderation? They must see that unionism is a fact far too deeply seated to be shaken by turning upon it the cold looks only of law. If they think that statutes can extirpate or remould it, let them try. If they see that this is folly, let them cease to irritate what they are powerless to crush. The first condition for spreading wiser economic views is to redress a condition of law which is felt by one side as a kind of persecution. Let them ask themselves if equality in the eye of the law is a right which can long be withheld, or one that they can gain in continuing to withhold. There has never been, and there never will be, a fairer chance of settling this question. The Bill is brought in, promoted, and framed by men whom calumny itself no longer pretends to be the mouthpieces of a class, but by men who have given the best labours of their lives to avert the ruinous war of classes. It is framed neither by nor for the unions—but in the interest of the public. To the unions it gives nothing but bare justice; to the public it offers new and substantial guarantees for good order. Let the capitalists, as a class, be wise in time, and not be incited by their own journals, or paid agents, into blind hostility to a measure from which they have nothing to fear. If they reject a compromise offered by men of public spirit and moderation, who possess the confidence of the workmen, what sort of measure will they have ultimately to yield when the conduct of this cause has passed (as it no doubt would) into the hands of mere partisans, and the watchword of their leaders is Aggression instead of Conciliation?

Finally, the public in general, and politicians on both sides, may well be asked what ultimate good can they hope from maintaining a law which they dare not openly defend, and from identifying the Government and the Legislature of the country with a spirit of injustice to a class. This is no party question; and the workmen are looking to politicians of all sides of a House, elected for the most part by themselves, to deal with this question apart from all bias of party or class. Time was when unionism was on its trial; was unsparingly criticised, and blindly denounced. That time has passed; the issue has been tried, and the virtual pledge which depended on that issue remains to be fulfilled. It is now not unionism which is on its trial, but the good faith of politicians, the fairness of the law, and the representative character of Parliament.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE ACADEMY OF 1869.

PART II.

I HAVE been asked by a friendly critic why I did not mention Mr. Laurence's portrait of the poet Browning? I answer—"Not for want of looking at it." To me it seemed, though in itself a fine and even masculine portrait, too much softened and smoothed for the subject. I admit the "shrewdness," but where does my critic see something so weatherbeaten about the face painted by Mr. Laurence?—or a look of "thinking in Greek"? What it suggests to me is a very shrewd, smart, slightly elated President of the Board of Works, "with an eye like a skipper's, cocked up" certainly, but at fishy contracts, not an "imaginative man-stalker" plunged in quaint and queer and rugged involutions of thought. The painter seems to have painted all the lines out of the poet's face, just as fashionable photographers have now taken to painting the natural lines out of their negatives. I should like to see Mr. Browning painted by Mr. Millais, with Mr. Millais' devil-may-careish nonchalance; or by Mr. Holman Hunt, with his passionate and laborious fidelity. Not that, for a moment, one would place the portrait as it stands on so degraded a level as Mr. Gathorne Hardy's. But if art may be defined to be nature *plus* human sentiment, then that sentiment, in portrait-painting, should tend to bring-out, not to subdue, the characteristics and personality of the sitter. The moment the painter begins to entertain the thought whether he dare put in a line or a wrinkle, that moment his art is smitten with palsy. If a portrait-painter paints people not as they seem to him—that is to say, with that intensification of peculiarities which the imagination lends, and legitimately lends, to the eye—but as he calculates that they themselves wish themselves to look, that, of course, is a legitimate commercial transaction. I do not blame the painter for entering into such bargains. But I blame him for wishing to exhibit the results as works of art. A casuist might retort by asking me, why, if art is only nature *plus* sentiment, the painter may not elect to add the sitter's own sentiment about his own face rather than the painter's. To which I should answer, "for no reason whatever if the painter sits to himself." In any other case the answer would be, that "he cannot paint through other people's eyes." And if he tries to do so he forfeits the benefit of using his own; his portraits *realise* nothing, and they must have, besides, two, instead of one, set of defects—namely, those defects which are incident to the painter's conception of the sitter's ideas about himself, and those which are incident to every artist's practice of his

particular art. I dwell upon this, and come back to it because here, as it seems to me, lies the key to the fortress.

What is the usual process by which a portrait comes to the Academy? Is it not this, or something like it? Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so wants his or her picture taken for family purposes, and engages a painter to paint it for them as a commercial undertaking. The picture is then painted with all possible care to please the family circle, beginning with the sitter. As one order begets another, and is intended to beget another, it is almost impossible but that the painter should follow one of two methods. I have known both pursued, and a pretty problem it is to balance the merits and demerits of both in the end. In the one case, the painter knowingly alters the truth and forsakes his own realisation to humour his client. In the other, his own imagination moults, so to speak, and acquires a new plumage. What he loses is his own sense of truth. What he gains is an artificial and hollow sense of external requirement. The result in either case is inevitable—mediocrity. Yet the pictures, so commanded and so executed, are found to be so pleasing to those for whom they are painted, that a wish very naturally arises on their part to have them exhibited, and too often also on the part of the artist. An artist who wishes to exhibit a portrait in an art gallery ought to act upon a very different principle. He ought to say, "How do you want to be painted?—for exhibition or for family purposes? If the former, then, I cannot enter into any bargain about it. I must please myself, and run the chances of the market after execution. If the latter, I cannot exhibit it; it will not be a work of art." All this is very Utopian, is it not? Undoubtedly. And so is art very Utopian. You cannot whistle to it as to a tame bullfinch to perch upon your finger, nor call to it like my lady's lap-dog to come upon your lap.

And what does it all prove? Does it not prove that where the commercial pressure is so great as it is in this country, there are branches of art which are almost necessarily killed by that pressure? They cannot lift the incubus. At all events, it is almost impossible to expect the majority of artists to rise above the level of an average public; and therefore, if any one wants education, it is the public in the first place, and then the artist will be quick to follow, for it is neither industry nor mechanical facility he wants in our day—

"In cœlum jussus ibit."

But the command is wanting, and the Presidency of the Royal Academy is the reward not of art but of a sense of family prettiness.

If you wish to estimate the incubus of the social mediocrity upon English painting, study two things. Consider first the almost invariable dislike of people in general for photographic portraits. Consider next the vast preponderance of family subjects of the lollipop kind in the annual exhibitions. The dislike of photographs which we meet

with almost constantly is one of the most instructive symptoms of the day. Artists themselves are by no means affected in the same way. They cannot help feeling the vast qualities of photographs, and their amazing results in technical and moral truth—results which, with all the defects of photographs, they themselves humbly admit to be by them unattainable. But why do people generally dislike photographs? Because photographs intensify characteristics almost invariably in the direction of “interpretation,” that is to say, away from family (or marketable) prettiness. It may be said that an accusation brought against all is an accusation against none. True, but the accusation not only accuses, it explains the attitude of the social mind which controls the strings of the social purse and governs art by Lilliputian threads until some Gulliver arise. Let it not be supposed that I hold up photographs as perfect pictures. I only appeal to them as a test of the bias of the common run of spectators—a bias unfavourable to the growth of genuine art.

As corroborative evidence, however, consider also the annual ruck and crowd of family and lollipop pictures: little girls digging in (little) gardens; little boys saying grace, with very spruce legs; the admiration of a pair of new shoes; a couple of commonplace sisters, with heads at variously inclined angles, stepping sentimentally in a cemetery sentimentally called “God’s acre,” and melodramatically crowded with sentimental incidents in colours at sixes and sevens; or an unmeaning boy, in an unmeaning chair, reading an unmeaning Bible to an unmeaning mamma with unmeaning ringlets, in an unmeaning bed, and an unmeaning nurse holding a dingy, unmeaning brat at right angles in the background; or a rose-bush with an effulgence of pink light about it, and a self-conscious girl with very brown hair, in a very great glow, as a set off to a mouse-coloured girl in a mouse-coloured shadow; or a commonplace, genteel young man, in a black coat, asking a commonplace, genteel papa, in his dressing-gown and slippers, for the hand of Angelina (it must be Angelina), while in the next room Angelina is sitting in the arms of her commonplace mamma: these, and masses of other pictures are excellent material for illustrating children’s books, and, confined to that sphere, no fault could be found with them. But what hope is there of national art on a commensurate scale of national dignity, when crowds of pictures like these, eked out by lying portraits, painted to lie, form the staple of our yearly exhibitions, and the worst of all are those of the President of the Academy? I am not running a tilt against commonplace people. The world is made up of commonplace people. And the great man is his own valet’s best type of the commonplace. Nor do I say that the commonplace is not fit subject-matter for art. But art is not art which leaves that which in itself is commonplace, commonplace still. And the first

and greatest stumbling-block of all is that temper of the public mind which dislikes photography, not because it is deficient, but because it is disagreeably true, which makes one man bishop of the greatest capital in the world for writing a "little book on little sins," and another President of the Royal Academy that he may degrade a typical statesman to the level of a vacant nonentity.

Amid the dazing fatigue of all these delusive pictures, one comes with surprise and momentary bewilderment in out-of-the-way corners upon Mr. Leighton's "Helios and Rhodos," his "Dædalus and Icarus." So much beauty, so much harmony, so much thought not overwhelming his subjects, outlines so pure, such effulgence; and, in the "Helios and Rhodos," a love for his idea once conceived so great as almost to imitate inspiration and hide his art; all these qualities move me so deeply, that I may repeat what I said in a former article: If for myself I place Mr. Millais' "Nina Lehmann" above them, it is only with a qualm, and by an act of self-denial. I am told that I have greatly overpraised Mr. Millais' "Nina," but it seems to me that those who tell me so have not taken into consideration the point of view from which I praise it. I do not for a moment place it above Mr. Leighton's "Helios and Rhodos," or his "Dædalus and Icarus," in point of beauty as a picture¹ or as a composition, but for a variety of qualities which, I humbly but conscientiously believe, bring Mr. Millais in that picture nearer to the great original painters—slaves of their own pictorial power, and servants of no school—than can be said of any other picture in the Academy. I confessed quite candidly in my last article, that if I placed it above the "Helios and Rhodos" for such and such qualities, I did so with a qualm. "Helios and Rhodos" form, it is true, a most excellent picture; but it is a female picture, and I know no other way of expressing my meaning. All Mr. Leighton's pictures are female pictures, even his "St. Jerome," with that horrescent lion frightening the horizon. Exquisite, too, though the "Helios and Rhodos" be, it is, after all, an eclectic picture—a mixture of collated truths and studies, exquisite in the result, but only as some rare perfume compounded of other perfumes. As artificial perfumes, however costly, depend upon more natural products, so do eclectic results in every art owe their existence to conditions of art, which lie further from idealism and nearer to nature. In painting, these conditions lie nearer to the poetry of pure vision, and further away from the poetry of imagination, and the predominance of the former, I submit, marks the painter as distinguished from the poet.

In Mr. Millais the eye reigns supreme. Mr. Leighton's eye is

(1) One critic says, very bluntly; that Mr. Millais' "Nina" is not a picture at all. This criticism is to me unintelligible. Even a spider, I apprehend, would be a picture, if painted.

only the handmaid of his art, or rather of his unconquerable ambition—by hook or by crook, to-day or to-morrow, with praise or without praise, come weal come woe—to follow his ideals, and rise to art. And herein lies Mr. Leighton's characteristic distinction. To me, by no means a great admirer of the majority of his works, it seems that he has succeeded beyond cavil at last in two of the classical pictures he has exhibited this year. How painfully and laboriously he has progressed, how slowly risen beyond the effeminate conceits of modern society, with how much toil and how much tenacity of purpose, may be judged by those who look at these pictures, and then travel mentally back through the long list, with here and there an exception, of diaphanous females, affecting to be unaffected, in sundry postures of laborious ease, with peacocks, pigeons, fountains, or other paraphernalia of ostentatious purity. I know not how unjust my description may seem to his numerous partisans. I am simply rendering the impression left upon my mind, year after year, by so many of his pictures, and culminating in what appears to be so complete a failure as his "Electra," in the present exhibition. On standing and looking casually round the room, the following, as nearly as possible, were the thoughts that succeeded one another in my mind, when my eye happened to fall on the picture. Here is the series in slippers. *Valeat quantum*. First thought: "Heavens! what's that?" Second thought: "A young man." Third thought: "What's the matter with him?" "He's terribly bored." "Is he going to yawn?" "If he yawns, it will be a terrible yawn." "He's meant for a priest." "No; there are Greek accessories." "Why is he dressed in black?" "Look at the catalogue—'Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon.'" Verdict: A sempstress, victim of late hours, with a violent headache, and suffering from anæmia, doing the statuesque. A few minutes after, I heard a stranger say to a friend, "That can't be 'Electra,' that is a man." Whatever may be the date of this picture, it seems manifestly to belong to an older and less unaffected phase of conception. And to me, at least, it is a happy circumstance that it should be exhibited side by side with the pictures of "Helios and Rhodes," and "Dædalus and Icarus," as helping to realise how far a noble ambition, and a constant determination to rise higher and higher towards his own ideal, may lead an artist eventually. What seems to me so striking in Mr. Leighton's progress is that in spite of the incense lavished upon him by admiring coteries, he should remain true to his own yearning to get nearer and nearer to artistic beauty, and that his imagination should not have been perverted by the praise bestowed upon earlier pictures whose success would have been the ruin of many another man's career. Even as they are, the two pictures I have named, which the moment you

look on them enthral the eye and tell their own tale, have some flavour still of the effeminacy of the artist's earlier manner. Yet although they suggest the fine and finished work of some great student awaiting the crystallising touches of a still greater master, rather than the work of the master himself, how noble they are, and how buoyant in conception! Icarus is indeed aspiring to scale ether on winged pinions, and he does not seem ridiculous. How splendid and luminous are his wings! and with what fine suggestions of ethereal flight! How finely, too, Minerva, helmeted, in the distance, but standing firm upon the rock, her back turned to the adventurous couple, conveys the irony of fate! Then how finely Mr. Leighton has drawn his shore; and how forebodingly, too, the spectator is made to feel the depths of the sea below! Only such courage on the part of such a youth could affront so lovely but cruel a Thalatta. And yet you cannot fear. With such wings, such an artificer, you sympathise with the divine adventurer, and fall to envying his wings. Again, in "Helios and Rhodos," what a fine marriage of allegory, romance, and modern feeling! what a delicate, yet noble cumulation of effects! How well the chariot of the sun towers aloft above the rising steps carved in the tumbled beauty of the clouds, yet how little the chariot interferes with, while it glorifies, the central subject—the meeting of the descending Helios with the enraptured Rhodos! How completely the unrestrained tenderness of the sentiment on both sides overrides the voluptuousness of the picture! How completely (and this is to my mind a miracle in the present day) Mr. Leighton has been able, while giving the fullest rein to his sentiment, yet to avoid the faintest trace of sentimentalism—that curse of English art! I know and see that Mr. Leighton is an eclectic. I see that critics whose knowledge is above mine high as Helios' chariot wheels above Rhodos' roses compare his picture here to Tintoret, there to Titian—not for comparison's sake, but by way of classification in respect of manner. If so, if really, which I am not competent to decide, these pictures of Mr. Leighton are only imitations or adaptations of other men's styles, now dead, but which had their root and life in former times,—only this, and no more,—then, one thing I will affirm without fear of higher authority—they will die. To me, I confess they seem better than that; and if I consult my instinct only, regardless of other men's opinion, something tells me that they are the harbingers of better pictures still, and all his own.

Mr. Watts' "Return of the Dove" started from a very fine idea, but the result is painful, because, as it often happens to idealists, having conceived the ideal, Mr. Watts left out the probabilities. As he has painted the dove she cannot fly another yard (her very feathers are all tumbling to pieces), and the ark, if I interpret a faint blotch

right, is on the horizon—that is to say, taking roughly eight miles to every inch of the height of the dove above the water, a great many miles off, certainly more than sixteen, and apparently thirty or forty. If Mr. Watts asks me why I apply such rules to his picture and not to Mr. Leighton's, I answer, Because they are thrust upon me by the picture itself. If the tradition had been that the dove on her way home could not reach the ark, but fell into the water, the picture—as symbolising the last dreary efforts of the dove, and the hopelessness of her ever reaching the ark—would be perfect. Whether it is possible to carry out Mr. Watts' idea at all without falling into the same difficulty, I leave painters to decide. Be that as it may, in the Bible the dove got home, and in Mr. Watts' picture she never will, if the fate of the universe depended upon it. And surely, however idealistic, a painter is bound to be true to the conditions of his own subject. His "Orpheus and Eurydice" appears to me a fine study, but there is nothing whatever in it, as far as I am able to see with the best will in the world, to distinguish it from the ruck of classical imitations pure and simple. Who in music cares for imitations of Beethoven, imitations of Mozart, imitations of Mendelssohn? Will anybody tell me what he sees in the "Red Cross Knight and Una" that he should like to look at it again? It may be my stupidity, but the knight seems to me to want to look very knightish and patronising, and Una seems to be looking very mawkish and make-believe. I dare say the picture may be like some other picture, or have some curious technical qualities of moral affectations which please certain minds; but if it is like some other picture, then I had rather accept Mr. Watts' as a broad hint not to go and see the original, and if it is his own idea, then he has the best of me entirely, for I do not even understand it, and if I did, it would only be to dislike it. I should be very sorry to look like the "Red Cross Knight in Una" if it was vouchsafed me; and if I were riding by her, I should care very little for Una. Indeed, politeness permitting, I should ask her "to sit up," and look less of an idiot.

Then, again, Mr. Maclise's "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid." What is the frame of mind of the man, through what labyrinths and mazes, what inward involutions of sense and fancy must he travel; into what realms of thought arrive, what dreary underground twilights of leaden imagination descend into,—who can relish that picture, and cry, as the artistic heart always cries when touched, "'Eureka!'"—here the heart is blessed, fancy is touched, the mind contented!" You gaze and gaze, and ponder and ponder, and the end of your reverential study is wonder and sadness that so much science, so much industry, such skill, such patience, miles so many of weary ratiocination and technical discourse should be applied to give birth after all to still-born death. How gloriously painted and vigorously set are the leaves that overhang the tent! but they are

dead. How splendid are the ferns that lie at the feet of the king! but they are idle. What feats of position in the king, his courtiers, and his warriors! what science in grouping! how well the chess-board is occupied with its chessmen! how well the game fits in! but they all look as if they had been placed so to act a charade. Every single figure betrays a prolonged labour of thought to make it look natural, and to be waiting for the word of life; but the word has not gone forth, the light has not yet shone. Such might be the picture painted by a wizard, and lying idly in some dusky corner, waiting some mystic occasion to be touched and live. But there it hangs, beyond human power to kindle into life, dead, and not unlike a dusky corpse in the glare of the Academy painted to rebuke the levity and pertness of would-be life.

Sir Edwin Landseer's great "Battle of the Swans and Eagles" must surely have been dreamt by our great animalist in some romantic neighbourhood after too excellent a dinner of highly-seasoned game. Such an Armageddon of winged fowl was surely never seen. Vultures may hunt in packs; but eagles, I am told by my friend, the professor of natural history at Cambridge, never. Sometimes eagles do hunt in pairs, but then they both attack the same quarry. Again, birds of prey strike with the talon; they do not claw with their claws, and fight with their beaks, though after death they tear their prey open. If Sir Edwin Landseer had been gifted with powers of flight, and could have lived with eagles and swans as he has lived with dogs and horses, he would assuredly have painted something possibly less melodramatic, certainly more true to nature. For whatever may be Sir Edwin's exact place as a technical painter, as the poet of animal nature his merits can hardly be overrated. It is no small thing to have vindicated the claim even of dogs to hold a place in our family affections, and it is not too much to say that Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures, by their poetic truth, have won a conspicuous place in the history of the civilisation of English society. I cannot say that I am a fanatical admirer of his lions in Trafalgar Square. They seem, in the words of the old Frenchman in the play, "colossal, pyramidal, pretty well." But his sketches of two lions in the first room of the Academy are truly superb. Query, whether Sir Edwin painting the death-struggle of a lion and bull would not be more at home than among eagles and swans, and whether such a picture might not remain one of our great examples in that *genre*?

I had hoped to dwell at some length upon the richest and best, because the truest and sincerest, part of every English Academy—its landscapes—but time and space have alike failed me. I should like to dwell upon the resplendent sobriety and massive harmony of M. Daubigny's "Sunset on the River Oise;" on Mr. Linnell's very antagonistic, but truly magnificent, "Sunset in the Romagna." In the landscape department the Academy is crowded with pictures, each of

which would deserve minute attention, and repay it. Two small studies by Mr. Mason seem to me, small and modest as they are, to contain as fine artistic qualities, if not finer, than any landscape in the exhibition. But as, amid so much that is excellent, casual selection is invidious, and mere mention barren, I will only take leave further to say a few words, first, on the difficulties of criticism, and then on the system of classification.

The difficulties of criticism in so large an assemblage of pictures appear to be almost insuperable. In order that the critic may criticise a group or a landscape accurately he must be able to place himself in the same position and mood as the painter. A landscape which will do equally well for ten o'clock in the morning or five o'clock in the afternoon is a mere fancy composition. Before you can pronounce upon a picture you must realise what are the conditions which the artist himself selected, and how far he has been true to them. The first quality in a picture is the combination of unity and harmony, and among English pictures that is the rarest. The different parts of pictures seem often to have been painted without relation to one another, and on different days, suggesting so many changes of mood and atmosphere that the spectator is paralysed between the multiplicity of suggestions, and is apt to lose his way between them all. How rarely can we stand before a picture with the same undisturbed satisfaction that we look out of a window! Either the brilliant parts have broken away into separate existence from the painter's grasp, or, in order to control them, he has emasculated each without thereby always attaining to unity, although, doubtless, by that means he may acquire a kind of apparent sobriety. Nature is always *one* even in her violent contrasts—not by any means owing to any mystical quality in nature, but owing to the simple and intelligible fact that over every subject she pours one single light, and one single atmosphere at a time. Nature can paint one picture in a myriad slight modifications of light, all in one day, and they shall all be changed again the next. Yet each modification will be at each moment *one* and harmonious with itself. Where is the painter who can paint a myriad atmospheres, all different, all true? You sit at a window and watch the landscape. A cloud passes somewhere; you do not even see it. All the relations of colour are changed, and yet each object remains the same. Nor does nature take any pains to exclude brilliancy in order to secure unity. She revels in brilliancy; but by a turn of the screw she changes all, only substituting one set of brilliancies for another, and these belong as indissolubly to one another as the last. The utmost science can only bring the artist to the knowledge of comparatively few among the myriad combinations of nature, and some artists never get near truth at all, and hold their own without it at the point of the sword, and by the grace of their own fanciful theories.

With regard to the classification of pictures, I venture to submit,

with all deference, that the method now adopted of jumbling up all manner of pictures together is a mistake, most injurious to the public and most injurious to the artist. It is injurious to the public, for comparison is the root of thought, education, and sound criticism. You cannot compare chalk and cherries. To put Madame Jerichau's striking picture, "The Dying Pole," near "Little Boys going to School," "Cart-horses Watering," "A Dairymaid at her Churn," *et hoc genus omne*, seems, but that it is not intended so, almost an impertinence. There is no possible link of comparison between them. The imagination and the critical sense are both paralysed by their juxtaposition, the tendency of the proximity of such pictures to one another being to make both seem better and worse than they really are. The dignified pictures acquire a factitious importance by being seen in contact with more trifling subjects, the trifles are depressed by the severer pictures, and the spectator is not helped, as he should be in a national exhibition, to form a sound judgment by being enabled to compare side by side, or group by group, pictures of the same class. Can anything be more ridiculous than to mix up sombre and massive sunset effects with delicate pea-green pictures, and place opaline effects side by side with a burning and flaming sky? The sunsets at once become theatrical, while the other pictures are unduly impoverished, and sometimes utterly annihilated. There cannot be a doubt of the powerful effect which would be gained by massing those pictures together which belong to similar categories of style, subject, and colour. The arrangement I would roughly suggest would be: (1.) The Portraits. In this class I would include all paintings in modern costume bearing that character, whether with or without the names of the originals. Instead of aiming at contrast by putting a dark picture next to a light one, I would mass together all the pictures belonging to one tone: the dark pictures together, the middle tones together, the light pictures together. Thus, for instance, the comparison of Miss Hilda Bunsen with the Duchess of Athol, both in white, is highly suggestive and instructive. But you learn next to nothing by comparing either with the Duke of Edinburgh, in naval blue, whose picture, by some freak of fate, if fate has freaks, has been placed between them. Round these would very well be grouped Mrs. Henry Schlesinger, Miss Wells, Miss Nina Lehmann, the Miss Sandemanns, Mrs. Widrington, the Miss Dugdales, &c., &c. This would give a very fine accumulation of effects, all in the same or a similar groove, and afford the public, the general student, and the particular artists themselves, means of study and comparison which I defy them to get when they have to pass from one room to another, through a crowd of people, but, worst of all, through a labyrinth and Babel of other pictures and other colours. Not only so, but the imposing effect of the whole would lend a dignity to each picture in its proper place, which is frittered

away when all are out of place. Much of the outcry raised against the portraits of the Academy arises from their ludicrous appearance when surrounded by other pictures. Many a presentation picture, which makes one smile involuntarily where it hangs, would be interesting enough, if confined to the company of all the other presentation portraits. After all, "presentation portraits" form part of the annual history of the country, and if we only brought a little common sense to bear in the management of these things, they are as little open to ridicule in a national exhibition as any other pictures whatever.

(2.) I would group all the Subjects, properly so called, together, according to their natural divisions, schools, and styles. What can be more ludicrous than to put "Helios and Rhodos" with "Lord Strangford," on one side, and "Charles Santley" on the other, surrounded by a crowd of discordant, I should like to say squalling, pictures, which have no more to do with one another than roses with alligators, while the sister picture, "Dædalus and Icarus," hangs far away, amid no less excruciating surroundings? On the contrary, what a fine and instructive wall would be obtained if round these two pictures of Mr. Leighton were grouped all the other classical subjects, by Watts, Sandys, Poynter, Stanhope, Moore, Wallis, Prinsep, Richmond, Calthrop, Solomon, and whatever others! In the same way the assemblage of all the mediæval and romantic pictures together, taking care to let them run in their natural grooves of colour. Talking of grooves of colour, there is Mr. Faed's school, with all its imitators, and the numerous run of pictures in which red and green, generally dark red and dark green, but, on the whole, green and red, "*à toute sauce*," bedeck the social incident. These, if collected together, would have a very remarkable and by no means uninteresting effect. Then, again, the historical pictures and general subjects, with Mr. Marcus Stone's scholarly and most excellent picture of "Princess Elizabeth attending Mass" at their head—these, comprising such pictures as Mr. Pettie's "Cardinal Wolsey," and also his "Gambler's Victim," Mr. Frith's "Altisidora," Mr. Ward's "Grinling Gibbons," Mr. Elmore's "Taming of the Shrew," Mr. Roberts' "Fugitive Royalist" (I quote from memory, at random), and a crowd of similar pictures, would gain immensely, and illustrate one another's beauties and defects, by being collated. As it is, they are killed or turned into ridicule by huge portraits or trumpet-tongued landscapes filling the wall, which have the same effect upon them as the Brobdingnags upon Gulliver. Gradations of size and homogeneity of subject are just as necessary to sound criticism as they are to sound painting. If the present mode of classification adopted is the right one, why are not the miniatures mixed up with the other pictures?

A third class would, of course, be the landscapes. Upon these I

have said enough not to enlarge further. And as these remarks are merely by way of general suggestion, I will add only that all the animals and birds, horses, dogs, sheep, cows, eagles, swans, would make a far better class apart than distributed as they are. No doubt it might be difficult to class some pictures, and there must remain a certain margin of miscellanies. But these might either be put into a separate class or employed for the purpose of passing from one group to another.

If on this part of the subject I appear to have written with too much presumption, I may say, in apology, that the conviction has been forced upon me by many years of observation. And if any doubt is entertained of the superiority of effect attainable by massing pictures together of the same class, I would point to the Turner Gallery in Trafalgar Square, and ask whether the result in that case is not in the highest degree noble and impressive, and whether it would not all be squandered if the pictures which compose it were distributed over the building? If I am told these are the pictures of one man, and not of several, I answer that they are also, as it happens, pictures of one class, and, as such, I plead their relevancy to my argument.

In conclusion, if I might venture a word of advice to the young artist, I would say, Beware of theories, or if you must use them, use as crutches, to throw them away. Beware of schools, for schools in art are but the lifeless relics of bygone giants. Great men leave schools behind them, as Homer and Æschylus and Plato left matter for Alexandrine grammars—mere bricks and mortar for future artists. The great artist is himself, and himself only, or nothing. In art there is but one theory, and that is truth; and though the roads to truth be infinite, the end is one—nature. Study nature, consult nature, trust nature, turn a deaf ear to all but nature. He who gets nearest to nature in the end is the greatest artist, be the road what it may. He who is within a school is no artist, but only a scholar, waiting to become an artist. While the scaffolding remains the temple is not free. What is school? Is it school for mechanism? But for artistic purposes, mechanical processes have no value except as they enable you to get nearer to truth, and in this matter every honest student, who studies for himself, can improve on what is known every day of his life. Is it school for conception? But conception which has not its root in your own life, and your own time, is dead! The moment you ask the painters of another age *how* they conceived, you surrender your right to paint at all. You may indeed compare your conceptions with theirs to prove yourself a dwarf, them giants; your age a bastard age, theirs divine. But if you wish to rival them, forget them, leave all behind you, and do as they did—take up your staff and follow nature. As well might you hope to be a Titian by copying Titian as to be another Newton by lying on his grave.

BERNARD CRACROFT.

PHYSICS AND POLITICS.

No. III.—NATION MAKING.

IN an essay published so long since¹ that I fear hardly a single reader of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* can remember it, I endeavoured to show that in the early age of man—the “fighting age” I called it—there was a considerable, though not certain, tendency towards progress. The best nations conquered the worst; by the possession of one advantage or another the best competitor overcame the inferior competitor. So long as there was continual fighting there was a likelihood of improvement in martial virtues, and in early times many virtues are really “martial”—that is, tend to success in war—which in later times we do not think of so calling, because the original usefulness is hid by their later usefulness. We judge of them by the present effects, not by their first. The love of law, for example, is a virtue which no one now would call martial, yet in early times it disciplined nations, and the disciplined nations won. The gift of “conservative innovation”—the gift of *matching* new institutions to old—is not nowadays a warlike virtue, yet the Romans owed much of their success to it. Alone among ancient nations they had the deference to usage which combines nations, and the partial permission of selected change which improves nations; and therefore they succeeded. Just so in most cases, all through the earliest times, martial merit is a token of real merit: the nation that wins is the nation that ought to win. The simple virtues of such ages mostly make a man a soldier if they make him anything. No doubt the brute force of number may be too potent even then (as so often it is afterwards): civilisation may be thrown back by the conquest of many very rude men over a few less rude men. But the first elements of civilisation are great military advantages, and, roughly, it is a rule of the first times that you can infer merit from conquest, and that progress is promoted by the competitive examination of constant war.

This principle explains at once why the “protected” regions of the world—the interior of continents like Africa, outlying islands like Australia or New Zealand—are of necessity backward. They are still in the preparatory school; they have not been taken on class by class, as No. II., being a little better, routed and effaced No. I.; and as No. III., being a little better still, routed and effaced No. II. And it explains why Western Europe was early in advance of other countries, because there the contest of races was exceedingly severe.

(1) *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for April, 1868.

Unlike most regions, it was a tempting part of the world, and yet not a corrupting part; those who did not possess it wanted it, and those who had it, not being enervated, could struggle hard to keep it. The conflict of nations is at first a main force in the improvement of nations.

But what *are* nations? What are these groups which are so familiar to us, and yet, if we stop to think, so strange; which are as old as history; which Herodotus found in almost as great numbers and with quite as marked distinctions as we see them now? What breaks the human race up into fragments so unlike one another, and yet each in its interior so monotonous? The question is most puzzling, though the fact is so familiar, and I would not venture to say that I can answer it completely, though I can advance some considerations which, as it seems to me, go a certain way towards answering it. Perhaps these same considerations throw some light, too, on the further and still more interesting question why some few nations progress, and why the greater part do not.

Of course at first all such distinctions of nation and nation were explained by original diversity of race. They *are* dissimilar, it was said, because they were created dissimilar. But in most cases this easy supposition will not do its work. You cannot (consistently with plain facts) imagine enough original races to make it tenable. Some half-dozen or more great families of men may or may not have been descended from separate first stocks, but sub-varieties have certainly not so descended. You may argue, rightly or wrongly, that all Arian nations are of a single or peculiar origin, just as it was long believed that all Greek-speaking nations were of one such stock. But you will not be listened to if you say that there were one Adam and Eve for Sparta, and another Adam and Eve for Athens. All Greeks are evidently of one origin, but within the limits of the Greek family, as of all other families, there is some contrast-making force which causes city to be unlike city, and tribe unlike tribe.

Certainly, too, nations did not originate by simple natural selection, as wild varieties of animals (I do not speak now of species) no doubt arise in nature. Natural selection means the preservation of those individuals which struggle best with the forces that oppose their race. But you could not show that the natural obstacles opposing human life much differed between Sparta and Athens, or indeed between Rome and Athens; and yet Spartans, Athenians, and Romans differ essentially. Old writers fancied (and it was a very natural idea) that the direct effect of climate, or rather of land, sea, and air, and the sum total of physical conditions varied man from man, and changed race to race. But experience refutes this. The English immigrant lives in the same climate as the Australian or Tasmanian, but he has not become like those races; nor will a

thousand years, in most respects, make him like them. The Papuan and the Malay, as Mr. Wallace finds, live now, and have lived for ages, side by side in the same tropical regions, with every sort of diversity. Even in animals his researches show, as by an object-lesson, that the direct efficacy of physical conditions is overrated. "Borneo," he says, "closely resembles New Guinea, not only in its vast size and freedom from volcanoes, but in its variety of geological structure, its uniformity of climate, and the general aspect of the forest vegetation that clothes its surface. The Moluccas are the counterpart of the Philippines in their volcanic structure, their extreme fertility, their luxuriant forests, and their frequent earthquakes; and Bali, with the east end of Java, has a climate almost as arid as that of Timor. Yet between these corresponding groups of islands, constructed, as it were, after the same pattern, subjected to the same climate, and bathed by the same oceans, there exists the greatest possible contrast, when we compare their animal productions. Nowhere does the ancient doctrine—that differences or similarities in the various forms of life that inhabit different countries are due to corresponding physical differences or similarities in the countries themselves—meet with so direct and palpable a contradiction. Borneo and New Guinea, as alike physically as two distinct countries can be, are zoologically as wide as the poles asunder; while Australia, with its dry winds, its open plains, its stony deserts, and its temperate climate, yet produces birds and quadrupeds which are closely related to those inhabiting the hot, damp, luxuriant forests which everywhere clothe the plains and mountains of New Guinea." That is, we have like living things in the most dissimilar situations, and unlike living things in the most similar ones. And though some of Mr. Wallace's speculations on ethnology may be doubtful, no one doubts that in the archipelago he has studied so well, as often elsewhere in the world, though rarely with such marked emphasis, we find like men in contrasted places, and unlike men in resembling places. Climate is clearly not *the* force which makes nations, for it does not always make them, and they are often made without it.

The problem of "nation-making"—that is, the explanation of the origin of nations such as we now see them, and such as in historical times they have always been—cannot, as it seems to me, be solved without separating it into two: one, the making of broadly-marked races, such as the negro, or the red man, or the European; and second, that of making the minor distinctions, such as the distinction between Spartan and Athenian, or between Scotchman and Englishman. Nations, as we see them, are (if my arguments prove true) the produce of two great forces: one the race-making force which, whatever it was, acted in antiquity, and has now wholly, or almost, given over acting; and the other the nation-making force, properly so called,

which is acting now as much as it ever acted, and creating as much as it ever created.

The strongest light on the great causes which have formed and are forming nations is thrown by the smaller causes which are altering nations. The way in which nations change, generation after generation, is exceedingly curious, and the change occasionally happens when it is very hard to account for. Something seems to steal over society, say of the Regency time as compared with that of the present Queen. If we read of life at Windsor (at the cottage now pulled down), or of Bond Street as it was in the days of the Loungers (an extinct race), or of St. James's Street as it was when Mr. Fox and his party tried to make "political capital" out of the dissipation of an heir apparent, we seem to be reading not of the places we know so well, but of very distant and unlike localities. Or let any one think how little is the external change in England between the age of Elizabeth and the age of Anne compared with the national change. How few were the alterations in physical condition, how few (if any) the scientific inventions affecting human life which the later period possessed, but the earlier did not! How hard it is to say what has caused the change in the people! And yet how total is the contrast, at least at first sight! In passing from Bacon to Addison, from Shakespeare to Pope, we seem to pass into a new world.

In the first of these essays I spoke of the mode in which the literary change happens, and I recur to it because, literature being narrower and more definite than life, a change in the less serves as a model and illustration of the change in the greater. Some writer, as was explained, not necessarily a very excellent writer or a remembered one, hit on something which suited the public taste: he went on writing, and others imitated him, and they so accustomed their readers to that style that they would bear nothing else. Those readers who did not like it were driven to the works of other ages and other countries,—had to despise the "trash of the day," as they would call it. The age of Anne patronised Steele, the beginner of the *Essay*, and Addison, its perfecter, and its neglected writings in a wholly discordant key. I have heard that the founder of the *Times* was asked how all the articles in the *Times* came to seem to be written by one man, and that he replied—"Oh, there is always some one best contributor, and all the others copy." And this is doubtless the true account of the manner in which a certain trade mark, a curious and indefinable unity, settles on every newspaper. Perhaps it would be possible to name the men who a few years since created the *Saturday Review* style, now imitated by another and a younger race. But when the style of a periodical is once formed, the continuance of it is preserved by a much more despotic impulse than the tendency to imitation,—by the self-interest of the editor, who acts as *trustee*, if I

may say so, for the subscribers. The regular buyers of a periodical want to read what they have been used to read—the same sort of thought, the same sort of words. The editor sees that they get that sort. He selects the suitable, the conforming articles, and he rejects the non-conforming. What the editor does in the case of a periodical, the readers do in the case of literature in general. They patronise one thing and reject the rest.

Of course there was always some reason (if we only could find it) which gave the prominence in each age to some particular winning literature. There always is some reason why the fashion of female dress is what it is. But just as in the case of dress we know that nowadays the determining cause is very much of an accident, so in the case of literary fashion the origin is a good deal of an accident. What the milliners of Paris, or the *demi-monde* of Paris, enjoin our English ladies, is (I suppose) a good deal chance; but as soon as it is decreed, those whom it suits and those whom it does not all wear it. The imitative propensity at once insures uniformity; and “that horrid thing we wore last year” (as the phrase may go) is soon nowhere to be seen. Just so a literary fashion spreads, though I am far from saying with equal primitive unreasonableness; a literary taste always begins on some decent reason, but once started, it is propagated as a fashion in dress is propagated; even those who do not like it read it because it is there, and because nothing else is easily to be found.

The same patronage of favoured forms, and persecution of disliked forms, are the main causes too, I believe, which change national character. Some one attractive type catches the eye, so to speak, of the nation, or a part of the nation, as servants catch the gait of their masters, or as mobile girls come home speaking the special words and acting the little gestures of each family whom they may have been visiting. I do not know if many of my readers happen to have read Father Newman’s celebrated sermon, “Personal Influence the Means of Propagating the Truth;” if not, I strongly recommend them to do so. They will there see the opinion of a great practical leader of men, of one who has led very many where they little thought of going, as to the mode in which they are to be led; and what he says, put shortly and simply, and taken out of his delicate language, is but this—that men are guided by *type*, not by argument; that some winning instance must be set up before them, or the sermon will be vain, and the doctrine will not spread. I do not want to illustrate this matter from religious history, for I should be led far from my purpose, and after all I can but teach the commonplace that it is the life of teachers which is *catching*, not their tenets. And again, in political matters, how quickly a leading statesman can change the tone of the community! We are most of us earnest with Mr. Gladstone; we were most of us *not* so earnest in the time of Lord Palmerston. The

change is what every one feels, though no one can define it. Each predominant mind calls out a corresponding sentiment in the country: most feel it a little. Those who feel it much express it much; those who feel it excessively express it excessively; those who dissent are silent, or unheard.

After such great matters as religion and politics, it may seem trifling to illustrate the subject from little boys. But it is not trifling. The bane of philosophy is pomposity: people will not see that small things are the miniatures of greater, and it seems a loss of abstract dignity to freshen their minds by object-lessons from what they know. But every boarding-school changes as a nation changes. Most of us may remember thinking, "How odd it is that this 'half' should be so unlike last 'half': now we never go out of bounds, last half we were always going: now we play rounders, then we played prisoner's base;" and so through all the easy life of that time. In fact, some ruling spirits, some one or two ascendant boys, had left, one or two others had come; and so all was changed. The models were changed, and the copies changed; a different thing was praised, and a different thing bullied. A curious case of the same tendency was noticed to me only lately. A friend of mine—a Liberal Conservative—addressed a meeting of working men at Leeds, and was much pleased at finding his characteristic, and perhaps refined points, both apprehended and applauded. "But then," as he narrated, "up rose a blatant Radical who said the very opposite things, and the working men cheered him too, and quite equally." He was puzzled to account for so rapid a change. But the mass of the meeting was no doubt nearly neutral, and, if set going, quite ready to applaud any good words without much thinking. The ringleaders changed. The radical tailor started the radical cheer; the more moderate shoemaker started the moderate cheer; and the great bulk followed suit. Only a few in each case were silent, and an absolute contrast was in ten minutes presented by the same elements.

The truth is that the propensity of man to imitate what is before him is one of the strongest parts of his nature. And one sign of it is the great pain which we feel when our imitation has been unsuccessful. There is a cynical doctrine that most men would rather be accused of wickedness than of *gaucherie*. And this is but another way of saying that the bad copying of predominant manners is felt to be more of a disgrace than common consideration would account for its being, since *gaucherie* in all but extravagant cases is not an offence against religion or morals, but is simply bad imitation.

We must not think that this imitation is voluntary, or even conscious. On the contrary, it has its seat mainly in very obscure parts of the mind, whose notions, so far from having been consciously produced, are hardly felt to exist; so far from being conceived beforehand,

are not even felt at the time. The main seat of the imitative part of our nature is our belief, and the causes predisposing us to believe this, or disinclining us to believe that, are among the obscurest parts of our nature. But as to the imitative nature of credulity there can be no doubt. In "Eothen" there is a capital description of how every sort of European resident in the East, even the shrewd merchant and "the post-captain," with his bright, wakeful eyes of commerce, comes soon to believe in witchcraft, and to assure you, in confidence, that there "really is something in it." He has never seen anything convincing himself, but he has seen those who have seen those who have seen those who have seen. In fact, he has lived in an atmosphere of infectious belief, and he has inhaled it. Scarcely any one can help yielding to the current infatuations of his sect or party. For a short time—say some fortnight—he is resolute; he argues and objects; but, day by day, the poison thrives, and reason wanes. What he hears from his friends, what he reads in the party organ, produces its effect. The plain, palpable conclusion which every one around him believes, has an influence yet greater and more subtle; that conclusion seems so solid and unmistakable; his own good arguments get daily more and more like a dream. Soon the gravest sage shares the folly of the party with which he acts, and the sect with which he worships.

In true metaphysics I believe that, contrary to common opinion, unbelief far oftener needs a reason and requires an effort than belief. Naturally, and if man were made according to the pattern of the logicians, he would say, "When I see a valid argument I will believe, and till I see such argument I will not believe." But, in fact, every idea vividly before us soon appears to us to be true, unless we keep up our perceptions of the arguments which prove it untrue, and voluntarily coerce our minds to remember its falsehood. "All clear ideas are true," was for ages a philosophical maxim, and though no maxim can be more unsound, none can be more exactly conformable to ordinary human nature. The child resolutely accepts every idea which passes through its brain as true; it has no distinct conception of an idea which is strong, bright, and permanent, but which is false too. The mere presentation of an idea, unless we are careful about it, or unless there is within some unusual resistance, makes us believe it; and this is why the belief of others adds to our belief so quickly, for no ideas seem so very clear as those inculcated on us from every side.

The grave part of mankind are quite as liable to these imitated beliefs as the frivolous part. The belief of the money-market, which is mainly composed of grave people, is as imitative as any belief. You will find one day every one enterprising, enthusiastic, vigorous, eager to buy, and eager to order: in a week or so you will

find almost the whole society depressed, anxious, and wanting to sell. If you examine the reasons for the activity, or for the inactivity, or for the change, you will hardly be able to trace them at all, and as far as you can trace them, they are of little force. In fact, these opinions were not formed by reason, but by mimicry. Something happened that looked a little good, on which eager sanguine men talked loudly, and common people caught their tone. A little while afterwards, and when people were tired of talking this, something also happened looking a little bad, on which the dismal, anxious people began, and all the rest followed their words. And in both cases an avowed dissentient is set down as "crotchety." "If you want," said Swift, "to gain the reputation of a sensible man, you should be of the opinion of the person with whom for the time being you are conversing." There is much quiet intellectual persecution among "reasonable" men; a cautious person hesitates before he tells them anything new, for if he gets a name for such things he will be called "flighty," and in times of decision he will not be attended to.

In this way the infection of imitation catches men in their most inward and intellectual part—their creed. But it also invades men, by the most bodily part of the mind—so to speak—the link between soul and body—the manner. No one needs to have this explained; we all know how a kind of subtle influence makes us imitate or try to imitate the manner of those around us. To conform to the fashion of Rome—whatever the fashion may be, and whatever Rome we may for the time be at—is among the most obvious needs of human nature. But what is not so obvious, though as certain, is that the influence of the imitation goes deep as well as extends wide. "The matter," as Wordsworth says, "of style very much comes out of the manner." If you will endeavour to write an imitation of the thoughts of Swift in a copy of the style of Addison, you will find that not only is it hard to write Addison's style, from its intrinsic excellence, but also that the more you approach to it the more you lose the thought of Swift. The eager passion of the meaning beats upon the mild drapery of the words. So you could not express the plain thoughts of an Englishman in the grand manner of a Spaniard. Insensibly, and as by a sort of magic, the kind of manner which a man catches eats into him, and makes him in the end what at first he only seems.

This is the principal mode in which the greatest minds of an age produce their effect. They set the tone which others take, and the fashion which others use. There is an odd idea that those who take what is called a "scientific view" of history need rate lightly the influence of individual character. It would be as reasonable to say that those who take a scientific view of nature need think little of the influence of the sun. On the scientific view a great man is a great new cause (compounded or not out of other causes, for I do not

here, or elsewhere in these papers, raise the question of free-will), but, anyhow, new in all its effects, and all its results. Great models for good and evil sometimes appear among men, who follow them either to improvement or degradation.

I am, I know, very long and tedious in setting out this; but I want to bring home to others what every new observation of society brings more and more freshly to myself—that this unconscious imitation and encouragement of appreciated character, and this equally unconscious shrinking from and persecution of disliked character, is the main force which moulds and fashions men in society as we now see it. Soon I shall try to show that the more acknowledged causes, such as change of climate, alteration of political institutions, progress of science, act principally through this cause; that they change the object of imitation and the object of avoidance, and so work their effect. But first I must speak of the origin of nations—of nation-making as one may call it—the proper subject of this paper.

The process of nation-making is one of which we have obvious examples in the most recent times, and which is going on now. The most simple example is the foundation of the first State of America, say New England, which has such a marked and such a deep national character. A great number of persons agreeing in fundamental disposition, agreeing in religion, agreeing in politics, form a separate settlement; they exaggerate their own disposition, teach their own creed, set up their favourite government; they discourage all other dispositions, persecute other beliefs, forbid other forms or habits of government. Of course a nation so made will have a separate stamp and mark. The original settlers began of one type; they sedulously imitated it; and (though other causes have intervened and disturbed it) the necessary operation of the principles of inheritance has transmitted many original traits still unaltered, and has left an entire New England character—in no respect unaffected by its first character.

This case is well-known, but it is not so that the same process, in a weaker shape, is going on in America now. Congeniality of sentiment is a reason of selection, and a bond of cohesion in the "West" at present. Competent observers say that townships grow up there by each place taking its own religion, its own manners, and its own ways. Those who have these morals and that religion go to that place, and stay there; and those who do not either settle elsewhere at first, or soon pass on. The days of colonisation by sudden "swarms" of like creed is almost over, but a less visible process of attraction by similar faith over similar is still in vigour, and very likely to continue.

And in cases where this principle does not operate, all new settlements, being formed of "emigrants," are sure to be composed of rather restless people, mainly. The stay-at-home people are not to be

found there, and these are the quiet, easy people. A new settlement voluntarily formed (for of old times, when people were expelled by terror, I am not speaking) is sure to have in it much more than the ordinary proportion of active men, and much less than the ordinary proportion of inactive; and this accounts for a large part, though not perhaps all, of the difference between the English in England, and the English in Australia.

The causes which formed New England in recent times cannot be conceived as acting much upon mankind in their infancy. Society is not then formed upon a "voluntary system" but upon an involuntary. A man in early ages is born to a certain obedience, and cannot extricate himself from an inherited government. Society then is made up, not of individuals, but of families; creeds then descend by inheritance in those families. Lord Melbourne once incurred the ridicule of philosophers by saying he should adhere to the English Church *because* it was the religion of his fathers. The philosophers, of course, said that a man's fathers' believing anything was no reason for his believing it unless it was true. But Lord Melbourne was only uttering out of season, and in a modern time, one of the most firm and accepted maxims of old times. A religious secession of isolated Romans to sail beyond sea would have seemed to the ancient Romans an impossibility. In still ruder ages the religion of savages is a thing too feeble to create a schism or to found a community. We are dealing with people capable of history when we speak of great ideas, not with pre-historic flint-men or the present savages. But though under very different forms, the same essential causes—the imitation of profound characters and the elimination of detested characters—were at work in the oldest times, and are at work among rude men now. Strong as the propensity to imitation is among civilised men, we must conceive it as an impulse of which their minds have been partially denuded. Like the far-seeing sight, infallible hearing, the magical scent of the savage, it is a half-lost power. It was strongest in ancient times, and is strongest in uncivilised regions.

This extreme propensity to imitation is one great reason of the amazing sameness which every observer notices in savage nations. When you have seen one Fuegian, you have seen all Fuegians—one Tasmanian, all Tasmanians. The higher savages, as the New Zealanders, are less uniform; they have more of the varied and compact structure of civilised nations, because in other respects they are more civilised. They have greater mental capacity—larger stores of inward thought. But much of the same monotonous nature clings to them too. A savage tribe resembles a herd of gregarious beasts; where the leader goes they go too; they copy blindly his habits, and thus soon become that which he already is. For not only the

tendency, but also the power to imitate, is stronger in savages than civilised men. Savages copy quicker, and they copy better. Children, in the same way, are born mimics; they cannot help imitating what comes before them. There is nothing in their minds to resist the propensity to copy. Every educated man has a large inward supply of ideas to which he can retire, and in which he can escape from or alleviate unpleasant outward objects. But a savage or a child has no resource. The external movements before it are its very life; it lives by what it sees and hears. Uneducated people in civilised nations have vestiges of the same condition. If you send a housemaid and a philosopher to a foreign country of which neither knows the language, the chances are that the housemaid will catch it before the philosopher. He has something else to do; he can live in his own thoughts. But unless she can imitate the utterances, she is lost; she has no life till she can join in the chatter of the kitchen. The propensity to mimicry, and the power of mimicry, are mostly strongest in those who have least abstract minds. The most wonderful examples of imitation in the world are perhaps the imitations of civilised men by savages in the use of martial weapons. They learn the *knack*, as sportsmen call it, with inconceivable rapidity. A North American Indian—an Australian even—can shoot as well as any white man. Here the motive is at its maximum, as well as the innate power. Every savage cares more for the power of killing than for any other power.

The persecuting tendency of all savages, and, indeed, of all ignorant people, is even more striking than their imitative tendency. No barbarian can bear to see one of his nation deviate from the old barbarous customs and usages of their tribe. Very commonly all the tribe would expect a punishment from the gods if any one of them refrained from what was old, or began what was new. In modern times and in cultivated countries we regard each person as responsible only for his own actions, and do not believe, or think of believing, that the misconduct of others can bring guilt on them. Guilt to us is an individual taint consequent on choice and cleaving to the chooser. But in early ages the act of one member of the tribe is conceived to make all the tribe impious, to offend its peculiar god, to expose all the tribe to penalties from heaven. There is no "limited liability" in the political notions of that time. The early tribe or nation is a religious partnership, on which a rash member by a sudden impiety may bring utter ruin. If the state is conceived thus, toleration becomes wicked. A permitted deviation from the transmitted ordinances becomes simple folly. It is a sacrifice of the happiness of the greatest number. It is allowing one individual, for a moment's pleasure or a stupid whim, to bring terrible and irretrievable calamity upon all. No one will ever understand even Athenian history, who forgets this idea of the old world, though

Athens was, in comparison with others, a rational and sceptical place, ready for new views, and free from old prejudices. When the street statues of Hermes were mutilated, all the Athenians were frightened and furious; they thought that they should *all* be ruined because some *one* had mutilated a god's image, and so offended him. Almost every detail of life in the classical times—the times when real history opens—was invested with a religious sanction; a sacred ritual regulated human action; whether it was called "law" or not, much of it was older than the word "law;" it was part of an ancient usage conceived as emanating from a superhuman authority, and not to be transgressed without risk of punishment by more than mortal power. There was such a *solidarité* then between citizens, that each might be led to persecute the other for fear of harm to himself.

It may be said that these two tendencies of the early world—that to persecution and that to imitation—must conflict; that the imitative impulse would lead men to copy what is new, and that persecution by traditional habit would prevent their copying it. But in practice the two tendencies co-operate. There is a strong tendency to copy the most common thing, and that common thing is the old habit. Daily imitation is far oftener a conservative force, for the most frequent models are ancient. Of course, however, something new is necessary for every man and for every nation. We may wish, if we please, that to-morrow shall be like to-day, but it will not be like it. New forces will impinge upon us; new wind, new rain, and the light of another sun; and we must alter to meet them. But the persecuting habit and the imitative combine to insure that the new thing shall be in the old fashion; it must be an alteration, but it shall contain as little of variety as possible. The imitative impulse tends to this, because men most easily imitate what their minds are best prepared for,—what is like the old, yet with the inevitable minimum of alteration; what throws them least out of the old path, and puzzles least their minds. The doctrine of development means this,—that in unavoidable changes men like the new doctrine which is most of a "preservative addition" to their old doctrines. The imitative and the persecuting tendencies make all change in early nations a kind of selective conservatism, for the most part keeping what is old, but annexing some new but like practice—an additional turret in the old style.

It is this process of adding suitable things and rejecting discordant things which has raised those scenes of strange manners which in every part of the world puzzle the civilised men who come upon them first. Like the old head-dress of mountain villages, they make the traveller think not so much whether they are good or whether they are bad, as wonder how any one could have come to think of them; to regard them as "monstrosities," which only some wild abnormal intellect could have hit upon. And wild and abnormal

indeed would be that intellect if it were a single one at all. But in fact such manners are the growth of ages, like Roman law or the British constitution. No one man—no one generation—could have thought of them,—only a series of generations trained in the habits of the last and wanting something akin to such habits, could have devised them. Savages *pet* their favourite habits, so to say, and preserve them as they do their favourite animals; ages are required, but at last a national character is formed by the confluence of congenial attractions and accordant detestations.

Another cause helps. In early states of civilisation there is a great mortality of infant life, and this is a kind of selection in itself—the child most fit to be a good Spartan is most likely to survive a Spartan childhood. The habits of the tribe are enforced on the child; if he is able to catch and copy them he lives; if he cannot he dies. The imitation which assimilates early nations continues through life, but it begins with suitable forms and acts on picked specimens. I suppose, too, that there is a kind of parental selection operating in the same way and probably tending to keep alive the same individuals. Those children which gratified their fathers and mothers most would be most tenderly treated by them, and have the best chance to live, and as a rough rule their favourites would be the children of most “promise,” that is to say, those who seemed most likely to be a credit to the tribe according to the leading tribal manners and the existing tribal tastes. The most gratifying child would be the best looked after, and the most gratifying would be the best specimen of the standard then and there raised up.

Even so, I think there will be a disinclination to attribute so marked, fixed, almost physical a thing as national character to causes so evanescent as the imitation of appreciated habit and the persecution of detested habit. But, after all, national character is but a name for a collection of habits more or less universal. And this imitation and this persecution in long generations have vast physical effects. The mind of the parent (as we speak) passes somehow to the body of the child. The transmitted “something” is more affected by habits than it is by anything else. In time an ingrained type is sure to be formed, and sure to be passed on if only the causes I have specified be fully in action and without impediment.

As I have said, I am not explaining the origin of races, but of nations, or, if you like, of tribes. I fully admit that no imitation of predominant manner, or prohibitions of detested manners, will of themselves account for the broadest contrasts of human nature. Such means would no more make a Negro out of a Brahmin, or a Red-man out of an Englishman, than washing would change the spots of a leopard or the colour of an Ethiopian. Some more potent causes must co-operate, or we should not have these enormous diversities. The minor causes I deal with made Greek to differ from Greek, but

they did not make the Greek race. We cannot precisely mark the limit, but a limit there clearly is.

If we look at the earliest monuments of the human race, we find these race-characters as decided as the race-characters now. The earliest paintings or sculptures we anywhere have, give us the present contrasts of dissimilar types as strongly as present observation. Within historical memory no such differences have been created as those between Negro and Greek, between Papuan and Red Indian, between Esquimaux and Goth. We start with cardinal diversities; we trace only minor modifications, and we only see minor modifications. And it is very hard to see how any number of such modifications could change man as he is in one race-type to man as he is in some other. Of this there are but two explanations; *one*, that these great types were originally separate creations, as they stand—that the Negro was made so, and the Greek made so. But this easy hypothesis of special creation has been tried so often, and has broken down so very often, that in no case, probably, do any great number of careful inquirers very firmly believe it. They may accept it provisionally, as the best hypothesis at present, but they feel about it as they cannot help feeling as to an army which has always been beaten; however strong it seems, they think it will be beaten again. What the other explanation is exactly I cannot pretend to say. Possibly as yet the data for a confident opinion are not before us. But by far the most plausible suggestion is that of Mr. Wallace, that these race-marks are living records of a time when the intellect of man was not as able as it is now to adapt his life and habits to change of region; that consequently early mortality in the first wanderers was beyond conception great; that only those (so to say) haphazard individuals throve who were born with a protected nature—that is, a nature suited to the climate and the country, fitted to use its advantages, shielded from its natural diseases. According to Mr. Wallace, the Negro is the remnant of the one variety of man who without more adaptiveness than then existed could live in Interior Africa. Immigrants died off till they produced him or something like him, and so of the Esquimaux or the American.

Any protective habit also struck out in such a time would have a far greater effect than it could afterwards. A gregarious tribe, whose leader was in some imitable respects adapted to the struggle for life, and which copied its leader, would have an enormous advantage in the struggle for life. It would be sure to win and live, for it would be coherent and adapted, whereas, in comparison, competing tribes would be incoherent and unadapted. And I suppose that in early times, when those bodies did not already contain the records and the traces of endless generations, any new habit would more easily fix its mark on the heritable element, and would be transmitted more easily and more certainly. In such an age, man being softer

and more pliable, deeper race-marks would be more easily inscribed and would be more likely to continue legible.

But I have no pretence to speak on such matters; this paper, as I have so often explained, deals with nation-making and not with race-making. I assume a world of marked varieties of man, and only want to show how less marked contrasts would probably and naturally arise in each. Given large homogeneous populations, some Negro, some Mongolian, some Arian, I have tried to prove how small contrasting groups would certainly spring up within each—some to last and some to perish. These are the eddies in each race-stream which vary its surface, and are sure to last till some new force changes the current. These minor varieties, too, would be infinitely compounded, not only with those of the same race, but with those of others. Since the beginning of man, stream has been a thousand times poured into stream—quick into sluggish, dark into pale—and eddies and waters have taken new shapes and new colours, affected by what went before, but not resembling it. And then on the fresh mass, the old forces of composition and elimination again begin to act, and create over the new surface another world. “Motley was the wear” of the world when Herodotus first looked on it and described it to us, and thus, as it seems to me, were its varying colours produced.

If it be thought that I have made out that these forces of imitation and elimination be the main ones, or even at all powerful ones, in the formation of national character, it will follow that the effect of ordinary agencies upon that character will be more easy to understand than it often seems and is put down in books. We get a notion that a change of government or a change of climate acts equally on the mass of a nation, and so we are puzzled,—at least, I have been puzzled,—to conceive how it acts. But such changes do not at first act equally on all people in the nation. On many, for a very long time, they do not act at all. But they bring out new qualities, and advertise the effects of new habits. A change of climate, say from a depressing to an invigorating one, so acts. Everybody feels it a little, but the most active feel it exceedingly. They labour and prosper, and their prosperity invites imitation. Just so with the contrary change, from an animating to a relaxing place,—the naturally lazy look so happy as they do nothing, that the naturally active are corrupted. The effect of any considerable change on a nation is thus an intensifying and accumulating effect. With its maximum power it acts on some prepared and congenial individuals: in them it is seen to produce attractive results, and then the habits creating those results are copied far and wide. The process of progress and that of degradation may, I hereafter hope to prove, be illustrated by watching them in this simple but not quite obvious way.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

VICTOR HUGO: "L'HOMME QUI RIT."

ONCE only in my life I have seen the likeness of Victor Hugo's genius. Crossing over when a boy from Ostend, I had the fortune to be caught in midchannel by a thunderstorm strong enough to delay the packet some three good hours over the due time. About midnight the thundercloud was right overhead, full of incessant sound and fire, lightening and darkening so rapidly that it seemed to have life, and a delight in its life. At the same hour the sky was clear to the west, and all along the sea-line there sprang and sank as to music a restless dance or chase of summer lightnings across the lower sky: a race and riot of lights, beautiful and rapid as a course of shining Oceanides along the tremulous floor of the sea. Eastward, at the same moment, the space of clear sky was higher and wider, a splendid semicircle of too intense purity to be called blue; it was of no colour nameable by man; and midway in it, between the storm and the sea, hung the motionless full moon; Artemis watching with a serene splendour of scorn the battle of Titans and the revel of nymphs, from her stainless and Olympian summit of divine indifferent light. Underneath and about us the sea was paved with flame; the whole water trembled and hissed with phosphoric fire; even through the wind and thunder I could hear the crackling and sputtering of the water-sparks. In the same heaven and in the same hour there shone at once the three contrasted glories, golden and fiery and white, of moonlight and of the double lightnings, forked and sheet; and under all this miraculous heaven lay a flaming floor of water.

That, in a most close and exact symbol, is the best possible definition I can give of Victor Hugo's genius. And the impression of that hour was upon me the impression of his mind; physical, as it touched the nerves with a more vivid passion of pleasure than music or wine; spiritual, as it exalted the spirit with the senses, and above them, to the very summit of vision and delight. It is no fantastic similitude, but an accurate likeness of two causes working to the same effect. There is nothing but that delight like the delight given by some of his works. And it is because his recent book has not seldom given it me again, that I have anything here to say of it.

It is a book to be rightly read, not by the lamplight of realism, but by the sunlight of his imagination reflected upon ours. Only so shall we see it as it is, much less understand it. The beauty it has, and the meaning, are ideal; and therefore cannot be impaired by any want of realism. Error and violation of likelihood or fact,

which would damn a work of Balzac's or of Thackeray's, cannot even lower or lessen the rank and value of a work like this. To put it away because it has not the great and precious qualities of their school, but those of a school quite different, is just as wise as it would be, on the other hand, to assault the fame of Bacon on the ground that he has not written in the manner of Shakespeare; or Newton's, because he has not written like Milton. This premised, I shall leave the dissection of names and the anatomy of probabilities to the things of chatter and chuckle, so well and scientifically defined long since by Mr. Charles Reade as "anonymuncules who go scribbling about;" there is never any lack of them; and it will not greatly hurt the master poet of an age that they should shriek and titter, cackle and hoot inaudibly behind his heel. It is not every demigod who is vulnerable there.

This book has in it, so to say, a certain elemental quality. It is great because it deals greatly with great emotion. It is a play played out not by human characters only; wind and sea, thunder and moonlight, have their parts too to fill. Nor is this all; for it is itself a thing like these things, living as it were an elemental life. It pierces and shakes the very roots of passion. It catches and bends the spirit as Pallas caught Achilles and bent him by the hair. Were it not so, this would be no child of the master's; but so, as always, it is. Here too the birth-mark of the great race is visible.

It is not, whatever it may seem, a novel or a study, historical or social. What touches on life or manners, we see to be accidental byplay as soon as we see what the book is indeed; the story of the battle of a human spirit, first with Fate, then with the old three subordinate enemies: the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. And here I will say where the flaw, as I think, lies; for, like other great things, a great book must have a flaw. The Flesh and the Devil, Josiane and Barkilphedro, are perfect; the World is drawn wrong. And the reason is not far to seek. We all brush daily against the Flesh and the Devil, we must all rub shoulders and shake hands with them, and they are always much the same at root, only stronger and weaker with this man than with that; therefore it needs only the hand of a great poet to paint them greatly, after their true and very likeness. But the World is multiform. To paint one aright of its many faces, you must have come close enough on that side to breathe the breath of its mouth and see by the light of its eyes. No accumulation of fact upon fact gleaned and laid up never so carefully will avail you instead. Titian himself cannot paint without colours. Here we have canvas and easel duly made ready, but the colours are not to be had. In other words, here are many curious and accurate details painfully studied and stored up for use, but, alas! it is not seldom for misuse. Here are many social facts rightly retailed

and duly laid out side by side, but no likeness of social life. Here are the Mohocks of the day, for example, much as we find them in Swift; here is often visible even a vexatious excess of labour in the research of small things; useless, because the collector of them has never applied his spirit to the spirit of the time in which these small things played in passing their small parts. He cannot, because that time has no attraction for him on any one side to temper the repulsion he feels from another side of it. Pure hate and scorn of an age or a people destroy the faculty of observation, much more of description, even in the historic mind; what then will they do in the poetic? Doubtless there has been, as doubtless there is now, much that is hateful and contemptible in social matters, English or other; much also, as certainly, that is admirable and thankworthy. Doubtless, too, at one time and another there has been more visible of evil and shameful than of noble and good. But there can never have been a time of unmixed good or evil; and he only who has felt the pulse of an age can tell us how fast or slow its heart really beat towards evil or towards good. A man who writes of a nation or a time, however bad and base in the main, without any love for it, cannot write of it well. A great English poetess has admirably said that a poet's heart may be large enough to hold two nations.¹ Victor Hugo's, apart from its heroic love of man, a love matchless except by Shelley's, holds two nations especially close, two of the greatest. It has often been said he is French and Spanish; that is, he loves France and Spain, the spirit of them attracts his spirit; but he does not love England. There are great Englishmen whom no man has praised more nobly than he; but the spirit of historic England has no attraction for his. Hence, far more important than any passing errors of grotesque nomenclature or misplaced detail, the spiritual and ingrained error of the book, seen only from its social or historic side. We catch nowhere for a moment the note of English life in the reign of Anne.² Those for whom I write will know, and will see, that I do not write as a special pleader for a country or a class, as one who will see no spot in England or nobility. But indeed it is

(1) I know not if it has been remarked how decisive a note of the English spirit there is in Molière, a Frenchman of the French: an English current, as recognisable as indefinable, passing under and through the tide-stream of his genius. There is a more northern flavour mixed into his mind, a more northern tone interfused, than into any other of the great French writers, Rabelais excepted. Villon, for instance, in so many ways so like them both, is nothing if not Parisian. And, if I am not wrong, no third great Frenchman has ever found such acceptance and sympathy among Englishmen unimbued with the French spirit as Rabelais and Molière. For them instinct breaks down the bar of ignorance.

(2) For one instance, if a court lady had indeed insulted Swift, she would certainly have had, by way of answer, something (in De Quincey's phrase) "too monstrously Swiftian for quotation;" something so monstrous, that the Dean might thenceforth have held the next place to Gwynplaine in her heart.

an abuse of words to say that England is governed or misgoverned by her aristocracy. A republican, studying where to strike, should read better the blazon on his enemy's shield. "England," I have heard it said, "is not 'a despotism tempered by epigrams,' but a plutocracy modified by accidents."

Enough now of the flaws and failures in this work; "enough, with over-measure." We have yet before us the splendour of its depths and heights. Entering the depths first, we come upon the evil spirit of the place. Barkilphedro, who plays here the part of devil, is a bastard begotten by Iago upon his sister, Madame de Merteuil: having something of both, but diminished and degraded; wanting, for instance, the deep dæmonic calm of their lifelong patience. He has too much inward heat of discontent, too much fever and fire, to know their perfect peace of spirit, the equable element of their souls, the quiet of mind in which they live and work out their work at leisure. He does not sin at rest: there is somewhat of fume and fret in his wickedness. Theirs is the peace of the devil, which passeth all understanding. He, though like them sinning for sin's sake, and hating for the love of hate, has yet a too distinct and positive quality of definable evil. He is actually ungrateful, envious, false. Of them we cannot say that they are thus or thus; in them there is a purity and simplicity of sin, which has no sensible components; which cannot be resolved by analysis into this evil quality and that. Barkilphedro, as his maker says with profound humour, "has his faults." We fear that a sufficient bribe might even tempt him into virtue for a moment, seduce him to soil by a passing slip the virginity of vice. Nevertheless, as the evil spirit of envy rather than the devil absolute, he is a strong spirit and worth study. The few chapters, full of fiery eloquence and a passion bitter as blood, in which his evil soul is stripped and submitted to vivisection, contain, if read aright, the best commentary ever written on Iago. We see now at last, what no scholiast on Shakespeare could show us, how the seed may be sown and watered which in season shall bring forth so black a blossom, a poison so acrid and so sure.

In this poem, as in the old pictures, we see the serpent writhing, not fangless, under the foot of an angel, and in act to bruise as of old the heel that bruises his head. Only this time it is hardly an angel of light. Unconscious of her office as another St. Michael, the Angel of the Flesh treads under the unconquerable Devil. Seen but once in full, the naked glory of the Titaness irradiates all one side of the poem with excess and superflux of splendour.

Among the fields and gardens, the mountain heights and hollows, of Victor Hugo's vast poetic kingdom, there are strange superb inmates, bird and beast of various fur and feather; but as yet there was nothing like this. Balzac, working with other means, might have given us

by dint of anxious anatomy, some picture of the virgin harlot. A marvellous study we should have had, one to burn into the brain and brand the memory for ever ; but rather a thing to admire than desire. The magnetism of beauty, the effluence of attraction, he would not have given us. But now we have her from the hands of a poet as well as student, new-blown and actual as a gathered flower, in warm bloom of blood and breath, clothed with live colour, fair with significant flesh, passionately palpable. This we see first and feel, and after this the spirit. It is a strange beast that hides in this den of roses. Such have been however, and must be. "We are all a little mad, beginning with Venus." Her maker's definition is complete ; "a possible Astarte latent in an actual Diana." She is not merely spotless in body ; she is perverse, not unclean. There is nothing of foulness in the mystic rage of her desire. She is indeed "stainless and shameless ;" to be unclean is common, and her "divine depravity" will touch nothing common or unclean. She has seven devils in her, and upon her not a fleck of filth. She has no more in common with the lewd low hirelings of the baser school of realism, than a creature of the brothel and the street has in common with the Mænads who rent in sunder the living limbs of Orpheus. We seem to hear about her the beat and clash of the terrible timbrels, the music that Æschylus set to verse, the music that made mad, the upper notes of the psalm, shrill and strong as a sea-wind, the "bull-voiced" bellowing under-song of these dread choristers from somewhere out of sight, the tempest of tambourines giving back thunder to the thunder,¹ the fury of divine lust that thickened with human blood the hill-streams of Cithæron.

It is no vain vaunt of the modern master's that he has given us in another guise one of those Æschylean women, a monstrous goddess, whose tone of voice "gave a sort of Promethean grandeur to her furious and amorous words," who had in her the tragic and Titanic passion of the women of the Eleusinian feasts "seeking the satyrs under the stars." And with all this fierce excess of imaginative colour and tragic intonation, the woman is modern and possible ; she might be now alive, and may be. Some of her words have the light of an apocalypse, the tone of a truth indubitable henceforth and sensible to all. "You were not born with that horrible laugh on your face, were you ? No ? It must be a penal mutilation. I do hope you have committed some crime.—No one has touched me, I give myself up to you as pure as burning fire, I see you do not believe me, but if you only knew how little I care !—Despise me, you that people despise. Degradation below degradation, what a pleasure ! the double flower of ignominy ! I am gathering it. Trample me underfoot. You will like me all the better. I know that.—Oh !

(1) Æsch. Fr. 54 ('Hδωνοι).

I should like to be with you in the evening, while they were playing music, each of us leaning back against the same cushion, under the purple awning of a golden galley, in the midst of the infinite sweetnesses of the sea. Insult me. Beat me. Pay me. Treat me like a street-walker. I adore you."

The naturalism of all that is absolute; you hear the words pant and ring. Some might doubt whether her wild citations of old stories that matched her case, her sudden fantastic allusions to these at the very height of her frenzy, were as natural: I think they are. The great poet had a right if it pleased him to give his modern Mænad the thought and the tongue of a Sappho, with the place and the caprice of a Cleopatra. Such a pantheress might be such a poetess; then between fancy and fury we should have our Bassarid complete, only with silk for fox-skin. And this might be; for the type of spirit can hardly be rare in any luxurious age. Perversity is the fruit of weariness as weariness is the fruit of pleasure. Charles Baudelaire has often set that theme to mystic music, but in a minor key: his sweet and subtle lyrics were the prelude to this grand chorus of the master's.

We have seen the soft fierce play of the incessant summer lightnings, between the deep sky full of passing lights and dreams, and the deep sea full of the salt seed of life; and between them Venus arising, the final and fatal flower of the mystic heaven and of the ravenous sea. Looking now from west to east, we may see the moon-rise, a tender tear-blinded moon, worn thin and pure, ardent and transparent.

A great poet can perfect his picture with strangely few touches. We see Virgilia as clearly as Imogen; we see Dea as clearly as Esmeralda. Yet Imogen pervades the action of *Cymbeline*, Virgilia hardly speaks in crossing the stage of *Coriolanus*. It is not easy to write at all about the last chapters of the book; something divine is there, impalpable and indefinable. I must steal the word I want; they are "written as if in star-fire and immortal tears." Or, to take Shakespeare's words after Carlyle's, they are "most dearly sweet and bitter." The pathos of Æschylus is no more like Dante's, Dante's no more like Shakespeare's, than any of these is like Hugo's. Every master of pathos has a key of his own to unlock the source of tears, or of that passionate and piteous pleasure which lies above and under the region of tears. Some, like Dante, condense the whole agony of a life into one exquisite and bitter drop of distilled pain. Others, like Shakespeare, translate it pang by pang into a complete cadence and symphony of suffering. Between Lear and Ugolino the balance can never be struck. Charles Lamb, we may remember, spent hours on the debate with a friend who upheld Dante's way of work against Shakespeare's. On which side we are to range the greatest poet of our own age,

there can be no moment of question. I am not sure that he has ever touched the keys of sorrow with surer hand to deeper music than here. There is nothing in his work of a more heavenly kind; yet, or it may be because, every word has in it the vibration of earthly emotion; but through it rather than above, there grows and pierces a note of divine tenderness, the very passion of pity that before this has made wise men mad. Even more than the pathos of this close, its purity and exaltation are to be noted; nothing of common is there, nothing of theatrical. And indeed it needed the supreme sweetness of Dea's reappearance, a figure translucent with divine death, a form of flesh that the light of heaven shines through more and more as the bodily veil wears thinner and consumes, to close with music and the luminous vision of a last comfort a book so full of the sound and shine of storm. With the clamour and horror yet in our ears of that raging eloquence in which the sufferer flings into the faces of prosperous men the very flame and hell-fire of his suffering, it needed no less than this to leave the mind exalted and reconciled. But this dew of heaven is enough to quench or allay the flames of any hell. There are words of a sweetness unsurpassable, as these: "Tout cela s'en va, et il n'y aura plus de chansons." And upon all these dwells the measureless and nameless peace of night upon a still sea. To this quiet we have been led through all the thunder and tumult of things fatal, from the tempestuous overture of storm and whirlwind; from sea again to sea. There is a divine and terrible harmony in this chorus of the play, secretly and strangely sustained, yet so that on a full reading we feel it, though at first sight or hearing it must be missed.

Of the master's unequalled power upon natural things, upon the elements we call inanimate, knowing even less the laws of their life than of ours, there is happily no need, as surely there are no words, to speak. Part of this power we may recognise as due to the subtle and deep admixture of moral emotion and of human sentiment with the mysterious motion and passion of nature. Thus, in "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*," the wind and the sea gain strength and depth from the human figure set to fight them; from the depth and strength of the incarnate spirit so doing and suffering. Thus in this book there is a new sense and a new sublimity added to the tempest by the remorse of men sinking at once under sin and storm, drowned under a double weight of deeds and waves.

Not even in that other book is the supreme mastery of nature, the lordship of the forces of things, more admirable and wonderful than throughout the first part of this. He who could think to describe might think to rival it. But of one point I cannot but take note; there is nothing, even at the height of tragic horror, repellent, ugly, hateful. It has been said there is, and will be said again; for how

should there not be distorted eyes and envious tongues in the world? Indeed a pieuvre is no pleasant playfellow; the "tree of man's making" bears a fearful fruit; the monstrous maidenhood of Josiane is no sister to the starry virginity of Dea; but how has the great poet handled these things? The mutilation of a child's face is a thing unbearable for thought to rest on; but have we not seen first the face of a heroic soul? Far elsewhere than in the work of our sovereign poet must we look for the horror which art will have none of, which nature flings back with loathing in the bringer's face. If not, we of this time who love and serve his art should indeed be in a bad case. But upon this matter we cannot permit the blind and nameless leaders of the nameless blind to decide for us. Let the serious and candid student look again for himself and see. That "fight of the dead with the dark," that swinging of carrion-birds with the swing of the gibbeted carrion, might have been so done into words as to beget in us mere loathing; but how is it done here? The mighty manner of Victor Hugo has given to this ghastly matter something even of a horrible charm, a shocking splendour of effect. The rhythmic horror of the thing penetrates us not with loathing, but with a tragic awe and terror as at a real piece of the wind's work, an actual caprice of the night's, a portion of the tempest of things. So it is always; handle what he may, the touch of a great poet will leave upon it a spell to consume and transmute whatever a weaker touch would leave in it of repulsion.

Whether or not we are now speaking of a great poet, of a name imperishable, is not a question which can be gravely deliberated. I have only to record my own poor conviction, based on some study and comparison of the men, that precisely as we now think of those judges who put Fletcher above Shakespeare, Cowley above Milton, the paid poets of Richelieu beside Corneille, and I know not whom beside Molière, will the future think of those judges who would place any poet of his age by the side of Victor Hugo. Nor has his age proved poor—it has rather been singularly rich—in men and in poets really and greatly admirable. But even had another done as well once and again as the master himself, who has done so well as much? Had he done but half, had he done but a tenth of his actual work, his supremacy, being less incontestable, would no doubt have been less contested. A parsimonious poet calculates well for his own time. Had Victor Hugo granted us but one great play—say "*Marion de Lorme*," but one great lyric work,—say "*Les Contemplations*," but one great tragic story,—say any one you please, the temptation to decry and denounce him by comparison would have been less; for with the tribe of Barkilphedro the strength of this temptation grows with the growth of the benefit conferred. And very potent is that tribe in the world of men and of letters.

As for me, I am not careful to praise or dispraise by comparison at all. I am not curious to inquire what of apparent or of actual truth there may be in any charge brought against the doer of the greatest things done, the giver of the greatest gifts given among men in our time. Goethe found his way of work mechanical and theatrical; Milton also lived to make oblique recantation of his early praise of Shakespeare; we may, and should, wish this otherwise: yet none the less are they all great men. It may be there is perceptible in Victor Hugo something too much of positive intention, of prepenes application, of composition and forethought: what if there were? One question stands forth first and last; is the work done good work and great, or not? A lesser question is this; these that we find to be faults, are they qualities separable from the man's nature? could we have his work without them? If not, and if his work be great, what will it profit us to blame them or to regret? First, at all events, let us have the sense to enjoy it and the grace to give thanks. What, for example, if there be in this book we have spoken of errors of language, errors historical or social? Has it not throughout a mighty hold upon men and things, the godlike strength of grasp which only a great man can have of them? And for quiet power of hand, for scornful sureness of satiric truth, what can exceed his study of the queen of England (Anne)? Has it not been steeped in the tears and the fire of live emotion? If the style be overcharged and overshining with bright sharp strokes and points, these are no fireworks of any mechanic's fashion: these are the phosphoric flashes of the sea-fire moving on the depth of the limitless and living sea. Enough, that the book is great and heroic, tender and strong; full from end to end of divine and passionate love, of holy and ardent pity for men that suffer wrong at the hands of men; full, not less, of lyric loveliness and lyric force; and I for one am content to be simply glad and grateful: content in that simplicity of spirit to accept it as one more benefit at the hands of the supreme singer now living among us the beautiful and lofty life of one loving the race of men he serves, and of them in all time to be beloved.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH MR. COSIE HAS AN ALTERCATION WITH THE CURATE; MR. MARJORAM IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

THERE was just the same throng in front of the cottage at the departure of the Rowleys as on their arrival; but how altered were the faces of the assemblage—how different their several emotions! All this, however, is for the reader to imagine, as well as the bouquets with which the parting guests were presented, and the capacious basket of sandwiches and other good things which Mrs. Cosie had provided for the journey. Mr. Blackadder having been unable to dine at the Meadows, had told Mr. Cosie that he would breakfast with him that final morning to say adieu to Mrs. Rowley, to whom he had only paid a formal visit once during her stay; but he did not appear, of which Mrs. Cosie took no notice, but Mr. Cosie was not kept long in ignorance of his reason for keeping aloof. The curate met the farmer in the course of the morning, and the following dialogue took place:—

Mr. Cosie having inquired why he did not come to breakfast, Mr. Blackadder, looking like a man who is asked a question not pleasant to answer, hesitated for a moment, and at last said—

“The fact is, Mr. Cosie, though I don’t believe a word of the stupid story that has been going about the service in your barn, there are parts of Mrs. Rowley’s conduct which I disapprove of highly.”

“I am sorry she incurs your displeasure,” said Mr. Cosie drily.

“My displeasure,” said the curate, “is probably of no consequence to her; but I am to consider only my duty as a clergyman, and a letter received the other day has informed me of certain things which are not all to her credit.”

“Your informant is easy to guess,” said the farmer.

“That may be,” said Mr. Blackadder; “but it is the information that is important, not the quarter from which it comes.”

“You mean, I hope, to let me know what your information is,” said Cosie.

“Certainly,” said the curate; “but I must tell you in the first place that I think my friends the Upjohns have not been well used either by Mr. Rowley or his wife in all this business. I think they have just reason to complain of the hasty way in which things have been

done, and especially of Mrs. Rowley's abrupt descent on our coasts, as if her object was to carry everything before her by a *coup-de-main*."

"She descended on no coasts but her own, sir," said Mr. Cosie; "and you talk as if you were talking of a pirate. Besides, if Mr. Upjohn makes no complaint, who else has a right to make them?"

"Mr. Upjohn is a very simple man," said the curate, "and of too easy and guileless a nature to see a wrong to himself in anything, especially done by people whom he is attached to."

"Simplicity of character is a strange fault for a clergyman to find in anybody," said the farmer.

"I do not say it is a fault," returned Mr. Blackadder; "though it is written, 'be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves:' the fault is with those who take advantage of his simplicity."

"But you knew all this a fortnight ago."

"I did, and had there been nothing more I should not have thought it my duty to say a word about it, or allow it to influence my conduct towards Mrs. Rowley; until I had the letter I mentioned I had no notion of the motives by which she has been actuated."

"Her motives!" interrupted Mr. Cosie; "what motives? Who has a right to discuss her motives?"

"Those who know them, and have suffered by her behaviour."

"What is imputed to her? I demand to know as her friend, as her only friend here."

"Do you know who Mr. Alexander is?"

"Perfectly."

"Do you know he is one of the gayest and handsomest men in England?"

"What of that?"

"Are you aware that he is an old flame of your Mrs. Rowley?"

"I neither know it, sir, nor believe it."

"Do you know that it was to renew her relations with him that she prevailed on her husband to cashier his brother?"

"False!" cried Mr. Cosie, burning with indignation.

"Your zeal is natural," said Mr. Blackadder, commanding himself better than Mr. Cosie, "but my information is precise; if he is neither an old friend, nor an old admirer, it is odd she should have presented him with her portrait."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Mr. Cosie—"her portrait!—ho, ho, ho!"

"I see no laughing matter in it, sir, and I am sorry to see that you do."

"Why, the picture you allude to is probably on its way down to Oakham at this moment; it was painted in Paris expressly for the

little music hall which Mr. Rowley, as you know, is erecting for his tenantry."

"Do you really tell me so?" said the curate, much surprised and not a little abashed.

"I only tell you what I know, Mr. Blackadder. Now I hope you see what faith is to be placed in your informants; but I can't help saying to your face that to repeat such stories is almost as bad as to invent them."

"There you go too far," said the curate.

"What!" rejoined the honest farmer, "is it not scandalous to propagate a report like this, and more scandalous, let me tell you, in a clergyman than in any other man."

"To let the friends of Mrs. Rowley know that such statements are made, is not to propagate them," said the curate, "but to afford them an opportunity for contradicting or disproving them."

"Oh, Mr. Blackadder, although you are only a young man and a country curate, you must know enough of the world to know what incurable mischief slander does, let contradiction follow it ever so fast. Has it once occurred to you or your informant what a delicate thing female reputation is? No doubt by this time Mrs. Rowley's character has been blackened all over the parish. You see what liberties evil tongues have been taking already at her expense."

"You insinuate," said Mr. Blackadder, more warmly than he had yet spoken, "that I have mentioned to others what I have said to you, but there you wrong me; to nobody but yourself have I spoken on the subject—to nobody else shall I ever speak of it."

"I have been unjust," said Mr. Cosie, "and I crave your pardon. You have done your duty in speaking to me, and I trust the contradiction I give the calumny will induce you to suspend your judgment."

"It shall have all the weight it ought to have, and I shall make the best use of it in my power."

"I can tell you two more facts, enough of themselves to disprove the statements that have been made to you," said the old farmer less vehemently. "One is, that Mrs. Rowley has been nearly three weeks in England without once seeing the gentleman in question; and the other is, that it was Lord St. Michael's who advised Mr. Rowley in the choice of his new solicitors; his wife, I verily believe, had nothing in the world to do with it."

"Those are important facts, if they are facts," said the curate; "I shall take care to remember them. If you take me to be a foe to Mrs. Rowley, you do me wrong. I am so friendly to her that I would silence this ugly report if I could; and I think you ought to let her know of it, even if it should be necessary for you to follow her to town."

"Too late for that," said Mr. Cosie. "She will have left London before even a letter from this could reach her."

"That is unlucky," said the curate; "all I can do is to write to my correspondent, and I shall do so without a moment's delay."

The meeting that began so unpleasantly ended in kindness. Mr. Cosie shook hands with Mr. Blackadder, and they separated; neither with an easy mind—Mr. Cosie alarmed at hearing the lengths to which malice and vindictiveness were driving the Upjohns; Mr. Blackadder, a conscientious and well-disposed young man, grieved to discover that so much heart-burning and bad feeling existed in a family with which he was about to connect himself. But neither one nor the other knew half the mischief that was brewing or had been already brewed.

As to Mrs. Rowley the worst she apprehended was a bagatelle to the evils impending over her. Could she have divined what poisoned arrows were flying in darkness, she would certainly not have done what she did the day after her arrival in London. It was very late when she arrived, too late to send Carry to her uncle's, so she kept her for the night at her hotel in Jermyn Street, and the next day took her with her to several places where she had business to do: her banker's, a shop or two, and lastly to Spring Gardens. She alighted and went in. Mr. Alexander was out, but his partner was in his office, and Mrs. Rowley went in to make his acquaintance, which she was the more anxious to do from all she had heard of him and his sisters when she was in the country. What took place on the occasion was not of the slightest importance, except that it made a lasting impression on Mr. Marjoram, who was caught at a most unlucky moment by the woman of business; for instead of working at her affairs, or affairs of any kind, he was expecting his sisters with old Mrs. Alexander at his chambers, and had cake and wine on a little table for their entertainment, with ices from Farrance's at Charing Cross. A new clerk, taking Mrs. Rowley for one of the ladies expected, showed her in without hesitation; and, as she entered, Mr. Marjoram was busy arranging his flowers, particularly some new auriculas, to see which, indeed, he had invited the company. His back was turned towards the door, but, hearing it open, and petticoats rustling, he turned quickly round, and was petrified with astonishment to see the original of the well-remembered face and stately figure in the picture, confronting him bodily.

At another time, with less care on her mind, Mrs. Rowley might have looked more alarming, and might have been even provoked to find one of her men of business absent, and the other giving a garden party in his chambers. But she was in no such mood at present; her vexations never made Mrs. Rowley unamiable; with a single gracious smile, as she introduced herself, she put the detected

attorney entirely at his ease. The interview was very brief, but sufficient to show that Mr. Marjoram did not neglect his business for his flowers. Proud he would have been could Mrs. Rowley have remained for his collation, and he told her whom he was expecting, but time pressed her too hard, and she went away, hoping to have another opportunity of seeing more of him and knowing his sisters, of whom she had heard so much good.

Mrs. Rowley now returned to her hotel, and parting with her niece in the carriage, sent her home in the care of Williams, her maid. The tears were starting afresh into Carry's eyes, but her aunt arrested the torrent with an affectionate word as she gave her the last kiss.

"Carry, dear, no more crying; you must not go back to your aunt with red eyes. God bless you, my dear child!"

The carriage drove off, and the Rowleys went in to make their arrangements for leaving town the next morning. On her table Mrs. Rowley found another letter from her daughter, the most painful she had yet received. Could she have taken the wings of a dove, they would not have been swift enough for her eagerness to get back to Paris, and silence by her presence, if not too late, the venomous insinuations which had already reached their mark. That was the first letter the contents of which she did not communicate to Susan.

But though Mrs. Rowley could control her emotions, she could not control events. She caught cold by some unlucky accident or another in the course of the day, and the following morning was so feverish that her daughter would not hear of her travelling. This untoward occurrence detained her several days in town, and not only exposed her to fresh misconstruction, but enabled her enemies to go further lengths.

Of their operations we must now give some account. When we last saw Mrs. Upjohn we left her agreeing with Miss Cateran that for the sake of the credit of the family, the less that was said of Mrs. Rowley's shameless conduct the better; and we intimated that never was an agreement so badly observed. Miss Letitia Cateran was the Rumour of her quarter. It was marvellous how, with only one tongue and one pair of ears, she performed the function of the goddess furnished by the poet with a hundred of the same organs. But Letitia really had several pair of tongues almost as much at her service as if they had been her own, for she was a member—and a leading member—of a club, or coterie, of widows and spinsters like herself, who held their weekly meetings at each other's lodgings in rotation, and supped together on oysters, stewed kidneys, lobsters, chicken-salads, or ducks and green peas, according to the time of the year. It was called among themselves.

the Lobster Club, because when formed originally a lobster, in one form or another, constituted the modest staple of their midnight feasts; but when Miss Cateran joined it, her more aspiring mind and superior gastronomic tastes introduced a more varied and luxurious style. It was she also who proposed and carried the stimulating regulation that the lady who contributed the finest and freshest *morceau* of gossip or scandal to the intellectual part of the Tyburnian night's entertainment should always be first helped at supper; an honour which was unanimously conferred on herself at the first meeting of the club that took place after Mrs. Upjohn's return to town. Miss Cateran was more indefensible than her friend, for she had not the excuse of any affront or injury, either real or imaginary. How differently maiden ladies employ their time and their talents! Compare Miss Cateran, for instance, with Mary Marjoram. Letitia would have thought the comparison an insult. Miss Marjoram, too, went from house to house, but it was with alms, not spicy anecdotes; with charity in her hand, not with slanders on her tongue. It was only poor people who were regaled by Mary; she was always prowling about their paths and their beds, doing them little furtive services, and blushing to be found out, as Letitia, probably, never did when she published a report that wounded or perhaps killed a reputation. But, on the other hand, Mary Marjoram was not in the least amusing, or amused her own fireside only, while the other lady entertained and diverted half Tyburnia.

However, no amount of currency given to calumnies in London would have answered the purposes of Mrs. Upjohn, far as they yet were from their full development. They must be wafted to Mr. Rowley's ear, or it would have been so much precious mischief wasted. And here one of Mr. Rowley's domestic habits did good service. It was his practice to read his daughter's letters, the consequence of which was that a few words adroitly introduced into a letter to his daughter Fanny were as sure to take effect as if they had been addressed directly to himself, with the great advantage of appearing to have no very particular design. Mrs. Upjohn's original intention had been (as has been mentioned) to write herself directly to Mr. Rowley, but on reflection she came to the conclusion that an oblique stroke would be more telling. Her daughter had been in the habit of corresponding at intervals with Fanny Rowley, but latterly the intervals had been growing longer. One morning at breakfast (the second or third after their arrival in town) Mrs. Upjohn reminded Harriet that she had not written to her cousin lately. Miss Upjohn made the remark which she had often made before, that she never cared much to write what her uncle was as certain to read as her cousin.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Upjohn, "we have nothing, my dear, to

conceal from anybody. Say anything that comes into your head, and only take care to say nothing that might vex your poor uncle to hear. He has enough to bear without our adding a thorn to his pillow,—and leave me room to add a few lines.”

Miss Upjohn wrote in the course of the day, leaving a page for her mother, in which she administered her first little dose as neatly as a Smethurst or a Pritchard.

Mrs. Upjohn had the vulgar trick of underlining every second word she wrote, but her underlinings on this occasion were not the mere trick of an ill-educated under-bred woman.

“I add a word, Fanny dear, to what Harriet has written, just to say how *grieved* we all were not to have had the pleasure of receiving Mrs. Rowley. But she took us all by surprise, and Harriet and I had just gone up to town. And only think of her being *obliged* to go to Mr. Cosie’s, but indeed your uncle would have done his best to make her comfortable in my absence. He was *greatly disappointed*, but don’t suppose that he has taken offence at that or anything else that has occurred, though he does feel a *little* certainly. He knows too well that *your dear papa* is *incapable* of doing anything *intentionally* to give him pain. As to myself, I never meddle with business, and never did. I am only worried when I see *your poor uncle worried*, but please God he will *soon be himself* again. I trust we shall see your mother when she passes through town again. A thousand loves to your dear father and yourself.”

A second attempt to make a catspaw of Miss Cateran failed, though it was backed with the bribe of a Perigord pie. Letitia accepted the pie, but she was not to be prevailed on to commit herself in black and white, even in the form of an entertaining letter, which might by possibility be seen, or at least heard of, by Mrs. Rowley. Though Mrs. Upjohn was chagrined at the sacrifice of the Perigord, she was too magnanimous to quarrel with Miss Cateran for so small a matter, particularly as that lady had already done such good service, and might be relied on to do more in her own fashion.

Baffled in this, and having as yet made no allusion to Mr. Alexander, a happy thought occurred to Mrs. Upjohn. She broke into her husband’s study in her sudden bustling way, though not with the rush of a former invasion which has been described, or with the same ugly expression in her eye. On the contrary, its expression was considerate now and almost benign.

“Now, John, my dear,” she said, “I warrant you have never written to your brother to thank him for pressing Foxden on us. Though our pride forbids us to accept it, we ought still to acknowledge his kindness. Towards him, you know, my feelings can never be altered.”

"But, Bab, he will be more vexed by our refusal than gratified by our thanks."

"Perhaps so, but still it is our duty, and I won't leave this room until you do it. You know I couldn't depend on you, if I did; you would instantly forget all about it and return to your beloved papers, whatever they are. I suppose you are squaring the circle."

"Would you like to know what I'm writing," said her simple spouse, thinking this a fair opening, and pleased to find his wife so placid and amiable.

"You can tell me at dinner," she replied; "now you must write your letter—don't fuss yourself—here's the paper for you—here's everything—a few lines will do, but I don't stir until they are written."

"I suppose I must," said poor John, with smiling resignation.

"Must's the word," said his wife, with a no less pleasant peremptoriness.

Under this gentle pressure he covered half a sheet of paper in his rambling hand, and paused, looking up to the ceiling for inspiration, like a bad whist-player, sure to play the wrong card at the end of his deliberations.

"I dare say you have written quite enough," said his wife; "conclude, and give the letter to me; I'll stamp and direct it for you, and save you all further trouble."

"Thank you, Bab, for I am really very busy this morning."

Mrs. Upjohn carried the epistle off to her boudoir, and stamped and directed it as she had promised; but she went a little beyond her promise, for, before she put it in the envelope, she added a postscript, in which she administered a second dose of moral arsenic considerably stronger than the first.

Such were the successive blows struck in Paris which recoiled, as we have seen, on Mrs. Rowley in Cornwall, and with the help of adroit cuttings from newspapers, brought her career in England to an abrupt close.

When Mrs. Rowley arrived in town nothing particular was doing. Her enemy was in an attitude of observation.

When Carry came home that evening and had been well examined and cross-examined (though with a caution that would have done credit to a lawyer at *nisi prius*), and it turned out from her unsuspecting evidence that Mrs. Rowley had found time to go to Spring Gardens, though she had not had the decency to visit her relations, Mrs. Upjohn saw a third opportunity for mischief, and poor Carry's wasted fingers would perhaps have been thrust into the scorching embers like her uncle's, had not two events occurred, one of which inflamed Mrs. Upjohn's wrath to the boiling point, and the other suggested a definite plan of vengeance.

CHAPTER XXI.

AGGRAVATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

WE have seen nothing of Mr. Alexander since we left him seeing Mr. Marjoram safe home, and disposed to criticise with severity the proceedings of Mrs. Rowley, on very slight grounds no doubt, for as yet he knew scarcely anything about his new clients beyond the circumstances which he had learned from Mr. Cosie, so much was he absorbed in his other affairs at this particular juncture. He considered her a pushing energetic woman who carried out her plans without sufficient regard to the feelings of other people; and though he knew too well how calumnious paragraphs are fabricated for provincial journals to believe the story of the candles and the procession, which he read in the papers like everybody else, he was disposed to think she was served right for making herself so prominent and coveting notoriety more than became her sex. However, as we have said, he was too much preoccupied to think much about her, and he soon had business still more engrossing on his hands.

On the day after Mrs. Rowley's visit to Spring Gardens, he was in one of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons, where he had business, and a friend called him aside and said—

“Alexander, I know you are looking for a seat; what do you think of Penrose? Mr. Tressilian, who represented it, died suddenly last night, and the new writ will be probably moved for to-morrow. Lose no time; not three people in London know it; your clients in that part of the country, Lord St. Michael's and the Rowleys, can almost secure your return.”

“Thank you very much,” said Alexander, who had for some time been waiting for such an opportunity; and, with his usual celerity, he returned to his chambers and dashed off his address to the electors. Mr. Marjoram thought he ought also to write to Mr. Rowley, or try to catch Mrs. Rowley before she left England, for he remembered having once heard Mr. Cosie say that Mr. Upjohn had his eye on Penrose; and if he was also to stand, the Rowleys would be embarrassed between the rival candidates.

“No, no,” said Alexander, “if Mrs. Rowley had an object to carry, do you suppose she would allow my interests to stand in her way? Not she, indeed. She is not that sort of woman. I shall consult with Lord St. Michael's, but the Rowleys and Upjohns may do what they please.”

In the *Times* of the next morning appeared the announcement of the vacancy in the borough. Mrs. Upjohn, looking over the paper just as the family were sitting down to breakfast, was the first to see it.

"At last," she exclaimed, in the greatest delight. "Penrose is vacant at last! Not a moment, John, is to be lost; write your address; go down to Cornwall to-night; you will be the first in the field; nothing can prevent your return."

Mr. Upjohn was excited even more by his wife's excitement than by the news itself. He shuffled on his chair, got up and stumped about the room, and ended by saying, half to himself—

"How unlucky Fatima should have left England before this happened."

"No," said his wife with decision. "On the contrary, it is much better as it is. Who knows what such a woman might do? The coast is clear; it is much better as it is."

"Perhaps you are right, Bab," said her husband, sitting down.

"I know I am right. Your return is certain; and when you are M.P. for Penrose, we'll forget all about Foxden and the rest of it."

Meantime Miss Upjohn had taken up the paper, and was looking over the advertisement columns. Suddenly she cried out—

"First in the field, indeed! This is too, too, too bad."

Her mother snatched the paper out of her hands, saw Alexander's name to his address, flung the paper from her in a paroxysm of vexation, and pale with anger, exclaimed—

"Now we know what she was about at Spring Gardens. But if it costs ten thousand pounds, she shall not bring in that man."

"Of course," said poor Mr. Upjohn nervously, for his wife's violence always put him terribly out; "there is no reason why I should not stand against Mr. Alexander, or anybody else; and if I do, I don't believe either my brother or his wife will countenance any other candidate."

"Oh, John, you are too great a simpleton; you are too provoking," said his wife; and she rose abruptly and flounced out of the room.

Miss Upjohn, who had more command of herself than her mother, now recollected having heard her cousin say that her aunt Rowley was threatened with a cold, so that there was a possibility that she might still be in town.

"I think, papa," she said, "you had better go to the Cavendish at once; possibly she may not have left yet."

For once in his life John Upjohn was prompt; or perhaps he was not sorry to escape from his wife in her present humour; at all events, he took his hat and stick, called a passing Hansom, and in ten minutes was at his sister-in-law's bedside at her hotel.

Here a very pretty picture might be drawn, for if Mrs. Rowley did not look sublime in dimity, like Don Juan's mother, she probably looked very well in it, even with the drawback of a sore throat,—but we have no time for picture-drawing. Mrs. Rowley knew in a

moment what brought the worthy man, for the *Times* was actually lying on her bed, and she had just had a short dialogue with her daughter on the very subject of his visit.

Susan Rowley thought it was bad behaviour on Mr. Alexander's part to stand for Penrose in that uncereemonious way.

"He has a perfect right," said Mrs. Rowley, "to stand for Penrose, or any place in the kingdom, without asking the consent of any man or woman living. At the same time, if your uncle stands too, I hope he will come in; the House of Commons would often save him from his own house,—a great point for him, poor man!"

"And if Aunt Bab," added Susan, "is invited to a Court ball, perhaps it will put her in better humour with us all."

"Now leave me quiet, my dear," said her mother; but the words were scarcely uttered when Williams came in, to say that Mr. Upjohn was in the drawing-room.

Poor Upjohn, always thinking more of others than himself, was greatly distressed when Susan brought him up, to find his sister indisposed, and vexed at having to trouble her about business, important as it was.

"Tressilian, you see, is dead, Fatima," he said, taking her hand and kissing it,—which was quite fair, as he was electioneering.

"Would he had died hereafter!" said Mrs. Rowley. "There are troubles enough, John, in this world, without politics."

"And you have your full share of them, Fatima, I know you have."

"Let us not talk of that now," said Mrs. Rowley.

"To come to the point at once, then," said her brother, "they have settled it at home that I must stand, and they naturally expect——"

"That you will have the Rowley interest; but you know, John, it has always been our rule never to exercise any influence over our tenants beyond letting them know how we are inclined ourselves."

"All I ask," he replied, "or have a right to expect, is that your interest shall go with nobody else."

"*Cela va sans dire*," said Mrs. Rowley. "I am sure you will believe me when I tell you that I knew no more than the man in the moon of Mr. Alexander's intentions, or even of the vacancy, until I saw both in that paper, not five minutes ago. He has taken this step without making any communication to me."

"Which was very wrong of him," murmured Susan, from the other side of the bed, half hidden behind the curtains.

"Be quiet, Susan, my dear, you don't understand these matters; it was not wrong of him, though perhaps it was hardly very courteous."

"I am perfectly satisfied, Fatima," said Mr. Upjohn, getting up.

"Then you are too easily satisfied, uncle, in my opinion," murmured Susan, a little more timidly, since the rebuff she had got.

But instead of chiding her again, Mrs. Rowley made a semi-revolution of her head on the pillow towards her daughter, and asked her what she would do herself.

"Well, mamma," said Susan, coming out of her seclusion, "considering the relation Mr. Alexander stands in towards the property, I think my uncle is entitled to have a distinct declaration from you, conveyed to the tenants, that you have nothing to do with Mr. Alexander's canvass, and that you neither support him, nor wish anyone to support him against my uncle."

Mrs. Rowley reflected a moment, revolved her head back towards her brother, and said—

"Susan is right, John; and what she suggests shall be done. Only do you lose no time; your opponent is not the man to let the grass grow under his feet."

"Thank you, Fatima," said Upjohn.

"Thank Susan," said Mrs. Rowley.

"Come round till I kiss you," said her uncle, who was the only kissingish member of his family.

As he was going away, Mrs. Rowley asked him to tell her something about Mr. Alexander, for she had met a gentleman of that name ever so many years ago, when her father was living; but he could hardly be the same man, as he was intended for the Bar.

"What kind of man was your acquaintance?" said Mr. Upjohn.

"Handsome, tall, and clever; my father thought he was sure to make a figure in the world."

"Then my opponent is probably the very man, for I now remember to have heard that he gave up the Bar for family reasons. I forget how it was, but it was highly to his credit, I remember that."

"Now go, John, I am wrong to detain you a moment," said Mrs. Rowley; "my best wishes go with you."

He kissed her hand again, and hobbled away on his fruitless expedition; for Upjohn after Alexander was a tortoise in chase of a greyhound.

"How odd," said Mrs. Rowley, when her brother was gone, "that my old friend Alexander, of whom you often heard me speak, should turn up in this way. You recollect, Susan, my asking Mr. Woodville repeatedly about him, and he never could tell me anything."

"Yes, mamma; he said they never corresponded, and blamed himself for it more than Mr. Alexander,—he is such a strange indolent creature, that dear old Mr. Woodville. But now, mamma, you must talk no more; I'll go away, and you must try to sleep." On going to the sitting-room, Miss Rowley found a few urgent lines from her sister, which had just come. How wretched it was to have to tell poor Fanny in reply that their return would probably be still delayed for several days. Susan very properly concealed that

letter from her mother until she was able to travel, which was not for nearly a week.

Not long after Mr. Upjohn left his house that morning, Miss Upjohn went out with some of her friends, and her mother was left alone with her passions and her wrongs (for poor Carry in her attic never counted for anybody). The first thing Mrs. Upjohn did was to cut Alexander's address out of the *Times*, put it into an envelope, and direct it to the sick gentleman in Paris whom she was always so anxious to amuse. This done, she sat for some time gloomily running her eye over the endless advertisements in the same page, either for want of something better to do, or in hopes of some more exciting matter turning up; but nothing very particular attracted her attention, with the exception of a notice headed "Delicate Investigation Office," in which the advertisers, persons of great experience in their line of business, offered confidential assistance in family matters requiring the utmost delicacy and secrecy. This advertisement wonderfully interested Mrs. Upjohn, and while she pored over it cases occurred to her where such clandestine services might be of the greatest value—where, indeed, in the cause of justice or morality it might be a duty to make use of them. While she was considering the subject, or, if you please, moralising on it, the door opened and Miss Cateran rustled in, impatient to hear all about the election, as she too had seen the *Times*. Letitia had hardly sat down when a servant entered. Mr. Upjohn had just come in, and wanted to see Mrs. Upjohn for a moment in his study. She left Letitia without apology, and ran down-stairs, panting with curiosity to know the result of the drive to Jermyn Street.

"In town still!" she exclaimed. "I thought so."

"She is ill, my dear; she has a cold."

"That's a good one," said the lady.

"It's a very bad one," he replied, trying as he often did to shirk a painful discussion with a joke.

"Well," she said, after hearing all he thought it necessary to tell her of his interview with Mrs. Rowley; "if she is too ill to go down to Dover she is too ill to go down to Penrose, so much the better for you. You will be there early to-morrow if you lose no time."

"I start immediately, my dear; but I must just give Carry a kiss before I go."

"I'll kiss her for you," said his wife with an impatient gesture; "kiss the electors' wives as much as you like, but no kissing here until you are returned."

She left him getting his few necessities together for his journey, and returned grimly thoughtful to the drawing-room, devising how to unmask her dear sister's sham influenza. For this purpose she had only to let Miss Cateran know that Mrs. Rowley was in town.

Of her illness, real or pretended, she thought it safer to say nothing, lest it might abate Letitia's impatience to visit her; in which, truly, Mrs. Upjohn did her friend injustice, for with all her faults, that lady has still a little fund of good feeling left, though perhaps not quite enough to redeem them.

However, Mrs. Upjohn was right in her calculation that Letitia would hurry to the Cavendish to see Mrs. Rowley, whom she had not seen for ages, according to ladies' chronology.

"You will come back like a dear, and dine with us," said Mrs. Upjohn; a proposition to which the fair Tyburnian willingly agreed, though, as will be seen hereafter, she failed to keep her engagement.

Mrs. Upjohn burned with impatience to be alone. Deep philosophers and holy hermits are not the only people in the world who court solitudes. If Mrs. Upjohn had not found useful employment for Miss Ceteran, she would have invented some pretext or other for sending her away, so strongly had the spirit of private meditation come upon her between the events of the morning and that suggestive advertisement in the columns of the *Times*. What steps her meditations led her to take will shortly be seen; but before we relate them, we must take the reader to Paris, and give some account of what is doing there while Mrs. Rowley is detained in England.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. ROWLEY AND HIS DAUGHTER FANNY. MR. WOODVILLE AGAIN.

THE Rowleys had apartments in the Faubourg St. Honoré, not far from the residence of our old friend Woodville, who still inhabited the same attic, and trod the same flowery and fruitless path which he trod when we first made his acquaintance. Fanny Rowley, a quiet, sweet, home-keeping girl, a pale and fragile likeness of her sister (having been herself in delicate health for some years), hardly ever left her father's side, on which account, perhaps, she understood and managed him better than anyone when his state of mind did not pass all understanding and defy every affectionate influence. When Mrs. Rowley left Fanny behind her, on going to England, she very little dreamed of the trials the poor girl had before her; for, as has been said, Mr. Rowley had not for several years enjoyed such good health, or been so composed and rational. As long as this lasted the life of father and daughter, though other people would have thought it monotonous, was just the sort of quiet existence which suited them best. Living close to the Champs Elysées, they were constantly to be seen sitting together in the shadow of the trees, enjoying the spectacle of

the great drive and ride of the French capital. There sometimes Fanny would take her work, or a book, and Mr. Rowley would read his newspapers and letters, as well as his daughter's also, unfortunately for him. Sometimes a friend would join them, often Mr. Woodville, who knew Paris very well, and could point out to Fanny all the notabilities who went by, and amuse her with the anecdotes of the day. Mr. Rowley was habitually taciturn when he was not actually morose, and on such occasions he rarely joined the conversation, and often seemed even unconscious that it was going on. He would give the artist a slight nod or touch his hat formally; but for two years, since they first knew each other, they had not exchanged a dozen sentences; not even when Mrs. Rowley was sitting for her portrait, for he was the painter of the picture which the reader has seen in London. It was perhaps the only work he ever finished, and it was certainly the only portrait he ever painted; for he rather looked down on portrait painting as beneath an artist of genius. When the change came over Mr. Rowley, after his wife had been in England for some time, Woodville was the first who noticed it, observing an altered expression in the eye which, as he said, never deceived him. The history of the change was very simple. Fanny Rowley received her cousin Harriet Upjohn's letter, mentioned in a previous chapter, one morning just as she and her father were setting out, as usual, to pass an hour *al fresco*, and she put it into her work-basket to read it under the limes. Could she have anticipated the effect it produced, she would probably have manœuvred to keep this particular letter from him; but she was so unsuspecting of danger, and so little dreamed of anything going wrong in England, that she ran her eye over it from beginning to end without seeing more mischief than in a nursery tale, and handed it to her father without a misgiving. Nor even after he had read it did she perceive how it affected him. Sitting beside him, she was not in a situation to observe the play of his features, even if she had been watching them, which she never thought of doing. The only thing she did notice was that after reading the letter he took out of his pocket one he had received the day before from her mother, and seemed to peruse it attentively, as if he were comparing one with the other. He then sat perfectly still, apparently observing the scene passing before him, without making any articulate reply to the little remarks his daughter made occasionally; but this was too much his way to excite a remark. Mr. Rowley was a tall, slender man, about fifty, and had been handsome before his health failed, or the weak parts of his constitution declared themselves. His face was a long oval, the lips thin, the nose long and aquiline, his eyes black and singularly devoid of lustre, except when he was excited, or when one of his fits was coming on him; then they glittered in that painful way which

always made his friends uneasy. His ordinary complexion was dry and sallow; he had passed many years of his early life in India, and looked as if under the burning sun of the East he had fallen into the yellow leaf prematurely. To the same cause was probably due the general inertia of his vital functions. His doctors knew best the state of his liver; but everybody could see his ashy paleness, sometimes shifting to an almost olive-green, and everybody could perceive the feeble and hollow tones of his voice when he exerted it, which he often scarcely did at all for days together, even when he was at his best.

The effect produced by Mrs. Upjohn's first blow, was first noticed, as we have said, by Mr. Woodville, whose medical education made him observant of the altered expression of a face. He happened to pass not long after the reading of the letter, and perceived at a glance that the phenomena of Mr. Rowley's countenance, of the eye especially, were changed since he saw him last. When Woodville came up, the eye rested vacantly upon him, with no recognition in it, and only saluting Miss Rowley, the artist passed on. As this was unusual, Fanny noticed it, and rapidly connecting it with her father, thought at once of the letter, which he had thrown on a vacant chair behind him, and she was on the point of taking it up again, and reading it a second time, when he rose abruptly, snatched up the letter, beckoned to his brougham, which was moving up and down waiting for him, and said he would go home. He was silent in the carriage, silent all the evening—so ominously silent and moody that Fanny did, what her mother was in the habit of doing in such cases, she sent a note privately to the physician who occasionally attended him, requesting him to call the next day, as if by accident, and see her father. Meantime she did not dare to ask by so much as a look what it was that disturbed him, and she had only her recollection of the letter, which she had but hurriedly read, to help her to a conjecture. Doubtless, however, it was her Aunt Upjohn's supplement, which she now remembered had been so tremendously underlined. The worst thing about Mr. Rowley when he fell into one of those states, was that there was no possibility or opportunity of reasoning him out of any wrong notion he formed. He placed himself at once behind a rampart of moodiness, out of the reach of explanation or discussion. He was only approachable by the wrong side. The devil that possessed him had every advantage. The doctor came (he was the same physician whom we have formerly seen at Orta, having long since removed to Paris), but Fanny knew nothing of what passed between him and his patient; she saw him for a moment before he left the house, but he merely said that he had ordered no medicine; all he could say was that it would be advisable to keep everything from him that might worry

or excite him. Ah, that was poor Fanny's difficulty! How could she keep from him the letters addressed to himself, when she could not keep her own? Besides, the letters and papers were always brought directly to himself, and he then handed to the members of the family those that were directed to them. Such was the system, and system is another name for fate; Fanny, at least, was powerless to change it. Mr. Rowley sat the following day again in the Champs Elysées, and it was the last sitting. There came no letters from England by that day's post. Father and daughter dined together in the evening; it was for the last time. The doctor dropped in again the next morning, and again Fanny saw him stealthily and only for a moment. The post had brought letters the evening before.

"I am afraid," she said, "papa is uneasy about something; I dare not ask him. Have you any idea what it is?"

"No, my dear," said the doctor, who was on intimate terms with the family, "only that he says he ought to have gone to England himself."

"Oh, did he say that?" said Fanny, with a keen perception of all the evil implied in these few words.

"Perhaps I ought not to have told you," said the doctor, "but frankness is my rule, when I have people of sense to deal with; it is a great pity your father gets any letters at all. The best advice I can give you is to write to Mrs. Rowley, and tell her from me that I think the sooner she returns the better."

The letter Fanny wrote in pursuance of this advice was the first alarming one that Mrs. Rowley received at Mr. Cosie's. It was soon followed by another from her wretched husband himself. As he now shut himself up in his room, and saw his daughter less and less daily, it was never known exactly when the most shameful of Mrs. Upjohn's insinuations began to tell upon him. All that Fanny knew was that on one particular day he looked paler and wilder than he had yet looked, and to her great astonishment said he must see Mr. Woodville.

"I'll write him a line," he added, but when he attempted to write, his fingers quivered, so that he was obliged to give it up, and get his daughter to write for him. He dictated the few words which the request required. Fanny wrote them with a hand almost as tremulous, the unnatural light in her father's eye and the pallor of his cheeks frightened her so.

Woodville, who was not a bit more self-possessed than he was when we first met him, was thrown into utter confusion when Honorine, his cuisinière, femme-de-chambre, and everything, handed him Miss Rowley's note. And, indeed, such a message from Mr. Rowley, who only the other day had looked at him without recognising him, was not a little surprising. The artist was in his old

dressing-gown as usual—it looked old enough to have been the very same that he wore at Orta—and only for Honarine he might have rushed into the street without doffing it, he was in such a flutter. However, she took care of all that, and saw that he was fit to be seen before she let him out of her sight.

A few minutes later he was ushered into Mr. Rowley's own room, from which the sun was so carefully excluded that for a moment or two it was not easy to distinguish objects in it. The unfortunate gentleman received him collectedly and politely—more collectedly than his feverish excited eye would have led one to expect, could its expression have been more distinctly seen. The long white robe-de-chambre which he wore, his white untrimmed whiskers, with the stubble of a grizzled beard of two days' growth, was altogether so ghastly when they were distinguished, that his visitor might well have fancied himself betrayed into an interview with a spectre; and the tone of his feeble voice, which seemed to come out of a sarcophagus at the bottom of a cavern, was well calculated to encourage such an impression.

"Mr. Woodville," he said, across a large table which stood between them^{strewed} with papers, "I have only a question or two to ask you, which you will answer or not, just as you please."

"My dear sir," replied Woodville, "you can have no question to ask me on any subject that I can have the slightest objection to answer."

"You painted a picture of Mrs. Rowley?"

"Surely, Mr. Rowley, you know I painted your wife's picture, as well as I do."

"Mrs. Rowley, if you please; I said Mrs. Rowley—do you know for whom you painted it?"

"For whom? Why for you, of course."

"No, no; not for me. It was not painted for me. You were deceived—remember, I only say deceived."

"Deceived," said Woodville, growing very uncomfortable; "in God's name, by whom?"

"In God's name!" repeated Mr. Rowley, with a solemnity almost as grotesque as it was melancholy. "Since you speak in that name, tell me, in God's name, in whose house, in whose possession that picture is at this moment?"

"How can I possibly answer that?" replied Woodville, in agitation. "All I know about it is that it was to have been sent to England, and, I think, down to your estate in Cornwall."

"If that is all you know, Mr. Woodville, you know nothing—don't be offended—you are a bachelor—bachelors know nothing. If ever you marry, you will know something—particularly if your attorney is a handsome man—a handsome man, Mr. Woodville, and

a lady's man. That's the road to knowledge, Mr. Woodville. Thank you for your kind visit."

Woodville could only draw one inference from this incoherent and utterly unintelligible speech, and it made him glad that there was a large table between him and his companion, and a free communication with the door; but except a little gesticulation with his hand, and the rising of his voice to a painful treble, there was nothing alarming about the unfortunate gentleman. Otherwise he remained as still as a statue while he talked. The artist, however, thought it full time to terminate his unpleasant visit. As he went out the hollow voice pursued him—

"Go on painting, Mr. Woodville; paint only gay ladies. I'll recommend you to all the gay ladies of my acquaintance."

Miss Rowley knew that the artist was with her father, and fully expected that he would ask to see her, before he went away; but, agitated and bewildered as he was, he was too judicious to present himself to Fanny at such a moment, when he could not possibly have concealed from her the state of alarm he was in. He had heard something of Mr. Rowley's antecedent maladies, but it was very little; and he had never heard at all of his being subject to fits of jealousy. That he was suffering under one of these attacks now was manifest, when Woodville put together all the wild things he had said about the picture, the gay lady, and the handsome attorney. Woodville was well acquainted with Doctor Lawrence, and went to look for him to tell him the scene he had just had with his patient. He did not find Lawrence at home, but he met him in the course of the evening, and told him everything.

"Curious," said the doctor, "for I saw him myself to-day; and as to his mind, as far as he can be said to have one, I thought him better than when I had seen him last; but it often happens in these disorders the patient is more rational with his physician than anybody else. This is another fit of jealousy. I think he had one before, some years ago."

"His wife is only too faithful to such a wretched imbecile," said Woodville.

"True," said Lawrence; "many a woman would give his pet monster with the green eyes something substantial to feed on."

"Yes," said Woodville, "women with less prudence or less virtue than Mrs. Rowley. But tell me, Lawrence, who is this Adonis of an attorney he is raving about?"

"Oh, you don't know!" said Lawrence.

"I have been away on a sketching tour for the last month, and I suppose he has got a new man of business in my absence."

"Just so," said the doctor. "His name is Alexander; he was recommended to the Rowleys by another Cornish proprietor; and

from all I hear of him, he is just the man to make husbands uncomfortable."

Woodville smote his thigh, and exclaimed—

"Then, as sure as a gun, he must be an old friend of mine, and of Mrs. Rowley's, too. I am happy to hear it is not to her he owes his appointment. That might have been a little awkward."

Several days elapsed; no improvement in Mr. Rowley—no mitigation of poor Fanny's agony about him; and her distress was increased by her mother's illness and necessary delay in England.

One morning Lawrence called on Woodville. He had just found his patient more excited than ever, but had utterly failed to discover what the fresh cause of irritation was. Newspapers lay on his table, but no letters. His pulse was higher than it had yet been.

"Did he say nothing?" said Woodville.

"Very little; only, as I was going away, he said he was expecting the arrival of a friend from England, and asked me to inquire for an apartment that would suit him in the neighbourhood."

"As to that," said Woodville, "there are two vacant in this house—a *premier* and a *quatrième* opposite to me."

"I'll let him know," said the doctor.

The next evening, towards nine o'clock, Woodville was sitting alone in his room, when the door-bell rang, and Honorine brought him a scrap of paper with a few words on it from Miss Rowley, evidently written in the greatest hurry, imploring him to come to her. He lost no time in attending to the summons, and found the poor girl in a frenzy of grief, just returned from Versailles, where her father had sent her with her maid on a feigned errand, as she now believed.

"Oh, Mr. Woodville, my father has left the house with Thompson, and all his things; and nobody can tell me where he went, or where he is."

"My God!" cried Woodville, "can nobody give any intelligence; the *concierge*, or none of the servants?"

"Nobody seems to know anything. The *concierge* was not in his lodge at the time. Is it possible, do you think, my father can have set out for England?"

"Possible, certainly, but not probable, as Mrs. Rowley must be on her way home."

"Oh, Mr. Woodville, she is still in London, still unable to travel. I found a letter from Susan on coming home. But I agree with you; he is not gone to England; he was not strong enough to think of it."

Woodville now recollected what Lawrence had told him, that Mr. Rowley had desired him to look out for an apartment for a friend.

"Oh!" cried Fanny, "it was for himself he wanted it."

"In that case, Miss Rowley, I think I shall be able to set your mind at rest in five minutes—at least, as to where your father is. Only sit down and try to compose yourself. I have but to return to my own house, and I shall be back in a moment."

Woodville had only to ask his *concierge* to satisfy himself that Mr. Rowley was installed in his new quarters. He had removed while his daughter was at Versailles. The artist then went up to the *premier*, and rang the bell. It was answered by Mr. Rowley's man with a lamp in his hand.

"What brings you here, Thompson?"

"I know no more than you do, sir."

"And Miss Rowley—is there not a room for her here?"

Thompson shook his head mysteriously.

"No, sir—nor for Mrs. Rowley either; that is to say, sir, the apartment is large enough, but nobody is to be admitted without my master's express orders."

"I see," said Woodville. "Good night."

The only satisfaction Fanny Rowley had that night was to know that her father was not far away, and under the same roof with a friend. It will be seen at the close of the next chapter what it was that goaded the unfortunate man to take so extraordinary a step.

MARMION SAVAGE.

ON THE NATURE OF EMOTION.

THE object of this paper is to examine the physical accompaniments of mental action, and, chiefly, to discuss the nature of the feelings or emotions which accompany the various conditions of body and mind; in fact, to lay down the theory that feeling (or emotion, which is another name for high and complex feeling) is the state which accompanies the excitation of a nerve-centre or centres, being pleasant or painful according to the condition of the centre, or the intensity of the excitation.

Supposing this view to be correct, there is no need to allot one place in the brain to the intellectual and another to the emotional portion of the mind, neither can we discuss them apart. The intellectual or idea function, the thinking and working function of the mind, may be supposed to depend on the intercommunication of the nerve-cells or centres of the entire hemispheres, carried on by means of the nerve-fibres, this interaction being accompanied by a feeling or emotion peculiar to the centres acting, but which varies according to their physical state at the moment of excitation, or that produced by the excitation itself.

That the cells, which in their aggregation make up what we call nerve-centres, vary immensely in their endowments and qualities, is a fact which probably few will dispute. We have centres of vision, centres of hearing, centres of taste and smell: the nerve-cells which form the intellectual centres of one who comes of a long line of educated and cultivated forefathers, will differ from those of a descendant of Bushmen, even before they have been submitted to the influence of education. But besides the special quality or endowment which each cell possesses, that quality which constitutes one a cell and centre of vision as distinguished from another which is a centre of hearing, there is in each a varying state or condition on which depends its efficiency, its power of perceiving more or less accurately that which is presented to it, or of communicating with other centres of idea or motion. This condition will be influenced by a number of circumstances, by due nutrition, by heat or cold, rest or fatigue, but according to it will be the efficiency or non-efficiency of the cell function: by it, moreover, will be regulated, as I conceive, the pleasure or pain experienced when the cells are called into action. When the condition is sound and healthy, the function of the cells will be duly performed, and in the due performance pleasure, not pain, will be experienced. In other words, the supply of nerve-force being ample, the cells will energise pleasantly: when the nerve-force

is insufficiently produced, or by action is exhausted, the energising will be attended with proportionate pain.

It may be a question whether "nerve-force" is the best term to apply to the condition I have spoken of. It is one which opens up the many controversies which exist and have existed as to the nature of force, the relations of the various physical forces, and of these to the forces which we see at work in living animals. While on the one hand some shrink away from the very name of force, and will none of it, as a metaphysical entity to be relegated to the schoolmen along with that other metaphysical entity the "mind" itself, on the other, it is to be feared that men have imagined that the study of mental phenomena has at length attained to the rank of the exact sciences, because they have placed nerve-force in the same category and correlated group as light, heat, gravity, and electricity. "Animal combustion," says Mr. Bain, "maintains nervous power, or a certain flow of the influence circulating through the nerves, which circulation of influence, besides re-acting on the other animal processes, muscular, glandular, &c., has for its distinguishing concomitant the mind. The extension of the correlation of force to mind, if at all competent, must be made through the nerve-force, a genuine member of the correlated group." It may be interesting to see in what way another distinguished philosopher connects the forces of purely physical phenomena with those of life and animal movement. In his work on Heat (p. 499), Professor Tyndall writes, "The grand point permanent throughout all these considerations, is that *nothing is created*. We can make no movement which is not accounted for by the contemporaneous extinction of some other movement. And how complicated soever the motions of animals may be, whatever may be the change which the molecules of our food undergo within our bodies, the whole energy of animal life consists in the falling of the atoms of carbon and hydrogen and nitrogen from the high level which they occupy in the food to the low level which they occupy when they quit the body. But what has enabled the carbon and the hydrogen to fall? What first raised them to the level which rendered the fall possible? We have already learned that it is the sun. It is at his cost that animal heat is produced and animal motion accomplished."

When I speak of there being in each nerve-cell or centre a condition, varying within certain limits, according to which it is capable of energising more or less readily and pleasantly, I am far from intending to convey a notion of any metaphysical entity, even if I use the term "nerve-force." It is not possible to separate this force in kind from that which is the special property of the cell. Each cell, as it lives its life in our bodily organisation, as it grows to maturity, and fades in its decay, separates and selects from the blood

by a molecular metamorphosis that which it requires for its function as an idea-cell, a hearing, or a sight-cell, but it separates it in varying quantity and quality, and having separated it, parts with it again according to the demands made upon it. So this force, specialised by the various portions of the human brain, exists in every cell and centre in greater or less degree, and upon the condition of its existence depends, it would seem, the pleasure or pain experienced when the part is called upon to act.

A cell, when it sets in action other cells, or other organs of the body, appears to deprive itself of this force, and in time to become exhausted, so that rest and repose are necessary for its renewal. If it be too metaphysical to talk of the conversion of bodily heat into force and of force into muscular motion, it is, nevertheless, a fact of observation that a nerve-centre becomes exhausted by over excitation and over action, and being exhausted becomes incapable of energising till its power or force is renewed by rest or food. In the following observations I shall try to illustrate the theory that a nerve-cell is called into action by stimulation applied to it from without, and that according to its special quality it will then energise and act upon other cells or structures. The *amount* of action, and the feeling attending it, depends on the condition in which it is at the time. And this condition will vary in proportion to its rest, nutrition, and heat, and also in proportion to the strength of the stimulation and the length of time during which it is carried on.

The first question is, by what method are we to gain any information upon these points. Absolute proof of what I have asserted is not to be expected. Were it forthcoming, we should have learned it long ago. We shall have to apply the methods of observation and experiment, and of these observation will aid us most. We can observe the phenomena of Feeling in infants from the commencement of life, in children, in adults, in the aged. From mere sensations we can trace the dawn of what are called Emotions, or, to use an older terminology, Passions. We can observe them also in the lower animals and in the varieties, so to speak, of man, in the savage, the insane, the idiot. And in observing the feelings we are compelled also to observe the outcome of them in the shape of bodily and facial motion, which is often the only evidence of their existence. Also we shall observe the same individual under the various conditions of hunger and repletion, of sleep or want of sleep, of cold or heat, of health or disease. And we shall see how all the phenomena, which our inductive observation can collect, agree or disagree with the laws laid down by those who have by experiment investigated the physiology of the nervous system. From one method—dissection of the actual brain—we shall not learn much. When the action is over and the force departed, the actual structure teaches us little

about the working. The greatest discoveries have been made by experimenting on living animals.

If we observe the life of an infant, we find it spent chiefly in sleeping, its short waking time being principally occupied in feeding, in accumulating the material for its structural and functional growth. Its acts consist of sucking, crying, and kicking, and of using to some extent its eyes and ears. It does not at first see anything as an object; it merely undergoes the subjective sensation of light, its retina and sensory ganglia are stimulated by light: and if the light be too bright and the stimulation too strong, it testifies the pain experienced by contracting the eyelids and crying; on the other hand, it is pleased by being brought before a lighted candle or other gently stimulating light. The acts very soon indicate pleasure or the reverse, and we know whether the child is pleased or not long before it can tell us. It is pained by cold or hunger or bodily suffering, by a too vivid light, by a loud or harsh sound, as it shows by crying, by movement of its body and facial muscles. Its pleasure is denoted by laughing, kicking, and corresponding movement and expression of face. It derives pleasure also from excitation of its centres of motion, from being tossed, dandled, and rocked, while rough and violent movements cause no less pain and discomfort. We see, then, in such a child manifestations of a very considerable amount of feeling, feeling which is at this stage entirely bodily, or at the most sensory, arising from the exercise of the senses.

A little later and we find that the child can discriminate between the voice and face of its mother or nurse and those of a stranger, deriving pleasure from the one and pain from the other, and evincing memory. It remembers what it sees and hears, and what it experiences: and as the original events were pleasant or painful, so are the recollections of them, as we learn from the manifestations it exhibits. We know nothing of a child's inner life except from these manifestations, for it tells us nothing. All we learn is from its *facta*, its acts; it does not yet talk, and when it commences, its talk is only of concrete objects. It has no abstract terms or generalisations in its vocabulary.

If we trace the development of this child, we see how its pleasures and pains, which at first are entirely corporeal, merge by barely perceptible degrees into mental feelings, and how these expand from mere feelings into the emotions of adult life. Its feeling is being perpetually evoked by everything that it sees and hears. By turns it displays anger, fear, pain, or delight, and the feeling called up by one object is only to be allayed by the substitution of another, which, stimulating another centre, will by such stimulation rouse another feeling. If we look at a boy of three years, healthy and strong, whose sleep and appetite are good, and whose nerve centres are full

of force, we see that his whole waking time is employed in the keen enjoyment of spending his nerve-force in incessant motion and play. There is no work in him: his life is all active amusement, emotive movement. He exhibits rage, terror, jealousy, wonder, vanity, love, the desire for action, and these emotions are fully developed and unmistakably exhibited. Here, then, we have the emotional part of our nature apparently full grown while the intellectual is yet in its early infancy. We know that it is in vain to reason with such a child: we control and manage him. These feelings are all expansions of the self-feeling which is plainly seen to be the feeling of the entire bodily organisation. The child at first derives pleasure or pain from that which affects its bodily sensations, from the light or the colour which pleases its sense of sight, from the song which gratifies its ear, from the warmth which is grateful to its skin, from the food which satisfies its stomach; and it extends its likings to those persons or things which minister to its comfort, its dislike to such as cause it discomfort, and so it displays its love, its hate and fear. These feelings are all reflected upon and through the medium of the body in facial and other movements. As the nerve centres in which this self-feeling resides are roused and excited, so, according to the centre stimulated and according to the degree of stimulation, we have a corresponding series of movements as the result. There is a direct outcome of action, a direct conversion of force into motion, so to speak; without this we should not know that such stimulation had taken place. How motion immediately follows the application of a stimulus to the centres is especially shown at this time of life. There is no deliberation, no delay; the action, the demonstration of joy, or sorrow, or resentment, or approval, is instantaneous. The motor centres respond to the stimulus as immediately as the pupil responds to the light, and the reflex action of the one is as purely physical as that of the other. A child at this age possesses ideas formed from the memories of sensations and their associations, but its ideas are few, and it does not link them into chains of reasoning. Its intellectual processes are scanty, and so it comes to pass that the excitants of its nerve centres are for the most part external events and sights, which at once result in bodily or facial demonstration rather than in internal mental action.

If mankind had stopped at the level of a child, if the higher and more complex emotions did not exist, it is not likely that various seats of emotion would have been mapped out in the brain. Emotion in children and animals is manifestly so much more a bodily excitation, the bodily movement follows so immediately as the result, that we do not confine it to a mental phenomenon as we do the higher emotions of man. But physiologically there seems to be no line of demarcation between simple feelings and the highest emotions.

Before we examine the adult as we see him in the educated and refined inhabitant of the cities of Europe, we may pause and consider the various intermediate stages which carry on the succession from the child upwards. There is the savage of all grades of savagery, from the Earthman to the stoical brave of North America who scorns to exhibit emotion of any kind. Many travellers have told us how like the tribes of Africa are to children, how they display emotion in a similar manner, how they instantaneously respond to a stimulus, whether it call forth joy, anger, or grief. Then there is the uneducated and unenlightened pauper of many an agricultural district of our own land, and there is the idiot, and the insane, whose self-feeling is predominant, whose whole life is centred in self, as much as is the child's. If after these we consider adult and educated man, we shall see that his sensations, feelings, and emotions, each mental state, in fact, which is called up in his brain, may be, and for the most part are, attended with muscular movement, voluntary or involuntary, indicating the pleasure or pain which accompanies the mental stimulation. The amount of movement will often be the measure of the amount of force extricated and emitted from the centre on the application of a stimulus.

The first thing we notice is that most of the emotions of man are the same in kind as those of children, or even the inferior animals; the same in kind, though varying in complexity and specialty, according to the infinite variety of the acquirements of the human brain. The emotion of admiration, awe, and wonder, which fills our breast on seeing some marvellous spectacle or hearing some great news, what is it but the wonder which we see depicted in the animal when it sees for the first time something entirely novel and strange? I once saw a leveret meet face to face a young dog in a covert. Probably neither had previously encountered such an object. They stood for a moment transfixed with surprise; this changing in the hare to fear, caused it to turn and fly; the dog, not quite so timorous, pursued, his wonder being converted by the leveret's flight into the emotion of pursuit. The animal's emotions we recognise by its motions; we could not otherwise assert that it experienced emotions at all. Its brain, when stimulated, at once converts its force into motion. And if we strictly analyse the feelings and emotions of man, we shall find that here also action or motion of some kind is almost invariably the concomitant of emotion—at any rate, when this is at all intense, or, as we rightly say, *powerful*. With regard to many of our feelings and emotions this is at once apparent. If some sudden disaster occurs to a man, his countenance, probably his limbs, will denote his terror, grief, or anger. He is said to be devoid of feeling, if this be not the case. His mode of speech, his tone of voice, is affected by it, and he may be led into

immediate and violent action, so involuntary that it may almost be called automatic. On the other hand, pleasant sights and news will produce corresponding traits in countenance and movements of limbs. The latter will be less marked than those set in motion by pain or grief, inasmuch as a pleasant stimulus will set up less violent action than one that is painful.

When we look at the simple emotions and feelings of man, we find him exactly on a par with the child or the animal. A violent stimulus produces at once violent, or at any rate manifest, action, facial or other. There is a conversion of nerve force into muscular movement, directly following a stimulus, whether this be one exciting bodily pain, as a blow, or mental, as a shocking sight or piece of news. But, when we examine the mind of man in its highest development, we find in the highly intellectual individual certain emotions, which are clearly the feelings corresponding to the very complex ideas acquired and organised by years of culture and training. We read of the Ethical Emotion, or moral sense; of the *Æsthetic* Emotion; of other emotions arising out of the Intellect. But all these appear to illustrate and to be illustrated by what I have said concerning the simple emotions. Here, instead of a single and simple idea-centre which, when excited, at once responds in outward bodily movement, we have an extremely complex chain of ideas. The training and preparation of years, as well as previous organisation, are required to bring about in the brain that complex series of ideas which represents a knowledge of the fine arts, and which is presupposed when we speak of experiencing *æsthetic* emotion. Instead of a single and lowly-endowed centre, such as we may find in children or animals, we have a co-ordinated and complex chain of high centres, which, when excited, respond not in immediate bodily movement accompanied by bodily feeling, but in deliberate action, the result of reflection; in intellectual, rather than bodily movement. For the activity of thought must be due to a stimulus applied to the intellectual centres, no less than the activity of body: and not only the activity of thought, but action in thought, the desire for action of body which would become action, did not some other reflection intervene, must also be set down as an outcome of nerve force emitted by some centre or centres, which have been set in motion by a stimulus. Repressed action, whether in thought alone, or in the clenched hands and quivering lips of suppressed passion, must be taken as an emission of force. The complex co-ordination of ideas arrived at after years of study and experience, which causes the connoisseur the keen delight experienced when he gazes at a rare Rembrandt etching or a matchless coin, must include within itself the feelings belonging to it. The uninitiated cannot feel the delight, because he possesses not the ideas. We cannot suppose that the

feeling resides in one part of the brain, and the ideas in another; rather would it appear that the stimulation of the ideas by the sight of the object causes the feeling. The ideas exist in the brain as knowledge, but when called into action we have the feeling of pleasure or pain which is special and appropriate to such a group of ideas, in addition to the knowledge and the ideas themselves. It may be said that emotions are so varied that they must require a special organization; that the emotion of delight just named is something totally different from such a feeling as self-denial. But we must remember that ideas are formed in the educated mind into large and complex groups—associated ideas, as they are called—and that these act as units, just as groups of muscles always act together; and the association of the one, when established, cannot be disjoined, any more than that of the other. Consequently, stimulation of such a group of ideas calls it into action, and then arises its special feeling, depending in degree upon the amount of the stimulation and the nerve-force extricated in the process. And these very complex emotions may be reduced by analysis to much simpler feelings—to feelings of self-advantage or self-detriment, the pleasure or pain which is at the bottom of all feeling, of all stimulation of the nervous system strong enough to cause feeling to come into consciousness. Looking upon the whole conscious brain as self, its feeling varies from self-good to self-ill; its various and special portions, groups of nerve-cells and nerve-centres, being stimulated into special feelings which are yet all of them resolvable into the simple elements. If we look at the phenomena of insanity we shall see this illustrated by the fact that the feelings and delusions of the insane always have reference to self.

I have traced the higher emotions up from the mere bodily feelings, nay, even from the sensations of the special senses, and have affirmed that they all vary according to the amount of stimulation which each centre receives, while their quality depends on the special properties of the centre or centres. The phenomena of two of the senses at any rate, confirm this view. One person hears a sound which another cannot. This is because the centre of hearing in the deaf person is not sufficiently stimulated by a sound, the vibrations of which are too slow for him, though not too slow for the other to perceive. Similarly, some people cannot recognise redness as a colour. On analysing the colour red, we find it to be the colour at one end of the spectrum, an inch of which gives the smallest number of waves of light, and to this amount of stimulation some eyes are insensible, just as the eyes of all men are insensible to the rays beyond red, which we discover by the galvanometer, though they do not excite our optic centres as light. As no two persons feel alike, so no two see or hear alike. The centres of sight and hearing of one man are stimulated by vibrations which fail to excite those of

another. There may be colours and there may be harmonies all around us in the universe of which we know nothing, but of which the more sensitive organs of what are called the lower animals may be keenly conscious. It may be that these animals are only by us called dumb because we ourselves are deaf.

The stimuli, then, which excite the nerve-centres of man, produce various feelings and emotions according to the quality and properties of the centre excited. But, as I have said, the feeling will vary according not only to the quality of the centre, but also according to the condition it may happen to be in at the time, or that to which it may be brought by the stimulation it experiences. To elucidate this we must consider what we know of the physiology of nerve-structures and their functions.

When studying the physiology of nerve-action as we see it in animals, children, and men, and the pathology as we see it in various nervous disorders, as acute insanity, *delirium tremens*, and the like, we soon become aware of the fact that the well-being of the entire nervous system depends mainly on its renovation during a state of repose; and that for the higher portion of the brain, at any rate, this state of repose and rest is synonymous with healthy sleep. Round the phenomena of sleep, and its causes and conditions, are grouped many of the problems which have to be solved by the physiologist who has to investigate the action of the nerve-centres, and the physician who has to cure their disorders. The state or condition of a nerve-centre, which I have called the force, will be dependent upon the amount of rest and sleep which it enjoys, supplemented by two other restorers of force, food and warmth, which must also be taken into consideration.

Observation teaches us that all animals sleep after a certain period of bodily fatigue, which varies according to the individual, the young requiring sleep more quickly than the old, and a larger amount. If the fatigue be great, nothing can keep a child or even a man awake. When refreshed by sleep, when the force is again accumulated in the brain, we wake spontaneously, or are awakened by trifling stimuli, as sounds or light. This alternation of sleep and waking is the normal state of health, and absence of sleep is something abnormal: it is a disorder, and must lead to further disorder if prolonged. Sleep is not necessary for the renewal of force in every centre. In very severe muscular exercise mere cessation for a time recruits our force, and enables us to begin again; but for the higher work of the brain sleep is indispensable, and all brain-work, and indeed life itself, must cease, unless by this the force is renewed.

So much does observation teach us of the reparation of the force of the brain during sleep. Experiment, however, enables us to state the physiological condition of the brain in sleep, and so to analyse

further the production and expenditure of this nerve-force. In sleep, as we have seen, it is produced and accumulated; in active waking hours it is expended. In sleep, the arterial circulation of the brain falls to a certain point, and metamorphosis consequently is reduced to a minimum. When the brain is acting, even in dreams, the blood-flow increases both in arteries and veins. To promote sleep, we seek to diminish this arterial current; until this is done, sleep comes not. The two things which chiefly produce sleep in a healthy man or animal are fatigue and food. After a hearty meal, or after great fatigue endured for many waking hours, it will be difficult to rouse him from sleep, and when roused he will be torpid and inactive, and will fall back into sleep easily. His brain will be emptied of blood, and ordinary stimuli, as light, sound, and movement of others, will not bring back the blood to his brain: moreover his blood will contain less oxygen. When sufficient hours have been passed in sleep, slight stimuli are enough to wake him, such as a trifling noise or a light, nay, he may wake or seem to wake "of his own accord." The blood returns to the brain highly oxygenised, and the brain is alive and energetic, ready to expend in action the force it has accumulated in the period of its rest.

Now be it observed, this force is accumulated by the brain in sleep, when the blood supply is at its minimum and contains the least oxygen. Oxidation of brain then implies expenditure, not accumulation of force. Stimulation of brain increases the blood flow and activity, *ubi stimulus ibi fluxus*. But this activity cannot go on long, and material for new work cannot be provided, unless the blood flow be reduced to sleeping point, and the oxygen in the blood cease to be consumed.

In the creation and restoration of nerve-force food and heat are to sleep both the supplement and the complement, without all these the full energy of brain life cannot manifest itself, except for a very limited time, and each will vary in amount according as the other two are supplied in greater or less quantities. To resist the cold of a northern climate the Esquimaux consumes at a meal that which would feed a Hindoo for a month. If he did not, the bitter winter would bring to him, no less than to the animals hibernating around him, sleep from which he would not wake again. The intense desire for sleep felt by persons exposed to great cold is closely akin to that produced by overwhelming fatigue: the whole nerve-force is consumed in either case and cannot be replaced. In those suffering from cold the loss may be met by warmth or by food; in those worn-out by fatigue sleep alone is the restorer. How completely the brain is upset by cold we may learn from the striking narrative of the Arctic voyager Dr. Kane,¹ who tells us, after a journey of eighty or ninety miles over the ice at a mean temperature of minus 41°·2—"We were

(1) "Arctic Explorations," i. 198.

quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain a sane apprehension of the circumstances about us." "Our strength failed us, and we began to lose our self-control. . . . We fell half-sleeping on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt so much benefited by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out."

The fact that pleasure and pain depend on fatigue and the consumption of this nerve-force is closely connected with two other phenomena—one, that the stimulation of any nerve-centre, if repeated, loses somewhat of its effect; the other, that the same stimulus, if prolonged or intensified, may cause every variety of feeling from pleasure to extreme pain. The first phenomenon is expressed in the language of every-day life when we say there is nothing that we may not "get used to." We get used to sights, to sounds, to tastes, to smells, to the endurance of bodily pain. It may be stated as an almost constant fact that the same thing repeated, the centre again stimulated with the same stimulus, always loses somewhat of its effect, and consequently less force is expended. We endure the excitation better and feel less fatigued, whatever it be. If by any chance, however, through illness or other cause, our stock of force becomes lessened, we find that we cannot so well endure our habitual stimuli, and they become painful instead of pleasant. Our feelings then are regulated partly by the amount of stimulation, partly by the condition in which our centres are when stimulated; and that which applies to pain applies also to pleasure. Pleasurable excitations when repeated lose their charm, or they fail to please us when a disordered liver or a headache makes us dismal.

The second phenomenon is different. Although an excitation repeated loses its effect, yet an excitation prolonged without cessation passes from pleasure to pain without this process ever being reversed.

There is no voluntary action, whether mental or bodily, which does not in time cause fatigue; but it will be found that actions accompanied with direct emotion fatigue the soonest. Almost all bodily or mental processes are accompanied by some amount of feeling or emotion. They are pleasant to us or distasteful; we may be wearied of doing them, or wearied by doing them, according as the mind or the body is fatigued. In either case the process is the same, though the centre which experiences the discomfort is different. The pleasantest occupations or amusements may cause such sheer bodily fatigue that we can do them no longer, and to attempt it causes pain. It would appear that everything carried to this point—to the extent of exhausting the nerve force of the centre stimulated—causes dis-

comfort or pain, which is only to be removed by cessation of the particular stimulus, and the substitution of another, stimulating other centres, or by the rest of the whole nervous system. This brings me to the consideration of another point, namely, that violent stimulation of a centre exhausts the nerve force, not of that centre only, but of the whole nervous system. A terrible shock may so use up the nerve force that the individual falls senseless, or, short of this, he may yet be so paralysed with fear or grief that he loses all muscular power, or he may be so violently moved that the great exertions which he makes only last for a short time. We all know that for a long-sustained muscular effort the mind must be tranquil, and free from emotion, and the muscular movements must be regular and even, and free from spasmodic and violent action. How it is that the nerve force of the whole system is poured out in this or that form of emotion, or idea, we see, but cannot trace the process. Nevertheless, it is a fact that two great displays of force cannot co-exist; violent muscular exertion and intense thought cannot go on together; the thinker sits or stands, abstracted, motionless. The man who is rowing or running a race cannot command his thoughts; ideas come and go through his mind, but he cannot keep up a continuous current of mental work. His force is being expended on bodily movement.

What is the answer to those who say they believe that emotions reside in this or that part of the brain? We may object, first, that every attempt to locate emotions has signally failed, from the days of Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe to those of Schroeder van der Kolk. Some have separated the seat of emotion from the seat of the consciousness thereof, and have placed the latter in the sensory ganglia. Others have placed emotions in the hemispheres alone, and so would deny everything of the kind to those beings which have no cerebral hemispheres; yet we see considerable emotional feeling manifested by such creatures as the ant and the bee.

Secondly, by an analysis of emotions we may perceive that there is no real line of demarcation between them and mere feelings of a much lower order, and that one and the other belong to the *action* of the moment, and not to any past or future time. If we are watching, say, a splendid sunset, we experience a feeling of intense delight as the heavens are lit in gorgeous colour. The following day we may recall the scene, but we do not feel the pleasure. We remember the pleasure, but it remains, like the scene, only as an idea, it is not now a feeling. Now few, I presume, would assert that the perception of this sight resides in one part of the brain, and the feeling attending it in another. If this were so, we ought to be able to excite the feeling by means of the idea preserved in the memory; but this we cannot do. The original stimulation causes the pleasure, and this vanishes, never again to return. It is only in complexity

that the highest emotions differ from this simple feeling; they involve more ideas, more acquisitions, previously laid up, but the effect of the immediate stimulation is the same; this it is which, according to its intensity, causes the pleasure or pain. The same may be said of pain experienced; we may recall the memory of it, but this is not the same thing; even the memory may be distressing and saddening, but this is different from the acute pang which we suffer at the first shock.

The brain is a sealed book far more than some of the other organs of the body, as the lungs and heart; but if we could inspect it at work, it is not probable that we should be able to note those molecular changes, which, nevertheless, we believe to take place when mental action is going on. What we should see, however, would be alterations in the circulation of the blood. We should see that the whole circulation, or portions of it, would be affected by mental excitation, by the stimulation of the various cells or groups of cells, which we call nerve-centres. We should see that a piece of news, a disaster, an impending trouble or difficulty, causes a man to lie awake at night, and we should know that he lies awake because his brain circulation, either throughout the whole or in parts of his cerebral hemispheres, is higher than admits of sleep. There is an extrication of force going on in the shape of thought, there is a flow of blood going to the excited part. We cannot see all this, however, but we can and do see how emotion causes the face to flush and the pulse to quicken, how those who lie awake suffer from heat of head and suffusion of eyes, how emotion increases the lachrymal secretion, the lacteal, and others. And when we say that emotion does these things, we merely mean that something or other has stimulated the brain into producing these phenomena, and that along with the stimulus the feeling of grief or shame or anger co-exists.

If all this be true, it may perchance throw some light upon many of the phenomena of disordered mind and brain: it may help us to understand why, with almost the same delusion, *e.g.* that the newspapers are writing about him, one man will be exultant, another angry, another depressed; it may explain why the same man is at one time maniacal, at another melancholic. Lack of force may account for the wretched feeling of the hypochondriac and the hysterical, for the mental pain which many feel when they are below par: and a proneness to part with force, to convert it into action, may be the condition of the centres of those who are excitable and impulsive, a condition analogous to that brought about in certain centres by such drugs as strychnia, by such diseases as epilepsy and convulsions, or evidenced by such an affection as stammering.

G. FIELDING BLANDFORD.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

RELIGIOUS REPUBLICS. Six Essays on Congregationalism. London : Longmans, Green, & Co. 1869. 8s. 6d.

It is one among the many results of the establishment of one form of religion, that other forms are sooner or later treated with contempt, as not worthy even of careful examination. Sometimes indeed they are studied as curious examples of the foolish and mischievous eccentricities of mankind, as Mr. Hepworth Dixon might study the crazy extravagances of religion in the New World. But it scarcely occurs to one out of ten thousand of the members of an Established Church, that it is at least barely possible that some form of religion may exist which is superior to their own ; and that the human imagination is capable of conceiving circumstances in which so ill-bred an oddity as dissent may become a duty and a necessity. There are very few Church people in this country who know anything whatever about Congregationalism and Religious Republics, excepting what they may have learned from such stories as "Salem Chapel." These stories are often exceedingly true—in fact, too true ; but for the most part they are true accounts of numerous and disagreeable exceptions to the working of congregational principles, while they neither are nor pretend to be accurate descriptions of their average working.

The Six Essays on Congregationalism which make up this volume on Religious Republics may at least do good service by giving accurate information to anybody who wants to know what religious republics are ; and they will have a better chance, perhaps, of being read because four of them are by laymen. It is scarcely indeed to be expected that anything but sheer necessity will force upon the members of the Established Church the study of Nonconformity ; but this necessity has come already to many, and is coming to all. When half the English people are Dissenters, when there is scarcely a Dissenter in England who is not also an earnest politician, and when an ever-increasing proportion of the members of the House of Commons are themselves Nonconformists, the unestablished forms of religion may be hated and feared, but they can no longer be ignored. Even for the sake of destroying them, they must at least be understood. When, therefore, any sober-minded Churchman wants really to know what Congregationalism is, he may safely consult this volume of essays. They are all written with extreme moderation. They contain scarcely a single sentence which even the highest of High Churchmen could consider offensive. They are for the most part simply expository ; not scolding nor resenting false charges and ungenerous suspicions, but simply explaining wherein they are false and ungenerous. Nay, very often the explanation itself in a manner condones the offence ; and at least renders a good understanding for the future possible and easy.

Those essays which are the *most* purely expository in this volume are the best. The first, by Mr. Fawcett, on the "Congregational Polity," is an exceedingly fair and complete account of the form and general working of that sort of church government which it professes to describe. The first few pages, moreover, of the essay represent, by their own confusion, the radical incon-

sistency, or at any rate uncertainty, of Congregationalism itself. Congregationalism tries to have, believes that it has, but really has not, a foundation of doctrine. It is a form of government determining who, in the final appeal, shall decide both the doctrine and the ecclesiastical practice of a given society. But it by no means determines what their decision, either theoretical or practical, shall be. As a matter of fact, there is far more agreement, and a far more rigid "orthodoxy," among Congregational churches than in the Established Church itself. But this is a mere accident. Mr. Fawcett says: "On matters not only of doctrine but of church government, the leading consideration with the Congregationalist is not what is expedient, but what saith the Scripture." But he is obliged to add: "If the primitive practice is adapted to the circumstances of our times, and seems fitted to contribute to the welfare of the church, it is forthwith adopted; if it is incongruous with our habits, and would be inconvenient or ridiculous, it is rejected on the ground that it can never have been intended as a permanent observance." That is to say, the New Testament is not the ultimate authority with Congregationalists, but each separate society decides for itself how much of the New Testament (to say nothing of the Old) is fit for present use, and rejects the rest.

In so short a notice as this there is nothing left me, beyond a strong general recommendation, but the invidious task of minute fault-finding. Thus, for instance, in the very excellent "Essay on Congregationalism and *Æsthetics*," Mr. Pattison, in the matter of architecture, seems to give up far too much. Truly enough Congregationalism has no precedents, no sacred and infallible traditions, and it is not therefore *necessary* that the very building in which a congregational society assembles for worship should contain the symbols of Catholic dogma. But on the other hand, as a matter of fact, Congregationalists do believe by far the larger part of the creed of Christendom. The great majority of them believe, for instance, that very doctrine of the Trinity and of the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ which is preached not to the ear only by sermons, but to the eye itself, in the very wood and stone and painted windows of old Catholic cathedrals. It will be most unfortunate if the churches of the Nonconformists should seem to teach that the right of free inquiry and ever-renewed examination is identical with the absolute denial or repudiation of everything which has been heretofore believed.

Perhaps the least satisfactory of these six essays is the one on "Congregationalism and Science," by Dr. Philip Henry Pye Smith. By far the larger part of it is entirely irrelevant, and the remainder—the assertion, namely, that Congregationalism being founded on the right of individual reason, must ultimately be favourable to science—is almost contradictory of what had gone before. Moreover, the essay contains assertions which, though not without a certain odour of sanctity, seem to me in the end extremely dangerous, and I had almost said demoralising. Dr. Smith, for instance, says that Christianity "can never be enforced as demonstrable by such arguments as compel assent;" which is only another way of saying what has been asserted over and over again by the very worst enemies of Christianity. He says again: "No one ever pretended that the truth of Christianity was demonstrable. If it were so, faith would no longer exist." Both the assertion, and the inference here, are wholly unjustifiable. Multitudes of people, including all the best theologians, have asserted that Christianity is demonstrable—not indeed to the nose or the tips

of the fingers, but to the highest reason of man. And at any rate, if Christianity were demonstrable, faith—which means belief, trust, confidence—would be easier than ever.

But without further fault-finding, for which in truth there is very little room, it is enough to commend this book as a very accurate description of the nature and tendencies of religious republics.

WILLIAM KIRKUS.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Roma Sotterranea. Compiled from the works of COMMENDATORE DE ROSSI. By Rev. J. S. NORTHCOTE, D.D., and Rev. W. B. BROWNLOW, M.A. London: Longmans. 31s. 6d.

COUNT DE ROSSI's elaborate work on the Catacombs of Rome is the unrivalled authority on its subject. The present volume is a condensed reproduction of the "*Roma Sotterranea*," containing, in addition, the substance of various articles and papers by the same author in other places. In the chapters on Christian Art and elsewhere, the compilers have consulted other writers, besides Count de Rossi, who have thrown new light on special parts of the subject. The book is plentifully illustrated with wood-cuts, with an atlas of the catacombs, and with a series of sumptuously executed fac-similes of monuments and inscriptions.

Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson, Barrister-at-Law, F.S.A. Selected and edited by THOMAS SADLER, Ph. D. Three Volumes. Macmillan & Co. 36s.

A WORK teeming with anecdote about the sayings and doings of the literary world for something like three-quarters of a century. Mr. Robinson was born in 1775, and lived to within nearly two years of the present date. He commenced his journal in 1810, his diary in the following year, and this, which consisted of thirty-five closely-written volumes, he continued almost up to the day of his death. In addition to this he left behind him reminiscences, miscellaneous papers, and a mass of correspondence. That he was not only a voracious but a diligent reader is proved by the abstracts of books, plots of stories, and critical remarks that he left behind him. These materials the editor, Dr. Thomas Sadler, appears to have used in a highly judicious manner. For nearly three-quarters of a century Robinson mixed with many of the notabilities of Europe—with Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, Madame de Stael, La Fayette, Abbé Grégoire, Benjamin Constant—while Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Talfourd, Rogers, Hazlitt, Mrs. Barbauld, Clarkson, meet us at every turn. The reader may judge of the varied contents of the book when we say that Mr. Robinson gives in his own gossiping fashion an account of his connections with the *Times* newspaper, of his first railway journey in the year 1833, when railways were as yet in their infancy, and adds to such narratives good stories of men of science, lawyers, politicians, authors, and actors, among whom he lived.

The Subjection of Women. By JOHN STUART MILL. Longmans. 5s.

IT is not too much to say that this, rather than another, is *the* book of the past month. Its author and subject alike command the public attention in a peculiar degree. The volume will be discussed in a subsequent number of the Review, and all that need be said of it now is, that probably no other contribution of Mr. Mill's to social speculation is marked by so far-reaching, exalted, and courageous a kind of wisdom. A reader's appreciation of this little work, and its design, will be a very ample test both of his social foresight and of his elevation of character.

Travels in the Central Caucasus and Bashan, including Visits to Ararat and Tabreez, and Ascents of Kazbek and Elbruz. By DOUGLAS W. F. FRESHFIELD. London: Longman, Green, and Co. 18s.

THE author of this book has given a useful account of the natural features of the Caucasian region, its glaciers and forests, its ice-falls, swamps, and jungles. Accompanied by two friends, he ascended the two most famous summits of the Caucasus, and regarding himself, in his very modest preface, as a pioneer to future travellers, he congratulates himself upon having at least attempted to attract the attention of others to a range of mountains which surpasses the Alps by two thousand feet in the average height of its peaks, which abounds in grand and picturesque scenery, and is now within the reach of even long vacation tourists. The work, which is written in an unaffected style, is embellished by illustrations, some engraved from the paintings of a Russian artist at Tiflis, and others from photographs and pencil sketches. There is also a map of the Central Caucasus, reduced from the Five Verst Map, executed by the Russian Topographical Department at Tiflis, and corrected by the experience of the author and his fellow-travellers.

An Historical Sketch of the French Bar, from its Origin to the Present Day; with Biographical Notices of some of the Principal Advocates of the Nineteenth Century. By ARCHIBALD YOUNG, Advocate. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1869. 7s. 6d.

A REPRINT from the pages of the *Journal of Jurisprudence*; but the author justly thinking that the subject was too important to be confined to a periodical chiefly devoted to matters of a strictly technical and local nature, has republished his papers in an extended form. He begins with the beginning, and gives an account of the judicial combat and the difficult and dangerous duties of advocates in connection with it; but the greater portion of the work is devoted to a description of the French Bar in the nineteenth century. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that both in the political as well as in the judicial arena the Bar of France has taken a more prominent position now than in any former period. The French have been always famous for their rhetoric, for Juvenal in his fifteenth Satire wrote "*Gallia cauidicos docuit facunda Britannos*;" and St. Jerome, in one of his epistles, speaks of the "*ubertatem Gallici nitoremque sermonis*." The latter portion of Mr. Young's volume is the most attractive to the general reader; but those who practise or study the law will read the whole of it with interest.

The Globe Edition of the Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. Edited, with Notes and Introductory Memoir, by ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD, M.A., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and Professor of History in Owen's College, Manchester. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869. 3s. 6d.

A PORTABLE and well-printed edition of Pope's poetical works on toned paper supplies a want. In the *text*, Warburton's arrangement, with one exception, has been maintained, and some pieces added from subsequent editions, and sometimes from earlier sources. The editor has supplied an Introductory Memoir. It contains a careful estimate of the characteristics of the age in which Pope lived and wrote, and the life of the poet is narrated with clearness and method. To have said anything original about the great satirist, after the hundreds of critiques that have been penned, would have been difficult; but all that is said here is put with great fairness and judgment.

Grettir Saga: the Story of Grettir the Strong. Translated from the Icelandic by EIRIKR MAGNUSSON, Translator of "Legends of Iceland;" and WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of "The Earthly Paradise." London: F. S. Ellis, Covent Garden. 1869.

THE two writers of the present volume translated a Saga in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*. The present story is founded on facts full of dramatic interest, and gives a vivid picture of the life and manners of a race nearly akin to ourselves. The translator tells us in his preface that it holds a high place in the literature of Iceland, according to the estimate of the most diligent students of that literature.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXXII. NEW SERIES.—AUGUST 1, 1869.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.¹

THERE are two kinds of written lives of men which deserve to remain amongst us as enduring and faithful monuments. There is the rare and fortunate work of genius; this in its origin is related to imagination and creative power as closely as to judgment and observation; we can hardly pronounce whether it be the child of Memory, or of her daughters, the Muses, for it is at once a perfect work of art and an infallible piece of history. It portrays the man in few lines or many, but in lines each one indispensable and each characteristic; it may seem to tell little, yet in fact it tells all; from such a biographer no secrets are withholden, nor does he need many diaries, letters, and reminiscences of friends; he knows as much about the man he undertakes to speak of as Shakspeare knew about Hamlet, or Titian about his magnificoes—that is, everything. — Mr. Carlyle's life of Sterling was perhaps the last volume placed on the narrow shelf containing the biographies in all languages which belong to this class.

But there is also what we could ill lose, the work of knowledge, and labour, and patience, and zeal, and studious discrimination, and enforced impartiality. In such a portrait the lines *must* be many, and the more numerous they are (provided that they are not entirely insignificant), the better the portrait grows: but some characteristic lines may come in by chance, and even in the end we can scarcely be quite sure that some are not forgotten. As we read the book we gradually form such an acquaintance with the man as we should were we introduced to his familiar circle in real life, seeing him in various circumstances, in various attitudes, in various moods of mind; distracted and perhaps misled by some things that are accidental

(1) "Walter Savage Landor, a Biography," by John Forster, 2 vols. London: 1869. 28s.

and superficial, and little related to character, but discovering much that is permanent and structural, until at last we speak of the man as an old acquaintance, and declare that we know him well. It is true it may happen that we never know him perfectly.

To this second class of biographies belongs Mr. Forster's *Life of Landor*. No one living can speak of Landor with authority equal to that of Mr. Forster, and from his judgment on most points there is no appeal. This task was clearly laid upon him to accomplish, and we think he has accomplished it well. The information his book supplies is full, precise, and trustworthy; great pains have been taken to make the presentation of character complete; there is no approach to tampering with facts through an unwise zeal of friendship; the biographer, allowance being made for some necessary reserves, before all else has striven to be truthful, and because entirely just, he has felt that in treating of such a man as Landor generosity is a part of justice. Mr. Forster is of course thoroughly well acquainted with Landor's writings, and his critical observations on these are distinguished by their freedom from hasty half-views, and generally by their soundness of judgment. Lovers of Landor must further be informed that these volumes contain five unpublished scenes in verse, being the last of his "*Imaginary Conversations*," and, in whole or in part, about four hundred of his letters.

The character of Landor is one which, in consequence of the prominent and disproportioned development of some of its elements, appears from a distance and at first sight simple and easy to comprehend, but which as we approach it and contemplate it for a longer time grows in complexity, growing, also, not a little in interest. The first thing we are tempted to say of him (and with some explanatory clauses added, we say it to the last) is, that he was emphatically an *uncivilised* man. If, as Hobbes believed, the state of nature is a state of warfare, then Landor all his life through was not far from the perfect state of nature. Certainly, whether we agree with or dissent from Hobbes, we cannot doubt that it is the work of every part of our organised social and political life to give lessons—lessons often enforced with a bitter rod—to the passions and will of the individual, and to reclaim them from disorders into which they may happen to run. The child quickly discovers that cries, kicks, and plunges (at least under certain circumstances) are opposed by laws which declare them treasonable to society—laws enforced by formidable sanctions—and in due time he ceases to plunge, and kick, and cry. A similar training goes on through later years until from the brute will a beautiful and intelligent force is fashioned. But Landor's will, impelled as it often was by generous instincts and high passions, was yet uncultivated, unreclaimed, and, indeed, irreclaimable. Any one who upon the model of Burton's book on Melan-

choly should undertake to write the *Anatomy of Irascibility*, would find illustrations of quarrels in almost every relation of human life in this biography. It is surely a paradox deserving to be signalised that a supreme artist—one, therefore, bound to the habitual service of Joy—should at the same time be an insensate waster and destroyer of the happiness of men—his own happiness and that of others. But the cruel lot of such a man as Landor in our modern time is that society proves too strong for him, contracts within narrow bounds the sphere of his turbulent impetuosity, and commonly introduces some formal or vulgar elements into his action—attorneys' letters, legal delays, considerations of shillings and pence, and such like, which spoil its splendour even for his own imagination. If Hyperion, or any most beautiful Titan, were to pick a quarrel with some of the petty human race in Fleet Street or Cheapside, the metropolitan police would in the end get him on the ground, and he would present a sorry appearance on his way to Bridewell, with grim disfigured feature, between Policeman A and Policeman X. And such is the appearance which Landor too often presents. In every instance where the effects of his violent temper extended beyond the domestic circle, the world proved too strong for him—the crowd of little people closed around the one Titanic man, and threw him; rage and mortification followed, and lesson after lesson of experience was wasted upon his intractable will. These contests, which embittered so many days of youth, manhood, and old age, were for the most part quite unheroic, and borrow any interest they possess from the disproportioned amount of passion and energy which Landor threw into them; they resulted in suffering to himself which was sheer torture, incapable of transmutation into virtue or into song. When De Quincey, moving in his dim, rich border-land between rhetoric and poetry, speaks with reference to Landor of “the fiery radiations of a human spirit, built by nature to animate a leader in storms, a martyr, a national reformer, an arch-rebel, as circumstances might dictate,” he seizes finely on the possibilities of greatness which lay in nearly all Landor's outbreaks of temper both in his books and in his life; but too often the “fiery radiations” in his life had much of their brightness, and all their beauty, blurred by their transit through a gross medium of circumstances.

An acute observer, Miss Martineau, has expressed her opinion that the contempt and bitterness of spirit by which Landor was best known to the multitude, were qualities of *style* rather than of soul—meaning by this, not literary style only, but style of expression by life and act as well as by the pen. But in life as in art, is not style the true rendering of soul into form, and related to the mind of the man, as it is to that of the artist, in other and far closer ways than

is the brute matter which he fashions with his hands? Style is definable as the outcome of the habitual formative tendencies, and these in a great creative nature are always very numerous. The truth which underlies Miss Martineau's remark seems to be that contempt and bitterness, as far as they are the characteristics of Landor's deeds and words, are the products of many causes, and that, as primitive or isolated characteristics of soul, they had no place in him. There was nothing malignant—no sharp metallic corrosiveness, no flavour of acrid weeds, and no heavy, poisonous sweetness in the fountains of Landor's thought and passions; but the waters were impetuous, and when they seemed to sleep in happiest quiet, ran swiftly, ready to fling themselves over rock or precipice, should such be near; they never could follow the channels prepared for less wilful streams to irrigate the pasture-lands and turn the mill-wheels of complacent men, and their wayward bounty was sudden, splendid, and profuse.

The strifes in which so much of Landor's life took form, were then the result of no definite pernicious tendencies of his nature, but of many qualities of soul, of which none were malignant, and some were altogether noble. Altogether noble was the constitutional sensitiveness of his passions, though it would have been a gain if he could have learnt to protect himself at times against the consequences of this sensitiveness. Noble too in its capacity for high uses, if inevitably subject to frequent abuse, was the amplifying power by which a hint of love or of insult assumed gigantic proportions in his imagination—

“Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive,”

and often this amplifying power fulfils the function of that wiser insight which discovers below the poor appearances of things their hidden greatness, beauty, and terror. There was something excellent also in the susceptibility of Landor's nature for being absolutely possessed for a time by a single idea or emotion. We read in a letter written to his sister when he was over fifty years of age, “Arnold [Landor's son] had had a fever a few days before [I left Florence], and I would not go until his physician told me he was convalescent. Not receiving any letter at Naples, I was almost mad, for I fancied his illness had returned. I hesitated between drowning myself and going post back.” No one whose smile is not a wrinkle of the face, signifying emptiness of soul, will smile at this, for he will know that susceptibility to such frenzy of love and anxiety, co-existing with high intellectual powers, belongs only to natures greatly endowed with rich and dangerous faculties. These various attributes of mind, it will be perceived, left Landor a prey to circumstances. If the occasion of his burst of passion was something luckily seen in

a glance of second thoughts to be trivial or unrelated to his pride, his affections, or his strenuous sense of justice, he would lead the merriment against himself by that long loud laugh which his friends so well remember, "hardly less," says Mr. Forster, "than leonine; higher and higher would peal go after peal, in continuous and increasing volleys, until regions of sound were reached very far beyond ordinary human lungs." But often his pride came to give permanence to the results of his sensitiveness. Then a warfare was entered upon, in which Landor lavished a stately scorn upon his opponent, and underwent his predestined defeat. Add to these sources of trouble the absolute submergence of his judgment when his passions were in storm. He had then abundant justice of the heart, and in fact very often had the balance of right upon his side, but of justice of the intellect he had none. With a feminine eagerness for extremes he arrayed angels of light upon one side of the cause in which he was engaged—his own or his friends' side—against fiends of darkness on the other, and masculine pride fortified his understanding against any chance incursion of common sense.

The truth is, Landor was born three centuries too late. He ought to have been a man of the Italian Renaissance—a contemporary of Cellini, whom in some points he strikingly resembles. Landor, indeed, in other particulars was notably and nobly unlike Cellini. He had no jealousy of rival artists; there was nothing savage in his temperament; antiquity was nursing mother of his intellect as well as of his imagination, and therefore his intellect was free from the taint of superstition which Catholicism carried into Cellini's blood, and his imagination itself was controlled to truer grace and beauty. On the other hand, Cellini's nature, reared in a ruder moral climate, was more robust in action and in suffering than Landor's; he had the privilege of possessing a mode for the relief of overcharged feelings—easy, sudden, and faultless—in the dagger and the sword; and his life was rich in varied and splendid circumstance both of pleasure and of pain. But Landor and Cellini resembled one another in the sensitiveness of their emotions; in the sudden possession of their whole being by a predominant feeling or thought; in their boundless self-confidence, and readiness to give that self-confidence expression; in the energy, passion, and extreme desire with which they worked as artists; and while accomplishing small works of art perfectly, both had daring to achieve things great and faulty. A medal or vase of Cellini's is not more fairly designed and more truly wrought than a "Hellenic" by Landor, and over against the "Perseus" we set "Count Julian."

But Landor is distinguished from Cellini, and such men as surrounded Cellini, especially by the gracious sweetness of his disposition and manners when causes of irritation, real and imaginary,

were absent. Mr. Forster has noticed, as a marked particularity of his genius, the union with its strength of a most uncommon gentleness, and adds, that in the personal ways of the man this was equally manifest. Leigh Hunt, after having seen Landor in Italy, "endeavoured to convey the impression produced by so much vehemence of nature, joined to such extraordinary delicacy of imagination, by likening him to a stormy mountain pine that should produce lilies." "I never saw anything but the greatest gentleness and courtesy in him," records Mr. Kirkup, "especially to women. He was chivalresque of the old school." Emerson had inferred from Landor's books, or magnified from some anecdotes, an impression of Achillean wrath—an untamable petulance. He found him "noble and courteous," "the most patient and gentle of hosts." In extreme old age, and with much in the recent past to make his temper bitter or morose, he visited at Siena the American sculptor, Mr. Story. "Landor," wrote Mr. Browning, who, by the generous and prompt service rendered about this time to the distressed old man, has added much to the debt all Englishmen owe him, "Landor has to-day completed a three weeks' stay with the Storys. They declare most emphatically that a more considerate, gentle, easily-satisfied guest never entered their house. They declare his visit has been an unalloyed delight to them."

It has seemed worth while to adduce testimony, proving (what those who knew him personally require no proof of) that, ordinarily, Landor was other than he seemed when an access of indignation or scorn possessed his heart and brain. This gentler side of his character shows itself in many little things which signify much—his love of flowers, and birds, and dumb creatures of every kind, and of children, who all loved him. "My heart is tender. I am fond of children, and of talking childishly. I hate to travel even two stages. Never without a pang do I leave the house where I was born. Even a short stay attaches me to any place." And in reply to "Arnold's first letter," found treasured amongst the old man's papers after his death, a letter hoping after the manner of little boys in round hand, that his dearest papa is quite well, sending ten thousand kisses, and wishing him to come back again with all his heart, the father's letter closes with the following: "Tell my sweet Julia that, if I see twenty little girls, I will not romp with any of them before I romp with her; and kiss your two dear brothers for me. You must always love them as much as I love you, and you must teach them how to be good boys, which I cannot do as well as you can. Go preserve and bless you, my own Arnold. My heart beats as if it would fly to you, my own fierce creature. We shall very soon meet." Birds and flowers were a dear delight to him; but at first (for afterwards, in his Italian garden, it was otherwise) he seems to have loved them,

not with that individualising affection to which each flower and haunt of flowers is known and cherished, and with which there are preferences, peculiar regards, and chosen types, as it were, of floral character; rather, he surveyed as an aristocrat in the world of ideas and of beauty this humble democracy of the fields in the mass and multitude—loving them as a prince might love his people, yet recognising in them what is recognisable also in the people, something of divine. The following, written from his recently-purchased property in Wales to Southey, will not consent to remain unquoted, and its close is surely worthy of a place in that beautiful Imaginary Conversation (Landor's favourite of all the conversations) between Epicurus and his fair disciples: "I have made a discovery, which is that there are both nightingales and glow-worms in my valley. I would give two or three thousand pounds less for a place that was without them. I hardly know one flower from another, but it appears to me that here is an infinite variety. The ground is of so various a nature and of such different elevations that this might be expected. I love these beautiful and peaceful tribes, and wish I was better acquainted with them. They always meet one in the same place, at the same season; and years have no more effect on their placid countenances than on so many of the most favoured gods." This advocate of tyrannicide, this fire-eater who could hardly be restrained from sending a challenge to Lord John Russell on the occasion of some fancied slight to a *possible* kinsman of three centuries since, this exile of Rugby, and Oxford, and England, records at the age of fifty-five that he had never in his life taken a bird's nest, though he had found many, and trembles lest any gluttonous Italian should deprive him of his cuckoo. He had more sympathy with St. Francis, who called birds and quadrupeds his brothers and sisters, than with lovers of field sports. "It is hard to take away what we cannot give; and life is a pleasant thing, at least to birds. No doubt the young ones say tender things one to another, and even the old ones do not dream of death."

This union of gentleness with impetuosity, vehemence, and explosive wrath, was only one of the many paradoxes of the character of Landor. Some of these indeed are very superficial paradoxes. Thus when Landor again and again, with laboured variety of image and epithet, expressed his contempt of the public distributors of literary praise and his indifference to their awards, we are well aware that real indifference and contempt do not so earnestly concern themselves to prove their own existence. We know that the opinions of his critics *did* interest his feelings, if not his intellect, and that no more than truth was acknowledged when he wrote to Southey, "I confess to you if even foolish men had read 'Gebir' I should have continued to write poetry. There is something of summer in the hum of in-

sects." Less on the surface, but still easy to understand, was the co-existence in Landor of unbounded self-confidence, announced to his critics in absurd challenges to write anything as good as his *worst* dialogues or poems, and a kind of bashful self-distrust. It was not distrust of his merits, but of his power of making men perceive and acknowledge them. At Rugby and Oxford, where, if wilful, he was studious and an excellent Latin scholar, he entered into no competition with his fellows. When he had completed some important work, for which he felt assured of immortality, he would transfer it with a nervous bashfulness to a friend to bring before the public. "No author living or dead," he said, "kept himself so deeply in the shade through every season of life;" and in a certain sense there was truth in this. Paradoxical, too, was the union of extreme sensibility and a faculty for ingenious self-torment with the power of resolutely turning away from pain, or eluding it when it was in pursuit of him. After periods of distressing excitement in real life he filled up the tempestuous vacancy of the soul with occupations of the life of thought, and duties to the children of his imagination; from harsh experience he turned to Art, and found her "a solitude, a refuge, a delight." Times when other men would be incapacitated by tremulous hand or throbbing brow for pure and free imagining and delicate manipulation, were precisely the productive periods of Landor. Not that he transmuted his dross of life into gold of art, or taught in song what he had learnt in suffering; rather, he would listen to no lessons of suffering, but escaped from them into the arms of joy. Among these apparent inconsistencies of Landor's character that one is especially noteworthy which is indicated by the presence of so much disorder and disproportion in his conduct of life (if conduct it can be called), and in the opinions and sentiments expressed in not a little of what he wrote, and the presence of so much order, proportion, and harmony in the form of his artistic products—so much austere strength in some, so much beauty in others, which would be recognised as severe if it were not so absolutely beautiful. And to add one other paradox—notwithstanding all the unhappy contests in which he was engaged, and his confession (far from the truth of the case) that his temper was the worst beyond comparison that ever man was cursed with, there can be little doubt he believed himself a man of peace, considered that warfare had always been forced upon him by outrages to himself or to others, which he was bound to repel, and applied with sincerity to himself his noble quatrain which serves as motto to "Last Fruits off an Old Tree:"—

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Landor's periods of productive energy being identical with periods of painful pressure of events in actual life from which he sought relief, it was natural that he should surrender himself unconditionally to the pleasurable excitement of his imagination. This, however, was but the least cause of the complete possession in which the creatures of his brain held him, while they were yet unabandoned to the world, and had no other lover than himself on whom to bestow their sweetness and their strength. In his passionate power of imaginative vision, which at once embraced the whole and its details, in the unrestrained sensibility excited by these children of his dreams, and his pride—a disinterested pride—in their beauty and grace and vigour, Landor strikingly resembled some of the great men of the Renaissance. The ardour with which he worked carried him rapidly over difficulties. His earliest poems reiterate the music of Pope; the couplets are upborne on wings which move in regular and even libration, as if by clockwork. But in a surprisingly short time he had delivered himself from the influence of Pope, received the teaching of the Greek tragic poets, discovered and admired in Pindar his "proud complacency and scornful strength," studied profoundly under Milton the secrets of poetical counterpoint, and formed a style of his own, thoroughly original, and distinguished by its restrained power and vigorous purity. Thus in his twentieth year "Gebir" was written. It is only ardour that achieves such rapid conquests. Once engaged by a subject, he wrote with speed. In forty hours a thousand lines of "Count Julian" were produced, and Southey observed truly that Landor's manner involved so much thought (excess of meaning being its fault), that the same number of lines must have cost thrice as much expense of passion and of the reasoning faculty to him as they would to Southey himself. "Andrea of Hungary" was conceived, planned, and executed in thirteen days; it was followed in a fortnight by "Giovanna of Naples," and this was the work of a man of over sixty years of age. "The worst of it is," he writes, "in anything dramatic, such is the rapidity of passion, the words escape before they can be taken down. If you lose one, you lose the tone of the person, and never can recover it. Desperation! And the action is gone too." After long walks, during which he brought before himself the various characters of his greatest drama, the very tones of their voices, their forms and complexions and step, he would write for four or five hours. "In the daytime I laboured, and at night unburdened my soul, shedding many tears." "I shed a great many tears as often as I attempted the 'Tiberius'" (one of the "Imaginary Conversations"); and of the same Dialogue he writes:—"It is here, among the rocks of the torrent Etna, that I found my Vipsania on the 5th of October. The hand that conducted her to Tiberius felt itself as strong almost as that

which led Alcestis to her husband. It has, however, so shaken me at last that the least thing affects me violently, my ear particularly."

How his friend Southey could write two poems at a time was inconceivable to Landor; he himself was unable to divide his passions and affections. "When I write a poem, my heart and all my feelings are upon it. I never commit adultery with another, and high poems will not admit flirtation." With some of his characters he had lived for two or three years before he published the poem which contained them. "Count Julian" was left off twice because the Count and his daughter each had said things which other personages might say. The visible result in the case of Landor's work, moreover, represents very inadequately the cost of production. Of what was actually written in many cases, the published poem is hardly more than half. "What loads I carted off from 'Gebir,'" he exclaimed, "in order to give it proportion, yet nearly all would have liked it better with incorrectness;" and of "Andrea of Hungary" he wrote, "I have weeded out and weeded out, and have rejected as much as would furnish any friend for another piece—as good as this." Having brought his work to its close with unusual rapidity, which alone with Landor ensured excellence, he was then fated to undergo in its keenest form the happy persecution of words and phrases, paragraphs and lines which demanded correction. A few lines apparently unimportant in "Count Julian" it cost him, Mr. Forster records, a day each on an average to alter. "All bad poets," Landor has said, "admire all that they write. A true one never suspects a passage of his own to be imperfect without cause. His suspicions are of the nature of conscience." A few touches, suggested by some casual observations in a letter from Southey, were introduced as an after-thought into the noble dialogue between the Ciceros: "I should have passed many sleepless nights," wrote Landor, "at the faultiness of my work if I had omitted them." Sleepless nights, when engaged late in life with the republication of a volume of Latin poems and inscriptions, he did actually pass, tortured by a Satanic suggestion (unquestionably it came from the father of lies) that he had been guilty of a false quantity in treating as short the first vowel of the word *flagrans*; one night had gone by in the exciting hopes and disappointments of various emendations; on the second night he lay again with open eyes until as the clock struck four he sprang out of bed repeating a line of Virgil's first "Georgic," which, with its final "*ille flāgranti*," brought the much-desired relief: there and then in the winter morning (Landor at this time was upwards of seventy) he hurried to write a communication of his satisfactory solution of the difficulty to Mr. Forster, who was seeing the volume through the press. "He might as well have waited till daybreak," continues the biographer, "for he gained nothing by so sacrificing

rest ; but it was his old impetuous way." It remains to be added, with respect to the manner in which Landor's works were produced, that, like Wordsworth's, much of his poetry came into being in the open air, though, unlike Wordsworth, Landor could not remember his own verses, and found it necessary to transcribe them from his brain at once. So also he was accustomed to assemble and arrange the thoughts and sentences of his prose Dialogues, uttering them aloud, while wandering amongst the hills at Fiesole. There is reason to believe that this method of open-air creation is favourable to the soundness and ripeness of form in the structure alike of prose and verse. Sentences which, threatening to come to the birth, are delivered with the easy maieutic aids of pen and paper, are too often seven-months' children which no after nursing or doctoring can make other than puny and frail. A thought or period of verse or prose which as yet has not acquired the self-resumed sharpness of individuality given by external existence, is subject to the brooding power of mind, and secretly grows and is enriched in ways we know not of. What has gone before, held by strong retention in the plastic imagination, draws towards it what comes after, and a true community of sentences or verses (far removed from the formal pen-and-ink junctions and transitions which affect chiefly the eye or the surface of the tympanum) is naturally brought about.

Of Landor's works there is an obvious first thing to say, and Mr. Forster has naturally said it in his introductory pages,—namely, that they belong to that class of writings which are not popular, and hardly can become so, while at the same time they captivate or compel to admiration many of the highest minds : the people reject them, but an aristocracy of genius and of intelligence record suffrages in their favour. Landor certainly, in the world of letters as in the world of politics, was with deliberate purpose no democrat. He detested the most democratical nation of Europe—the French. He detested the democracy of America. His ideal of government closely resembled that of the man, whom perhaps of all others he revered most profoundly—Milton ; it was a republic, but a republic ruled by an oligarchy comprising the highest wisdom, virtue, and genius of the nation. Passionately Landor desired liberty for the peoples ; sacred wrath seized him at the sight of their oppressors and betrayers ; in religion all his sympathies went with the movements which were essentially popular ; the gentle and virtuous Wesley, and the temperance preacher, Father Mathew, seemed to him like the earlier apostles re-arisen, working marvels in the hearts of multitudes. But the liberty he desired was a strenuous enforcement of the highest powers and means of society to the highest ends, no indulged wallowing-in-the-mire of a loose, unwieldy, and bewildered democracy. He loved the people and sympathised with

every bright enthusiastic aspiration towards freedom. Garibaldi, Mazzini, Kossuth were amongst his heroes; but it can hardly be doubted that, dominated over by his antique political ideal, he really failed to comprehend or live in harmony with the tendencies of the modern world. Landor loved the people, but for the most part he loved them as he did the peaceful tribes of flowers, as one inevitably above them, who yet found something infinitely attaching and pathetic in the simplicity of their wiser joys, and in the sacredness of their human sorrows. Opas, Metropolitan of Seville, pleads with Count Julian against his resolution to bring the miseries of war upon his country:—

“ If only warlike spirits were evoked
 By the war-demon, I would not complain,
 Or dissolute and discontented men ;
 But wherefore hurry down into the square
 The neighbourly, saluting, warm-clad race,
 Who would not injure us, and cannot serve ;
 Who, from their short and measured slumber risen,
 In the faint sunshine of their balconies,
 With a half-legend of a martyrdom
 And some weak wine and withered grapes before them,
 Note by their foot the wheel of melody
 That catches and rolls on the Sabbath dance.
 To drag the steady prop from failing age,
 Break the young stem that fondness twines around,
 Widen the solitude of lonely sighs,
 And scatter to the broad bleak wastes of day
 The ruins and the phantoms that replied,
 Ne'er be it thine.”

From this digression it is time to return and say again that Landor, if he belonged to the republic of letters, never wished that republic to become a democracy. If the number of those who know his works as they ought to be known might easily be counted, and if, as Mr. Forster asserts, few know anything of his noble dramatic trilogy, still Landor cannot be accounted unfortunate in his readers. Shelley, from his college days to the close of his life, was a passionate admirer of “Gebir,” and at times was possessed by it in a way from which there was no rescue or escape. Wordsworth confessed that Landor was the poet who had written verses “of which he would rather have been the author, than of any produced in our time.” Lamb (Crabb Robinson relates) was always turning to “Gebir” for things that haunted him, and declared that only two men could have been author of the “Examination of Shakspeare,”—he who wrote it, and the man it was written on. Julius Hare stated of the Collected Works that they seemed to him to contain more and more various beauty than any collection of the writings of any English author since Shakspeare. Of the “Pentameron” Mrs. Browning said that,

if it were not for the necessity of getting through a book, some of the pages are too delicious to turn over; and of "Pericles and Aspasia," that, if he had written only this, it would have shown him to be "of all living writers the most unconventional in thought and word, the most classical because the freest from mere classicism, the most Greek because preeminently and purely English." Mr. Carlyle, speaking of a Dialogue which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in Landor's eighty-first year, asks characteristically, "Do you think the grand old Pagan wrote that piece just now? The sound of it is like the ring of Roman swords on the helmets of barbarians. An unsubduable old Roman!" The "Imaginary Conversations" were for twenty years the companion of Emerson, and when he visited Europe, hoping to see the faces of three or four writers, one of the three or four was its author. It will not perhaps seem much to men of this generation, though Landor highly esteemed the honour, that to him Southey dedicated his "Kehama," and James his "Attila:" two other dedications will now be supposed to have conferred a higher distinction,—that in which the author of "Luria" inscribed to him his noblest drama, and that which Mr. Swinburne prefixed to "Atalanta in Calydon;" nor may we forget the homage this youngest singer of England paid to the venerable man not long before his death:—

"I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before;
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find
'Till all grief end,
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend."

With such readers Landor might well be content, and he did not expect to be read by a multitude. "I have no reason to complain, and never did. I found my company in a hot-house warmed with steam, and conducted them to my dining-room through a cold corridor, with nothing but a few old statues in it from one end to the other, and they could not read the Greek names on the plinth, which made them hate the features above it." This is admirable, but it only approaches, and does not accurately put the finger on the causes of Landor's want of popularity. It was not merely or chiefly because the substance or subject of so much of what he wrote was classical that the people would not read his writings; it was rather because he was essentially classical in his feeling with respect to form, and also because he was essentially classical in the sphere through which his thoughts and feelings expatiated, and in the limitations of his mind.

Landor himself might have objected to being styled *classical*; he disliked these divisions of poets into schools, and held that there is only one school, the universe, and one only school-mistress, Nature. And truly, after fifty years' ringing of changes on the words "classical" and "romantic," criticism begins to find their reiterated tinkle somewhat of a sleep-compelling sound. Yet the distinction is an obviously just and important one. Nature is indeed the teacher of all true poets, but, like a wise teacher, she does not put all scholars through the same course of study, and her instruction accordingly in different scholars bears different, yet in each case appropriate fruits; in some, exuberance, variety, splendour, self-surrender to powerful but confused masses of thought and feeling, with small care to define or comprehend them; in others, order, proportion, correct perception, resulting from careful practice, regular and logical progression of ideas and feelings, that succeed one another in a clearly intelligible train. The strength of our great English authors has seldom resided in order, proportion, correct perception, according to which all the parts of a complex whole are seen in due subordination one to the other. The House of Fame to which the eagle bore our English Geffray, was characteristically a piece of poetical architecture thoroughly Gothic in design. The Fairyland in which our Spenser lived was an universe where everything incongruous in the actual world resided side by side, in perfect romantic, not classical, harmony—knights and satyrs, nymphs and nuns, Renaissance sensuousness and Christian saintliness, Aristotelian virtues and evangelical graces, Dame Coelia and Dame Venus, and its ever-expanding, luminous, and sweet horizons are far removed from the clearly-defined and shapely outlines of an Attic landscape. Our Elizabethan dramatists, thoroughly English as they are, in a pre-eminent degree are unclassical, and even anti-classical; and the attempts made at various times to bend our literature to classicism were not of native origin, and may certainly be pronounced failures. But Landor, with respect to artistic form, was essentially Greek. The feeling for order, proportion, harmony, simplicity, was with him supreme. He never *phrygianized* (to borrow his own word) an obvious and natural thought with "such biting and hot curling-irons that it rolls itself up impenetrably." He never allowed a great idea or beautiful image, or felicitous expression to appear in his writings until he had found a place for it; hence his good things when presented in the way of extracts, seem wronged and insulted, as if the old statues one meets in wandering about some nobly-ordered garden were all brought together and stationed in rank and file upon the terrace. When Landor wanted to say a clever thing, he knew what to do with it, and wrote an epigram; in his more serious writings he never does say clever things; he felt that it is "as intolerable to keep

reading over perpetual sharpnesses as to keep walking over them." And when he is elevated he is not so in a way to take away one's breath; he conducts one to his altitude of passion, or mount of speculation along much lower ground, and by a gradual ascent; otherwise for him no height is attainable. He is never blown away with ruffled wings in a wind of desire; his alacrity is a calm alacrity, like the descending or ascending movement of Mercury on a divine errand. Moderation and composure (of course form alone is here spoken of) are never lost. "Whoever has the power of creating," says Boccaccio, in the "Pentameron," "has likewise the inferior power of keeping his creation in order. The best poets are the most impressive, because their steps are regular, for without regularity there is neither strength nor state." In humour there seems to be naturally and almost necessarily some disturbance of balance and some shifting refraction of objects in the rippled waters of laughter. But Landor's humour at its best, when truest to his genius, appears a gayer part of the perfect order of things; he shows himself at times as great a master as Addison of concinnity in the playful. It would not be easy to find anything in the "Sir Roger de Coverley" papers more gracefully humorous than the narrative of Messer Francesco Petrarca's ride to hear mass on the Lord's day in the parish church at Certaldo. It is so graceful, because it is severe with no appearance of severity.

This passion for order, proportion, beauty of form, naturally influenced deeply Landor's critical judgments. Spenser never was a favourite with him ("me he mostly sent to bed"), but in the case of Spenser, his classical spirit was offended less by the poet's indifference to unity and shapeliness, than by the allegory, a species of art in which the idea and the form, the soul and the body stand over one against the other, and do not exist in vital union and interpenetration, a species of art fostered from the earliest times by Christianity, and which had few attractions for Landor. In Greece form and idea existed in absolute and inseparable identity. So fared it with Spenser. But the Elizabethan dramatists were placed absolutely without the range of Landor's enjoying faculty by their disregard of proportion and order, by their "vast exaggeration and insane display." Webster, Ford, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Chapman, and the rest, are "the mushrooms that sprang up in a ring under the great oak of Arden"—certainly good-sized mushrooms, of the height of ordinary oaks, or thereabouts.¹ And the

(1) There is so much of Landor, and so much that is just in his criticism of the Elizabethan drama, put into the mouth of Southey addressing Porson, that it may stand here in a note:—"I find the over-crammed curiosity shop, with its incommensurable appendages, some grotesquely rich, all disorderly and disconnected. Rather would I find, as you would, the well-proportioned hall, with its pillars of right dimensions, at right distances; with its figures some in high relief and some in lower; with its statues

head of Wordsworth's artistic offending lay for Landor in his supposed want of vigilant superintendence of form, in the unsuccinct zone of his Muse, in the "determination to hold you in one spot until you have heard him through, the reluctance that anything should be lost." This vice lay in the constitution of Wordsworth, according to his critic, and was unalterable. What Landor has thus charged against Wordsworth is indeed partially true, and it is also true that the vice lay in his constitution; but, in as far as it did, it lies—or at least the tendency towards it—in the constitution of every poet who is also and primarily a prophet, every poet who has to deliver a message to his age. Milton himself in his earnest zeal to justify the ways of God to man, has not left his work in this respect absolutely without reproach.

And here we come upon what must for ever fix the place of Landor, on the whole (in some particular qualities of workmanship he is unsurpassed and unsurpassable), far below that of his contemporaries, Wordsworth and Shelley, and very far below that of Goethe, whom on a quite inadequate acquaintance Landor and Wordsworth alike rejected. Apart from his political creed, which was that of Plutarch's men, as remote from that of the democratic nations of the present century as Athens is from New York, or Walt Whitman's Chants from the tragedies of Sophokles, yet which contained truths of much importance for his own day—apart from this Landor had no great authentic word of the Lord to utter. He did not understand the most striking characteristics of his age; he did not comprehend its hopes, nor carry its sorrows; he could, therefore, bring no healing promise or threatening—no "Comfort ye," and no "Woe unto you." He had many great thoughts, and many ardent passions, but the thoughts were not of first-rate importance with reference to his time, the passions were sometimes out of place, and often, instead of clearing and strengthening his intellectual eyes (as passion clears and strengthens the eyes of the prophetic spirits) they drew a film across them which dimmed and distorted. He neither, like Homer, and Dante, and Shakspeare, resumed in himself a whole civilization, a whole epoch in the history of the human mind and human life; nor did he, as pre-eminently Goethe did, and, with less accuracy and fulness, Wordsworth and Shelley did each in his own way, receive divine oracles to deliver to the men of his time.

The French nation, with a true instinct, has dated the birth of our new world from the year 1789. Then the critical and constructive

and its busts of glorious men and women, whom I recognise at first sight; and its tables of the rarest marbles, and richest gems, inlaid in glowing porphyry, and supported by imperishable bronze. Without a pure simplicity of design, without a just subordination of characters, without a select choice of such personages as either have interested us or must by the power of association, without appropriate ornaments laid on solid materials, no admirable poetry of the first order can exist."

philosophy of the eighteenth century (for it was both critical and constructive¹) had overshadowed society and begotten the genius of revolution, and the political ardours and aspirations had gathered force to declare themselves. In the critical philosophy upon its positive and negative sides, often disguised in the form of reactions, and operating in the creation of systems antagonistic to itself, yet still the critical philosophy—in this existing in living union with the passions, hopes, fears and immense fatigues, produced by the French Revolution, lies the history of literature for the first thirty years of the nineteenth century. Goethe, notwithstanding the Olympian calmness with which he viewed political and military movements apart from the culture they might create or destroy, was a child of the critical and constructive philosophy of the eighteenth century and of the French Revolution. "Faust" (not what English readers call "Faust," that is, its first and unintelligible half, but the whole poem) is more nearly than anything else of the time the deliverance in words of

"The soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come."

And it is very singular how closely the concluding scenes of the poem resemble in their ethical significance what Comte was labouring to express in another way. Faust engaged in his draining operations, which led to such splendid results, and, having wholly forsaken metaphysics, is a Comtist of the master's first period. His philanthropy and utilitarianism are, however, still of a somewhat hard type; he grasps the good of the majority with too slight a concern for the individual—witness the burning of the obnoxious cottage; he is not quite delivered from Mephistopheles; he is deficient in love. Faust ascending to the celestials, subject to ever more and more sacred influences of love, finding in his pardoned and accepted Margaret a humaner and more divine Beatrice, and aspiring eternally to the heart of the *Ewigweibliche*, is a Comtist of the master's second period, and, of course, an excellent Catholic. We commend him to the notice of Mr. Congreve. Wordsworth and Shelley, as well as Goethe, have intimate relations in one way or another with both the preceding philosophical movement and the French Revolution. They also understood and were possessed by the tendencies of their time, however to a shallow observer the reverse may appear true of Wordsworth; they had something of the first, or, at least, of the second importance to tell their age about itself. But Landor never partially understood either the critical philosophy or the French Revolution. His supreme Hellenism rendered that impossible. Goethe has, how often! been styled the

(1) And eminently spiritual in its faith that ideas and moral feelings were stronger than material forces, and that thought, justice, and charity would revolutionise the world.

great Pagan. He never was Pagan, any more than Faust was when wedded to Helena, and hence his most classical production, "Iphigeneia," is by no means so much in the antique spirit as some people suppose; and, indeed, as Schiller proved, and Goethe himself acknowledged, is romantic through the predominance of sentiment. But Landor, with a true perception and sound judgment, finding late in life in one of his "Hellenics" a trace of romantic sentiment, struck out the lines. He, indeed, was what Mr. Carlyle named him, "a grand old Pagan," though he was, as every one must be with eighteen centuries of Christian life behind him, much more than a Pagan. But Pagan enough he was to find the atmosphere of Faust's study not capable of being breathed, and no one who cannot remain awhile in that study is a man of the present century. The following sentences, from Landor's letter to Emerson, are decisive on this point: "Neither in my youthful days, nor in any other, have I thrown upon the world such trash as 'Werter' and 'Wilhelm Meister,' nor flavoured my poetry with the corrugated spicery of metaphysics. . . . Fifty pages of Shelley contain more of pure poetry than a hundred of Goethe, *who spent the better part of his time in contriving a puzzle, and in spinning out a yarn for a labyrinth.*" For one and the same reason Landor was incapable of doing justice to Plato, Goethe, Wordsworth, and, in part, Dante. These men could move in a world of ideas and feelings to which he could find no entrance, and he even declared with assurance that no entrance existed.

It remains to observe, in connection with this subject, that Landor, when he wrote dramatic poetry, in some remarkable particulars ceased to be classical. Form, order, proportion are of course inevitably observed. But in his dramas it is not the treatment of an action which he undertakes, but the display and development of a character. And his female characters are as originally conceived and as exquisitely delineated as his men. Here indeed is one of Landor's strongest claims upon our admiration, and one which could hardly fail to obtain general recognition if other causes, sufficiently dwelt upon already, did not deter readers from entering upon his works. How few hands since Shakspeare could have drawn so difficult and delicate a portrait as that of Giovanna! And a whole choir of gracious forms haunts our imaginations after we have closed the "Imaginary Conversations." Certainly—Electra, Antigone, and Alcestis notwithstanding—the delineation of female character of all types, and under every circumstance, has been one of the high peculiar glories of the Christian drama.

More has here been said of Landor's poetical than of his prose works, because inadequate as is the general appreciation of both, the disproportion between their merits and the favour they commonly

receive is greater in the case of those than of these. A reader entirely unacquainted with Landor's writings, and prepared by appropriate culture for enjoying pure classical workmanship, might well begin with the "Hellenics." The dramas may at any time be read. "Gebir" should be reserved till late; it keeps the inner eyes too intensely and too constantly on the strain; its severity is not concealed, but over-apparent; its constricted style produces occasional obscurity; poets suffering from hæmorrhage of the imagination or heart would find it an excellent styptic. Nothing quite comparable to the "Hellenics" has been produced in recent times, unless they be some poems of André Chénier. Chénier is the more lyrical, and although he imitated directly from classical authors (being yet thoroughly original), and Landor did not, is in some respects the more modern of the two; and accordingly the French singer is a near kinsman of the romantic poets of 1830, and dowered them with a rich legacy. Chénier is thoroughly French as well as thoroughly Greek. There is more of radiancy, more of the sense of pleasure, more of youth and freshness in him than in Landor; the spring is in his verses, and their sadness is the tender sadness of an April evening. The form is perfect with both. There is more self-restraint with Landor; more seeming happy facility with Chénier. The "Hellenics" are like the designs upon Greek urns; the "Poésies Antiques" like paintings upon Pompeian walls, but nobler. But as Chénier's sweet, sad, diminished life is seen like a narrow ripple beside the resounding and strong wave of Landor's life, so its accomplishment seems little beside the great verse and prose of Landor. Only what Chénier did was all faultless—Landor's works have abundant faults in the matter of them, which, however, we shall not care to remember against a writer who, more than any Englishman, "wrote, as others wrote, on Sunium's height."

EDWARD DOWDEN.

INFLUENCE OF CIVILISATION ON HEALTH.¹

TOWARDS the middle of the last century a strange question was raised by a strange man. It was a question so vast, so astounding, so chimerical, so destructive, that in any other time but ours and his, men would not have listened to it, would assuredly not have cared to answer it. For the question which Jean Jacques Rousseau put to civilised Europe was nothing less than this: Is not the whole fabric of human society, from beginning to end, a continuous and systematic blunder? The manners and the modes of men, their decalogues, their worships, their laws, their pleasures, their sciences, their arts, —the rich many-coloured tissue of man's life woven in the loom of Time,—seemed to the eloquent self-tortured sophist, but as the rags of the charnel-house. Civilised man was a monstrous and abortive growth; a distortion of the healthy vital process. Yet the disease, though terrible, was not beyond the hope of care. There was a road to recovery, though a difficult one. "Revert," said Rousseau, "to the state of nature. In the American forests, in the islands of the South Sea, you may still behold the true type of man. Undo the hateful work of time. Strip your civilisation off. Erase the past. Begin history again."

There is no need for us seriously to examine the paradox of Rousseau. But the paradoxes of sophists and of charlatans, especially when the marsh fires of false sentiment and vanity are annihilated now and then by the lightning of true genius and passion, have sometimes a prophetic force, and start problems which a later age shapes into definite form, and subjects to scientific method. Sociology, like chemistry, has its alchemistic period. And the abstract entity of "Nature" played the same part in the sociological speculations of Rousseau as the "vital spirits" in the biological speculations of Boerhaave, or as the "eternal fitness of things" in the moral speculations of Fielding's pedagogue. For it needs hardly to be stated that the philosophical savage of Rousseau, combining in himself the qualities of a Greek sage, a Roman hero, and a Christian saint, bore as close a relation to the Choctaws and Iroquois whom he professed to admire, as the gods of Olympus to the bandits who may inhabit the neighbourhood of that mountain in the present day.

The world is now beginning to see that we have no more reason to regard social phenomena than we have chemical phenomena as being under the dominion of arbitrary agencies, either without or within, either personified or abstract, either supernatural or

(1) Delivered before the Royal Institution, February 27, 1869.

metaphysical. Without either denying or affirming such agencies, we regard them as, in the strict sense of the word, transcendental, transcending the powers of man to investigate. We limit ourselves to the study of the laws, that is, of the constant relations which exist in social phenomena, as well as in electrical or chemical phenomena. And in this study we are guided, first, by the various methods, instruments, and results, of which students of mathematics, physics, and biology, respectively avail themselves; and, secondly, and more especially, by a method peculiar to the subject matter; a method which will, so far as we can see, remain for ever as distinct from discussions on the Protoplasm, as it will from discussions on the binomial theorem; the method of Historical Filiation, or the study of the laws according to which the acts of each generation affect the acts of its successors.

The application of these remarks to the subject before us will be, I trust, obvious. We may take up the problem which Rousseau mooted, and to which he gave so confused and chimerical a solution. We may deal with the same series of phenomena, but treat these phenomena in a Positive, not in a Metaphysical spirit. We may, like Rousseau, propose to examine into that complex order of facts called Human Civilisation, and form an opinion as to its effect upon the physical organism. But unlike him we start with the conviction that these facts are subject to natural laws; that civilisation cannot be created or destroyed by a few eloquent words, a few magical abstractions, such as a State of Nature, a Social Contract, Rights of Man; that the phenomena of which it consists, and that portion of them which relates to the physical structure of man, as well as others, are subject to natural spontaneous processes, lying to a large extent beyond human interference. We have then to settle what the limits of such interference are, and how and in what direction it is to be exercised. To find the law, to find the limits within which its operation can be artificially modified by human action,—this is the twofold problem.

To come at once to the point. In what way is the civilisation of Western Europe affecting the health of European populations? that is the first question: and the second question is, having found the spontaneous law of the influence of civilisation upon health, how far can the operation of that law be modified by artificial human action? I need, I hope, hardly say that I do not pretend, in the limits of this lecture, limited still more narrowly by the measure of my intellectual power, to give a satisfactory answer to either of these questions. I wish only to put before this audience in a definite and precise form a problem which is unquestionably the greatest, or all but the greatest, that can possibly be presented for human thought; and for the solution of which all that portion of the intellectual energies of man-

kind which is not absorbed in the immediate requirements of everyday life will not be found too great.

On ne doit penser, said Leibnitz, essentiellement qu'à deux choses ; d'abord la vertu, et puis la santé. These are the words of no pedagogue, no droner of dull saws, but of the most encyclopædic thinker, if we except Des Cartes, for Bacon we need not except, whom the world had seen since Aristotle. Virtue and Health : that is to say, whatever tends to ennoble human life, whatever tends to strengthen it, this forms the twofold object of human thought. It will be one purpose of this lecture to show these two objects are in reality far less separable than they seem ; that they are the gold and silver sides of the same shield. And if my subject leads me to dwell with apparent exclusiveness upon the less precious metal, let me not be thought for a moment to ignore the transcendent superiority of the other.

It is essential, then, to form some clear and comprehensive conception of what is meant by Health. Many definitions have been suggested of it. I have elsewhere defined it as the *greatest energy of each part, compatible with the energy of the whole*. A simpler definition of it, given in a short Sanitary Catechism intended for primary schools, is, *Being able to do a good day's work easily*. The simpler definition coincides in meaning with the more complex. Energy is measurable by the amount of work done. When there is perfect health, *there will be the greatest economy of the vital energies ; there will be the most complete synergy of all the functions ; there will be the minimum of loss, resulting from antagonism of functions, and from degradation of the higher into the lower forms of force*. Let me escape for a moment from the abstract into the concrete. The digestive process requires for its due performance a certain amount of nervous energy. In a healthy man, the function is perfectly performed, with a minimum of nervous force ; as little as possible is subtracted from what is needed for the higher purposes of life. There is a certain lowering, even in this case, of the moral and intellectual functions : Thought is less vigorous, Emotion less delicate, sensitive, and aspiring ; but the direct strain on the superior portions of the nervous system is slight, there is no pain, no consciousness. In the diseased condition of the organ the case is precisely opposite. Then, owing to whatever physical, chemical, or organic obstructions, the call made on the nervous energy is great—a long and complex series of extraneous, and for the end in view, useless, actions and reactions is started ; the secreting tissue calls for more blood ; the influx of blood in turn morbidly affects the secreting tissue ; unwonted stimuli are sent through the terminal nerve fibres to the spinal cord and brain ; pain is felt ; a disturbance more or less profound of the emotional nature arises ; morbid reactions radiate in

every direction to the part primarily affected, to the whole muscular system, to the organs of intellectual action, and to every other part of the fabric. The oscillation in time ceases; the function is at last performed; but energy has been wasted, has been degraded from the higher forms of thought, feeling, and action, to some lower and, for human purposes, useless phase of force.

Take another instance, illustrating healthy or morbid performance of muscular function. Two boys of equal muscular development, but of different skill, are throwing stones—the practised thrower with slight effort, sends his stone eighty yards; the tyro exerts twice the amount of muscular force, and produces half the result. Muscular energy that should have been consumed in hurling the stone, reveals itself in the useless form of increased evolution of heat. For the purpose in view, it has been wholly lost. I might take as a third instance of a function healthily and unhealthily performed, the contrast between two fighting men of equal courage, the one a drilled soldier, the other a wild savage. The same destructive passions are ablaze in both; a tremendous force available for the end aimed at. But the savage expends a large portion of that force in aimless actions, in wild cries, and frantic gestures. The drilled, self-controlling soldier allows none of the explosive force to be wasted thus; he reserves and stores up his passion till it can be concentrated on the predetermined action.

“ With noise and clamour, as a flight of birds,
The men of Troy advanced : as when the cranes,
Flying the wintry storms, send forth on high
Their dissonant clamours, while on the ocean stream
They steer their course, and on their pinions bear
Battle and death to the Pygmean race.

On the other side the Greeks in silence moved,
Breathing firm courage, bent on mutual aid.”

The greatest energy of each part compatible with the greatest energy of the whole—such is, then, our definition of Health; implying, as we have seen, the harmonious action of each organ, the absence of antagonism, the combination of strong individuality with orderly co-operation. Health, in fact, in biological science, is analogous to the great conception which dominates the kindred science of Sociology; the combination of Order with Progress.

Slightly varying our point of view, we may again define Health as *The most perfect form of Life*. Now Life consists, as Auguste Comte long pointed out, in the continuous adjustment of an organism to its environment. Health, therefore, is the state in which that adjustment or adaptation is most complete. I will again endeavour to render my meaning tangible by illustrations drawn from the three modes of life which in man are found united: vegetable life, animal life, and social life.

The function called Respiration is an interchange or reciprocal action carried on between the atmosphere and the liquefied substance of the organism ; the surface at which these two agents come into contact being the respiratory mucous membrane. The right performance of this function depends, then, essentially upon two conditions. The air must be pure, the blood and the lung-tissue must be sound. The first condition is physical ; the second may be called at present, for want of a better name, vital. It depends upon the constitutional stamina—that is, upon the inherited vigour of the organism. It is a question of breed.

Turn now for a moment to the twofold tissues of Animal Life, the nervo-muscular tissues, which bring the organism into relation with other species, friendly or hostile, enabling it thus to select its rare and complex nutriment. There, too, the health, the work done by nerve or muscle, depends on proper adaptation of the environment and the organ ; on the inherited vigour of the muscular substance and on the weight that it is called upon to lift ; on the inherited delicacy of the ear or eye, or touch, and on the quality of the luminous, auditory, or tactile phenomena presented to it. The ear of the Red Indian, the eye of the eagle, the touch of the Hindoo weaver, the muscle of the navvy, possess inherited adaptation to photic, acoustic, cohesive, and gravitating phenomena to which the eye, ear, touch, or muscles of an ordinary man would be as insensitive and dead as a stick or a stone.

Finally, consider the third mode of vitality, found to an appreciable degree in man alone—Social Life. For I assume it as an axiom for my present purpose, doubtful though the doctrine may be to many, that man is distinguished from the other animal races, not by the possession of any organs which they have not, but by his existence, for a period of time so vast that geologists alone can estimate it, in the Social State. The brain of every infant born into the world is the receptacle of an enormous mass of inherited tendencies, traceable in great part to primeval ages, when it may have been doubtful which of the higher species of animals it should be that should gain the victory over the rest, and attain supremacy over the planet. These tendencies are, like the visual capacity, the auditory capacity, the tactile capacity, called into action by appropriate stimuli from the environment. And what in this case is the environment ? The environment for this phase of vitality is Humanity ; by which I mean not merely so many millions of individual men who may happen then to be living in the world, but the resultant sum of all human effort throughout the immeasurable past, embodied in that portion of the existing generation which has received and is fertilising the inheritance of the past, and which has not become a diseased and abortive misgrowth. Humanity in this sense of the word is to the

individual what the organism of the mother is to the organism of the child before birth; and the organ of intercommunication between these two finds its analogue (most profound is the analogy to those who search it) in the human brain. The environment, or stimulus to moral action, in the individual, consists in the passions of other men finding vent in their appropriate actions; the play of those passions being regulated by the past history, the institutions, the government, the religion, the art, the science, the traditional teaching, that may at that time prevail.

Let me take as before one illustration from a thousand that would serve my purpose. There is an instinct in man, whether located in this convolution of the brain or in that matters little,—the instinct, whether simple or complex, exists, and is assuredly connected with some portion or portions of the cerebral substance—the instinct which prompts man to secure the approbation of his fellow-men. Every nursemaid knows that some children are born with this instinct strong, others have it weak. Given this instinct of a certain strength, the mode in which it shall perform its function depends now upon the environment. Let us see to what differences variation in this respect may conduct us.

There have been societies where personal courage was the one thing valued above all others. And in such communities a man in whom the instinct we are speaking of was predominant would concentrate his energies, and sacrifice life itself, in the performance of deeds of valour. There have been other periods and places, as in the best times of the Roman Republic, and of the French, English, and Dutch Revolutions, in which the sense of civic duty was marvellously strong. There have been yet other times in which saintliness of life was the object of the strongest popular reverence. It is clear that the tendency to secure the praise of men, supposing it for a moment unresisted and unmodified by other instincts, would, so far as it went, stimulate a member of such communities to imitate respectively the actions of the Homeric warrior, the Roman citizen, or of the Mediæval saint.

Take yet another case. Suppose a community and an epoch, in which from various causes the military instinct was no longer called universally into play; suppose its population to have outgrown the limits within which the civic or patriotic spirit exercises an active controlling force, so that large masses may grow up, ignoring and ignored of one another; suppose, further, that owing to a vast revolution in opinion, Religion had almost ceased for a time to count as an influence in practical life; suppose, also, that as part of that same revolution in the intellectual world, man's power over natural forces had stupendously increased; what would be the reaction upon the instinct that we are considering of a social environment like this,

in which the centripetal forces had been so suddenly diminished, the centrifugal as rapidly increased? What but this; that in so shifting a social state, the ties that bind man to his fellow citizens, those still more essential ties that bind him to the past or future, being weakened or shattered, the highest honours would be paid, not to the warrior, the patriotic citizen, or the saint, but to the man who had realised the means of power and of personal enjoyment; and that wealth, not military force, being the instrument of power, the acquisition of wealth would become the direct road to the satisfaction of the desire for praise.

I have been considering, you observe, in order to render my meaning more precise, one instinct alone. I have left untouched other equally strong or stronger instincts—the love of command, the animal instinct of hoarding, or the elementary cravings for physical pleasure. But the final result will, when the effect of these, under such conditions, has been analysed, be still more obvious and certain—the pursuit of wealth for purely personal objects will concentrate every effort of that community, to the exclusion or postponement of every other object; so that at last it will become almost incredible to practical men not looking very far behind them or before, that any other object should be even appreciable as a permanent stimulus to human action, and a system of doctrine will arise to which will be given the large name of Political Economy, etymologically meaning the mode of administering states, but in reality (I speak of the greater part of the writings that go by that name, not of the writing of such men as Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill) based on the implicit assumption that the acquisition of wealth is the sole source from which human societies have arisen, the sole bond that secures their cohesion, the sole motive for prolonged human effort. And wealth being the one object of desire, we may be sure that it will be created, accumulated, and destroyed, with a velocity unparalleled in other times; created, because I have supposed an enormous extension in man's grasp over the power of nature; accumulated, because I have supposed the moral checks that have hitherto stood in the way of rapid accumulation to be weakened; and destroyed for the same reason,—the man of wealth feeling himself at liberty to appropriate very large proportions of it to personal enjoyment, and not feeling any strong public obligation to preserve it for any civic purpose, or for the advantage of posterity.

And such being the moral condition, such the social environment, what will be the visible result, what will be the effect upon the physical structure, upon the breed of men and women? You will have, in the first place, a large and wide diffusion of material well-being. The intensified desire to accumulate will imply an immensely increased demand for labour; for the capitalist does not *make* his

fortune, as is commonly and most falsely said, he only accumulates it; the fortune is made for him by the labourers; the capitalist contributing simply the directing skill, the plant, and the food necessary to support the labourers during their work. There will be an immense demand, therefore, for labour, and among many classes of labourers there will be a large increase of wages. And as a sufficient supply of wholesome food and of warm clothing is one essential constituent of public health, this result will be beneficial. But having put this result in one scale, and given to it its due weight—and the weight is very considerable—nearly every other result must be placed in the opposite scale. There are other conditions of health besides good food and warm clothing—conditions still more important than they. Pure air, pure water, sufficient sunlight, moderation in the hours of work, regularity of work, absence of excessive sexual or alcoholic stimuli, preservation of women, and above all, of wives and mothers, from all work outside the home—these are some of the remaining conditions of health, recognised by all.

And there is yet another condition less universally recognised, so little understood, in fact, that I find it hard to choose words which shall convey a prompt and clear conception of my meaning. I will call it Harmony of the Moral Nature; and, strange as at the first glance it may seem to introduce such a subject into a sanitary lecture, I think it may be shown, without any abstruse reasoning, that it lies at the very root of the matter. If we believe what modern science teaches, that no thought, no passion, no volition takes place without some motion or molecular change in the substance of some portion of the brain; if we reflect, also, that every portion of the body, not merely the skin, the organs of sense, and the muscles, but the heart, the blood vessels, the lungs, and every other organ of vegetal and reproductive life, maintains through its nerve fibres an immediate and unbroken connection with the brain; if we bear in mind, also, how promptly nerve-vibrations or disturbances are propagated in every direction where they find an outlet, it will be all but impossible to conceive that a disturbance begun at either termination of the nervous fibril should leave the other termination untouched.

Test this anatomical reasoning by the common sense and observation of man. The relation of Emotion to the muscular system is obvious to all. Every one, consciously or otherwise, is a physiognomist, and physiognomy is based on this relation. Gesture springs from it; artificial gesticulation, from the simple mimic of the infant or savage, to those finer laryngeal contractions that we call language, presupposes it. And what is true of the muscular system holds good of every other part of the body. In exceptional cases we all recognise this. That violent shocks of fear, suspense, grief, joy, shame, anger, stimulate or paralyse in various degrees the secreting capacity of the

mucous membranes, or the pulsations of the heart, needs no physiologist to discover. But the mistake is, that though we recognise the rare and more striking cases, we are blind to the more insensible and continuous action; just as the older geologists paid no heed to any changes on the earth's surface but such as were violent or convulsive; whereas it is the slow, unceasing, unseen process that produces the really great results. It is not the great shock, but the unintermitting succession of minor shocks that is really formidable. In some men, and in some periods of history, the conflicting emotions of our nature have been knit together by a strong religious faith, by an overwhelming social purpose. In other men and other times there has been no belief, no guiding principle, and the passions have wasted their force in fierce mutual struggle alternating with nerveless apathy. In the one case you will have men like the soldiers of the Roman republic, the God-fearing Ironsides of Cromwell, or the volunteers of the French Revolution. In the other case you will have Fausts and Hamlets in the higher classes, and in the lower you will have huge ungoverned masses of hopeless drudges. Do you suppose that the vital stamina would be the same in either case? Do you suppose there would be the same average resistance to an atmospheric contagion? Do you imagine that man does not live by hope, as well as by bread? And do you think, for instance, that if it be true, as our agricultural commissioners stated a month or two ago, that hope has been taken away from the field labourer by the wholesale Enclosure Acts and territorial aggregations of the last seventy years, you have not gone some way to weaken the vigour of his pulse and the vitality of his breed? Health depends on complex conditions, without and within; and where the physical conditions are fatal, the moral will not avail: but, other things apart, when the emotions are coherent and strong, health will be strong and coherent also. Discord in the one tends, whether the tendency be concealed or visible, to breed discord in the other.

Into the mode by which this coherence is attained, this is not the time or place to enter fully. It implies the subjection of all faculties and emotions to the sway of a master passion; and were the individual man alone concerned, that passion might with indifference, so far as health was regarded, be either egoist or altruist. The perfectly selfish and the perfectly unselfish man, fulfil the moral conditions of health better than he in whose nature there is a constant warfare between the better and the worse. And the self-regarding passions being in all untrained animals, man not excepted, stronger and more massive than the sympathetic, it may seem at first sight that the former afford a far easier mode of attaining the sanitary equilibrium than the latter. So it might be, if the problem dealt with an isolated man; but it deals not with man, but with men. The gratification

of any selfish passion in one involves almost always its being either thwarted, or its rousing antagonistic instincts, in others. It is only the sympathetic instincts, which admit of being gratified simultaneously in all. Consequently, it is only through their supremacy, imperfect as this must, in the best state of society, ever be, that moral harmony, with its consequent results upon public health, is attainable.

But let us revert now to the physical conditions of health, and see how far these are likely to be affected by such a condition of the social environment as I have been describing—namely, decadence of the military spirit; weakening of the old moral, religious, and traditional obligations; increased desire for wealth, and, owing to the growth of science, increased power of obtaining it. Obviously results would follow of a kind never witnessed in history but once, and let us hope never again to be repeated—results, some two or three of which you see faintly shadowed in the diagrams before you, representing certain aspects of the industrial life of England in the nineteenth century. You will have an enormous growth of great towns—growth maintained partly by a rapid influx from rural districts, partly by a large increase of a feeble population in the towns themselves. You will have large masses of population devoted to sedentary occupations carried on in a way inconsistent with vigorous life. You will have manufactures carried on with next to no regard for the health of the labourers employed, and no regard whatever for the health of the inhabitants surrounding them. You will have huge encampments of badly-built houses, worse than tents, in that they keep out the oxygen of the atmosphere, and keep in the carbonic acid of their occupants—houses built for the lowest price round closed courts or in narrow lanes. You will have the two main constituents of life—air and water—poisoned. You will have children and children's mothers set to work of a kind which ensures that the next generation shall be feeble. The labour required being for the most part light, the lightly paid labour of children will be in large demand, and thus an additional stimulus will be given to early marriages. The tropical temperature and vitiated air of the work-room, and the reaction from the dull, colourless, unlovely, monotonous life, will produce a temperament morbidly craving for physical pleasure, a craving which imperatively demands gratification; and as no healthy means for gratifying it will be at hand, it will be sought in the excitement of alcoholic drink, or in another form of intemperance still more fatal, because it poisons the blood of the innocent and the unborn. These are some of the social phenomena that follow with the certainty and precision of all natural laws from the moral, political, and physical conditions which I presupposed. It is a picture realised, I will not say in the England of the present day—for exception would justly be taken to such a picture—but realised in the England of

twenty years ago, before the Factory Act was passed; before Mr. Chadwick and Dr. Southwood Smith had written their valuable reports; before that long series of sanitary Acts had been passed—a vast, incoherent, but not wholly ineffectual, mass of legislation—which a Royal Commission is now proposing to examine.

Since that time it is impossible to say that things have been allowed to take their course without attempt to modify it. But it remains open to us to ask, whether these attempts are not still immeasurably inadequate, whether they betray anything more than the most glimmering consciousness of the evil to be remedied, whether, in short, the People and the Government of England have as yet seriously set themselves to consider the question of maintaining the standard of English health and English breed. That many thousands of lives during the last twenty years, or even tens of thousands of lives have been saved, by sanitary measures, is very certain. Meantime the terrible question recurs, are the lives saved vigorous lives or feeble? For remember that the rate of mortality in any town or nation, the number of people, that is to say, who die yearly out of every hundred, or hundred-thousand, though a most essential fact in the case, and most useful as opening out the first rough view of the sanitary condition of that population, is a most imperfect and incomplete measure of its health. Had it been possible for Captain Cook, when he visited Otaheite or New Zealand, before they were contaminated by European disease, to have collected the annual rate of mortality, it is very possible he might have found it as high as that of Liverpool; for the inhabitants were engaged in perpetual warfare, and the number of males who perished in battle in the prime of life must have been very great. Yet the standard of health, as evidenced by the rapidity of their recovery from the most frightful wounds—and probably no surer or more delicate criterion of health could be found—was such as to mislead Cook's fellow-voyagers into the belief that the islanders must be acquainted with herbs of marvellous efficiency in the cure of wounds; had not that great navigator, not less far in advance of his time as a sanitarian than as a navigator, explained to them that magic herbs were not needed; that "the blood itself was the best vulnerary balsam." It is probable that the deaths in the last years of the Trojan war were numerous; yet Homer would certainly have assured us that the health, in spite of an occasional pestilence, was vigorous enough. At all events, the warriors who fought and died there, whose existence I feel under no particular obligation to doubt, left sons behind them from whom sprang the race that fought at Thermopylæ and Salamis. No, it is not the three sore scourges that King David feared—war, famine, or even pestilence—which sap the energies of a nation and wither its blood. The strongest survive these fierce

onslaughts, and fill the places of those that are gone with a breed yet stronger. The sources of national decay lie deeper, and act more slowly.

Or, to come to modern England, a most inadequate conception of the health of fishermen, miners, or sailors, would be formed by mere study of the bills of their mortality, until we knew how many of their deaths came by violence, how many by disease. Again, to take a converse case, the rate of mortality in London tells us almost nothing of its real sanitary state. For, in the first place, London is an aggregate of a dozen or more vast communities, varying in wealth, intelligence, and every other sanitary condition; some of them healthy as Westmoreland, others as diseased as Manchester; in the second place, London enjoys a reputation for health very far greater than it deserves, owing to so large a proportion of its inhabitants being immigrants from country villages.

Guarding ourselves with these precautions, we may now proceed to interpret the facts stated on these diagrams, and also some others equally essential.

The principal facts to be considered are these:—

- (1.) The growth of great towns in the last half century.
- (2.) The influx into these towns from the country.
- (3.) The mortality of infants.
- (4.) The mortality of adult men and of women at the respective ages when their health is most important to the succeeding generation.
- (5.) The condition of the agricultural population, which may be regarded as the reserve stock of national vitality on which rapidly-increasing demands are being made.

A sufficiently precise notion of the first of these facts may be gathered from the subjoined table:—

In 1811 there were 51 towns containing above 10,000 inhabitants, and these towns contained 24 per cent. of the English population. In 1861 there were 165 of these towns, containing 44 per cent. of the population. In 1811 there were 16 towns over 20,000; in 1861 there were 72; containing 19 per cent. of the population in the first case, 38 in the second. In 1811 there was no town in England, except London, with a population over 100,000; in 1861 there were 12 such towns, and they contained one quarter of the people.

The second fact, the immigration into towns from the country, may be stated with equal conciseness. Those who may wish to see it treated more fully, I would refer to the admirable pamphlet published two years ago by Dr. Morgan of Manchester, on "The Danger of Deterioration of Race from the Growth of Great Cities" (Longmans). The facts are simply these:—taking the four great cities of London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, and dividing their inha-

bitants into those above and those below the age of 20, we find that of the adult population of these four towns rather more than one half is immigrant; that is to say, was born outside the town, and for the most part in some healthy rural district. Out of an adult population of 2,200,000, 1,000,000 alone is native. In other words, of every 11 grown-up men and women in these towns there are only 5 who were born there. Furthermore, it will be found in the case of London more especially, and also in that of Birmingham, that the drain into London is from the agricultural rather than from the industrial group of counties; about 90 per cent. from the first, 10 per cent. from the second. The favourable death-rate of London, 23 or 24 in the 1,000—favourable that is when compared with the 28 per 1,000 of Sheffield, the 31 per 1,000 of Manchester, and the 33 per 1,000 of Liverpool—now ceases to be a mystery. Its health is maintained by an influx of picked lives from “a vast country nursery peopled by nearly 2,000,000.”

A few words on the third order of facts—infant mortality. A glance at the table and the chart hanging over you will show you the startling differences between one place and another.¹ You see at once the startling difference between manufacturing and agricultural districts. In Liverpool one out of every four children that are born dies before it is a year old. In the Cotton towns it is one out of every five; in England at large it is one out of every six; in the south-west counties, one out of every seven; in Sedburgh, Farnborough, and other healthy districts, it is one out of every ten. But a thought will at once occur to many of those who listen to me—a thought which most of them will shrink from expressing, but which I for one think it best to face boldly. Is it not best, some will ask, that these children should die? Given the circumstances of their parentage and birth, given the atmosphere, moral and physical, which surrounds their childhood, is it well that unhealthy lives should be saved to propagate a yet unhealthier offspring? The splendid breed of the Greco-Roman populations was maintained partly by its unrivalled military training. But does it count for nothing that the lives of adult Greeks and Romans were picked lives—that the sicklier infants were not allowed to live? And infanticide being a crime from which Christian or Mussulman benevolence shrinks in horror, is not the tremendous mortality of infants in overcrowded towns Nature's process for ridding us of the sickly lives, and sparing those only that are strong?

I wish this question to be asked boldly; I wish the thoughts of all to be concentrated upon the answer. For it will lead us far. With animals, and also with savages, the spontaneous play of physical and of vital forces leads to an enormous waste of life in its primal germs, or in its half-developed phases. Of the ova of the

(1) The reader will find the tables and diagrams at the end of the lecture.

fish, one perhaps in a million is born ; and of those that are born, one perhaps in ten thousand reaches maturity. But those that do reach maturity are, in the long run, and on the average, the strongest ; and these live to propagate a breed stronger than their fathers. This is what happens when things are left to take their natural course ; and there were nations in antiquity, as there are tribes at the present day, who did not hesitate to assist that natural course by deliberate infanticide. How stands it then with nations whose religious faith, whose trained instincts of humanity lead them to the opposite course of revering and preserving the sickliest and weakest human life ? Was not Plato right in his antipathy to physicians ? Do we run no danger in our excessive medical and sanitary care of unhealthy lives of deteriorating the offspring, of sacrificing the future to the present ?

I believe the answer to this question to be very clear and simple. I believe there can be no doubt whatever that the danger is very real and very great. And I believe the course of action to which the avoidance of this danger points us to be very clear and definite also. The lesson is this. There are two roads to follow. One lies straight before you, the other straight behind. Stagnation is the one fatal course. Your sanitary legislation must go far in advance of its present standard, or else it had better cease altogether. I would be the last to disparage the noble efforts of its past and present initiators. They have taken the first step ; and even had they done nothing else but keep alive in us the continuous tradition of humane effort, this work was well worth the while. But that sanitary legislation, *in its initial stage*, is open to the objection that it saves unhealthy lives, and yet does not make them healthy, and thereby compares unfavourably in some respects with the system of leaving things to take their course, and leaving the strong lives to sift themselves out by the murderous process of the "struggle for existence," and the "survival of the fittest," is, I fear, only too probable. But to Nature's savage, cruel methods of course we cannot recur. The moral tradition of our race forbids it. We cannot, even if we would, eradicate the instincts of pity, the passion of benevolence. We cannot go back ; therefore, if we would avoid death, we must go forward.

But I pass from the subject of the mortality of infants to the far more important subject of the mortality of adults, and of adults at that period of life which is of most importance to the reproduction of the race. Those who may think that infant mortality *does* its work effectively, that the unhealthy lives are swept away as surely as if the infanticide were deliberate and systematic, if there are any who think this, the diagram and table to which I now point is enough to undeceive them.

And, finally, what is the condition of that part of the population which remains to us as a reserve stock of health—the agricultural labourer? It is a subject too vast for me to enter upon. But I will now quote two or three words from the report published a few months ago from Messrs. Tremenheere and Tufnell, the Commissioners for investigating the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture. They remark, first, that of the twenty-five millions of acres of cultivated land in this country, nearly eight millions have been enclosed in the last seventy years. That is one fact pointing obviously to an immense increase in the productive powers of the soil. And their second statement is this: that the year 1775, the period at which this great improvement in agriculture began—the period at which our great manufacturing system was bursting into life, “is noticed,” I quote their words, “as the period from which a *marked change for the worse in the condition of the agricultural labourer* began to be visible.” And this change for the worse they attribute in great measure to the loss of privileges to the labourer which this enclosure of common land has entailed. I leave you to draw your own inferences from this.

Let us now resume for a moment our consideration of general principles. I have pointed out some of the multitudinous conditions on which Health depends; I have shown that those conditions are themselves dependent on the social environment. I now advance the further position that this social environment cannot be itself comprehended without an analysis of its historical filiation. The present can only be understood by the light of the past; and until we understand the present, and to what future it is tending, we cannot hope to modify it. *Savoir pour prévoir, afin de pouvoir.*

I have spoken of Health as the harmonious functioning of organs placed in a suitable environment. It will be obvious at once that the more complex the organism, and the more varied the character of the environment, the more difficult is the harmony. Health in a plant is simple and easy, because the tissues and the organs are few and simple, and because the changes in the environment are unimportant. I would observe, however, in passing, that the limits within which the environment may change compatibly with life and health are often narrower in the simpler than in the more complex organisms. Man can live through a more varied range of temperature than the oak-tree. So can the dog.

Rising from the plant to the animal, we find a more complicated structure, and an environment more varied. To vegetative organs, not, it is true, homologous with those of plants, yet performing analogous functions, is added a series of nervo-muscular organs, correlated to the increased complexity of the environment, which now comprises not merely the air, water, and salts of the inorganic world, but organised substance difficult to procure, and involving a competitive struggle with animals of a kindred or hostile species. Con-

sequently the health of the animal is more easily disturbed than that of the plant; but, on the other hand, there is greater capacity of self-adaptation to changes in the environment. The dog can seek shelter from the storm or frost; the plant cannot. And what is true as between the plant and the animal, is also true as between the lower animals and the higher. Cattle are more prone to disease than fish; fish than earth-worms.

And still more evidently is this the case with man. One of the most striking characters that distinguish man from the other vertebrates is his liability to disease. The maladies of the higher domesticated animals have been studied with great, though assuredly not with sufficient care; but our veterinary surgeons would be puzzled to enumerate a list of diseases one tenth or perhaps one hundredth the length of that recognised by the College of Physicians or the Registrar-General. Those whose duty or whose pleasure it has been to perform useful or useless operations upon living animals know well the extraordinary rapidity and certainty of recovery from wounds which in the case of man would inevitably be mortal. I need not spend more time in pointing out the superior complexity of man's nature and of his environment as summed up in the word *Civilisation*—implying, as this word does, a Brain receptive of continuous tradition, and a Social environment in which such tradition stands embodied. I will merely remark that here, too, the rule holds good that with greater complexity in the environment there is also greater power of adaptation to changes that take place in it. Man can adapt himself to variations of temperature that would be fatal to the horse, camel, or elephant. And the power of adjustment to the Social environment is increased by the fact that he can not merely adapt himself to it, but can, within certain limits, modify it.

Nor will it require much reflection to see that as with the plant compared to the animal, as with the lower animal compared to the higher, and with all animals compared to man; so with the lower stages of civilisation compared to the higher, the rule is constant that Health becomes more difficult in proportion as we rise. Of the first steps in what may be truly called civilisation, the exact transition from Animality to Sociality, our knowledge is indeed exceedingly small. The period that has elapsed since the use of fire, the invention of tools, and the first rude attempts at pictorial art, is to be measured not by chronologic but by geologic time. But taking man in that comparatively primitive condition in which Cook found him in the South Sea Islands, or Livingstone and Burton in Central Africa, we find the most striking testimony borne by these competent and unprejudiced observers to the strength and stamina of the adult population, to the rapidity of their recovery from severe injuries, to their vigorous longevity.

I will quote Captain Cook's words. He is speaking of the New Zealanders:—

"These people enjoy perfect and uninterrupted health. In all our visits to their towns, where young and old men and women crowded about us, prompted by the same curiosity that prompted us to look at them, we never saw a single person who appeared to have any bodily complaint; nor among the numbers that we have seen naked, did we once perceive the slightest eruption upon the skin, or any marks that an eruption had left behind. Another proof of health which we have mentioned before, is the facility with which the wounds healed that had left scars behind them, and that we saw in a recent state. When we saw the man who had been shot with a musket-ball through the fleshy part of his arm, his wound seemed to be so well digested, and in so fair a way of being perfectly healed, that if I had not known no application had been made to it, I should certainly have enquired with a very interested curiosity, after the vulnerary herbs and surgical art of the country.

"A farther proof that human nature is here untainted with disease, is the great number of old men that we saw, many of whom, by the loss of their hair and teeth, appeared to be very ancient, yet none of them were decrepit, and though not equal to the young in muscular strength, were not a whit behind them in cheerfulness and vivacity."—(*"Cook's First Voyage,"* Ed. 1796, p. 396.)

I need not quote Burton or Livingstone, for their testimony as to health in Central Africa is exactly similar; and Dr. Livingstone speaks with the additional authority of one who had himself frequently performed surgical operations upon the natives, and watched the process of repair.

That the conditions of respiratory and muscular health are well fulfilled by savages is obvious. They live in the open air, their muscles are constantly in action, and their breed, constantly subject to the harsh influences of nature—famine, cold, storm, heat, warfare with other animal species, and the still fiercer warfare with their own,—has for ages been undergoing that process, entitled by Mr. Herbert Spencer "*The Survival of the Fittest.*" But I will add, what perhaps may seem less obvious, that the conditions of moral health, which we have seen to be so essential to the physical, are observed no less. The wild passions of the savages, uncontrollable and wayward as they may seem, are not without government. He has a theory of the world, and of the powers outside him, and this theory explicit in the few, implicit in the mass, exercises a modifying restraining influence over his action. The external world, or certain portions of it, were endowed with the vitality and the passions that he felt within himself, and thus the shifting impulses of his own little life were anchored to a larger life without him. That the theory was groundless or absurd is not the question. The essential point for our present purpose is that it has, in those accepting it, a distinctly controlling influence over everyday life. Now this is a point on which the testimony of unprejudiced travellers, who do not regard these phenomena either from a purely commercial or a purely monotheistic stand-point, are

unanimous. The institution of Taboo, as described by all the earlier voyagers in the South Seas, was as potent and as prohibitive as the institution of the Sabbath in Scotland.

I have already spoken of the necessity of some kind of discipline, some supreme controlling influence, as a direct condition of individual health; I have spoken also of its indirect effects upon the character of the social environment. In such primitive communities, as well as in later times, there were men who surpassed their fellow-men in wisdom and beneficence. These men, no wise exempt from the prevailing tendency to animate the outer world with Vitality and Love, unconsciously and instinctively moulded the rude Fetichism of their fellow-men into shapes more consistent with the orderly development of society. Thus the rude irregular religious faith of Africa, primeval Asia, or Central America, passed into the elaborate theocracies of Egypt, India, Judea, Mexico, and Peru, or into the patriarchal astrolatry of China. Coinciding with the development of social life, with the growth of arts and commerce, with the differentiation into classes and professions, we have thus a more distinct definition of Government, in both its forms; the government of belief and persuasion, and the compulsory government of actions.

On the directly hygienic institutions of the old theocracies it would be interesting, were there time for it, to dwell; but it is more important for my present purpose to note the fixity and the disciplined order introduced into individual and into social life. Some kind of self-control was established within. Some check upon unlimited massing of population, and upon the arbitrary use of wealth was maintained without. The system of caste, that is to say, the transmission of trades from father to son, had, like every other human institution, many disadvantages. But at least the reckless nomadism which is now beginning to break out in our modern industrial life, was held in check by it. At least it was not maintained that, labour being nothing but a marketable commodity, the workman was bound to break up his home whenever and wherever there might be a demand for his labour.

That the theocratic system became too oppressive finally, too stifling to individual energy, there can be no doubt. The Greeks and Romans, when we come to know them, had begun to break through this system. But, as the poetry of Æschylus, and as the whole system of Roman life shows, they were still strongly swayed by the tradition of its moral restraint. And as their priests gave way to their warriors, these two great nations began to found the most efficient organisation of practical life which the world has seen, and which still stands out as a type of the organisation to be realised under totally new forms in the future, their military system. The influence of the Greek and Roman soldier-training

upon health is obvious enough. It kept up the standard of moral vigour, *virtue* bring their word at once for courage and for manhood; it was a system under which the strongest survived, and which in every way tended to strengthen the strong.

Side by side with the great religious revolution which has been going on for the last five centuries, there is a correlated change of equal magnitude in practical life: the change from the military to the industrial system. How to reconcile the latter with national health is the greatest, or all but the greatest, problem, of the nineteenth century; our national existence depends upon its swift solution; and as yet the solution is not half accomplished.

The vast social change that passed over Europe in the first thousand years of the present era kept up, though for defensive not aggressive purposes, the physical discipline of warfare, and maintained also, and indeed gave new life to, the tradition of moral discipline. But the doctrine on which Catholicism was founded, gave way two centuries before the Reformation, from its intrinsic weakness, as well as from the encroachments of science. And every century the restraint has been growing weaker, while the forces to restrain have been growing more complex and more strong. England, sharing to the full the general European movement, has been blessed or cursed, in her coal and iron, with exceptional conditions of industrial development. And in England it is not too much to say that upon its governing classes at least there has been no effective religious or moral restraint since the days of Cromwell, and the exile of her noblest blood beyond the Atlantic.

During the eighteenth century, in France energy took the form traced for it by Voltaire, Diderot, and the Encyclopædists: in England it was directed by Wyatt, Arkwright, Crompton, and Watt, into the results of their magnificent inventions. The close of that century saw the Revolution in France, and the rise of the great manufacturing system in England.

And thus this long and perhaps tedious historical review brings me back to the facts traced on these diagrams. And I shall be asked, and rightly asked,—Granted the evil, where or in what direction lies the remedy?

In an advanced stage of civilisation like our own, there are two forces available for the renovation of society. The first is Capital, and the second scientifically-trained Intellect. If asked, therefore, Where lies the efficient and radical remedy for the evils you deplore? I reply, Nowhere but in a moral and religious change as profound as that of the first centuries of our era in Western Europe, or that of the seventeenth century in the East, the principal result of which will be to concentrate these two forces—that is to say, that portion of human energy which is not absorbed in the mere labour of main-

taining existence, upon such problems as we have been handling to-night. Which of these two forces will be the least difficult to bring to bear it is hard to say. The ignoble attitude of so many of our scientific specialists does not at present seem to justify very sanguine hopes. When they are urged to postpone their special pursuits for a while, and to concentrate their powers on objects more directly and immediately connected with man; when it is explained to them that the sphere of thought marked out by Leibnitz—virtue and health—that is, all that tends to ennoble human life and to strengthen it—is a sphere as rich in undiscovered truth as any of the outlying fields of their random and arbitrary choice; when it is represented that even such inventions—and I take now the very strongest instances, as the electric telegraph or the steam-engine, precious as these will prove ultimately to be—might, without fatal results to the human race, have been postponed a little while, but that this of social renovation cannot be postponed; they resent such doctrine as an unjustifiable restraint upon their free action, upon their right to do as they please with their own faculties. And there can be no doubt that Duty is restraint. *Noblesse oblige.*

A changed state of opinion, then, brought about partly by the nobler instincts of women, partly by the demands of the working-class, partly by the efforts of those capitalists, *savans*, and others who rise above their class, in which it shall be impossible, or very difficult, for men to maintain a right to do what they please with their own, be it their own intellect or their own wealth; in which it will be universally felt that neither intellect nor wealth being the creation of its possessor, but both being the creation of many men and of many generations, both should be consciously directed to a social purpose; this, and this alone, is the effectual and radical remedy for the sanitary, no less than for the political, evils of modern society. But remedial action is of two kinds. There are remedies which are deep, but not immediate: there are others which are immediate, but not deep. Both are needed. And if in this lecture I have chiefly restricted myself to the first; if my remarks on the latter are brief and cursory, it is not that my interest in these latter is small, for it is great; but that the time allotted me is ended. None in my opinion are so fitted to suggest practical expedients and temporary palliatives, as those who are but aware that they are expedients and palliatives only. The Benedictine monks of the seventh century helped to reclaim waste lands, as well as to convert heathen. Cromwell's Puritans were not the least efficient of his law-reformers.

I would say, then, briefly, that there lies before a truly popular Government a sphere of action in the direction of sanitary reform, of the magnitude of which few have any conception, but which once fairly and boldly occupied would give to it a noble and enduring

place in the memories of Englishmen. At the close of a long lecture, to attempt even to sketch out so vast a subject would be impertinent. I will remark merely, that Parliament, emancipated as it now is from the thrall of a middle-class constituency, may take to itself powers that before the last Reform Bill it would have been unwise or impossible to arrogate. A consolidation and revision of our whole sanitary legislation is one of the first things needed; and this is now about to be done. A national system of Health Inspection should then follow. The few medical officers of health whom we at present possess, are elected by local authorities, not the likeliest of electing bodies to choose men resolute to put the laws against nuisances in force. Moreover, by the present system, the outlying rural or semi-manufacturing districts are utterly neglected. Two hundred medical inspectors, sufficiently, not extravagantly, paid, devoted exclusively to public work, trained not merely in the ordinary curriculum, but also in a special course of hygiene, would cost the country from £60,000 to £80,000 a year, half the cost of the Leeds Infirmary, one-third the cost of an iron-clad ship. On the lives saved, on the working energy saved to the country by such a system, it is needless to dwell.

Again. One obstacle to efficient enforcement of sanitary laws lies in the selfishness of cottage proprietors, and in the narrow jealousies of vestrymen and common councillors. But there is another obstacle, more important and happily more removable—the ignorance of the rate-payers themselves. There are certain very simple and elementary principles of health which may be made perfectly intelligible to children of ten to thirteen years old; especially to the precocious intelligence, in domestic matters, of the children of the poor. A very short and very simple catechism of health might be drawn up and incorporated in the system of primary education which we are soon about to inaugurate. I have myself made an attempt in this direction which, in the opinion of some competent judges, is not unsuccessful. Others will succeed more perfectly.

Thirdly. The public parks which have been opened in London and some of our large towns are but a sample of what might and should be done in this direction. Opportunities for gymnastic exercises should also be given very largely, both in the open air and under cover. For there is, I think, no danger that the hard-worked operatives of our great towns should imitate the degrading and enervating athleticism which is permitted and encouraged in our aristocratic schools. If what concerns the physical vigour of a nation lies within the sphere of Government, I see no reason whatever why large grants of money should not be made for this purpose.

And, finally, special attention should be paid to the condition of the agricultural labourer. The rural population form, as I have said, our reserve stock of health, until our towns are rendered

compatible with healthy life. The English peasant is, in most countries, badly housed. He is not badly clothed. I do not think that in the majority of cases he is underfed ; but the investigations of Dr. Edward Smith, spreading as they do over every part of England, make it perfectly clear (what, indeed, every country clergyman knows) that his wife and children are underfed. Milk, the natural food of infancy and childhood, is far scarcer than in Ireland, is in many counties unattainable—a new source of deterioration of breed, which did not exist thirty years ago. And, lastly, what from the point of view I have been taking is perhaps more important than all—his life is *a life devoid of hope*. That hope, so dear to the tiller of the soil, that if one only out of twenty could realise it it would redouble the mental and muscular vigour of the rest ; the hope, that by long continued toil and saving a few roods of earth may one day become his own,—that hope was possible a hundred years ago ; it is not possible now. The vision before him at the close of life is not the French peasant's homestead, but the workhouse. Is it too bold a thing to say, in the present state of opinion as to the incompetence of legislation to deal with such matters, that the whole condition of the agricultural labourer, his food, and that of his family, his lodging, and, lastly, his relation to the soil, should form, after sufficient inquiry, the object of bold and vigorous political action ?

These are some of the directions in which a wise and popular Government may, and, I doubt not, will, work. I will not waste time in asking whether funds are available for the purpose. The two millions spent in charity every year in London would amply rebuild the east end of it in fifteen years. And what of the eleven millions voted for fortifications ?

When a country is threatened with invasion its resources are called rapidly enough into action. Our industrial system threatens us with something worse. A nation may shake off a successful invader, but there is a stage of physical degradation from which it is far less easy to escape. Of the ultimate future I have indeed no doubts. That Humanity will rise from the present struggle to a type of harmony and health as superior to the past as the harmony of a trained orchestra is superior to that of a village choir, is to me as certain as to-morrow's sun-rise. But whether this nation or that shall be sacrificed in the struggle, this is less within the range of foresight.

The close of this century will have settled this question with regard to England. For there are two modes in which evils like those I have been speaking of to-night are cured. The one is the spontaneous play of physical and animal forces, the fierce competitive struggle for existence, which sweeps the weak and the diseased away ; the other is the conscious direction and modification of those forces by the wisdom and the foresight of Humanity.

JOHN HENRY BRIDGES.

(1) INFANT MORTALITY.			(2) ADULT MORTALITY.		
	0—1	0—5		Males.	Females.
<i>Liverpool</i>	27,703	13,201		25—55	15—45
<i>Manchester</i>	26,125	11,724	<i>England</i>	1,236	970
<i>Stockport</i>	25,353	9,376	<i>Liverpool</i>	2,253	1,212
<i>Nottingham</i>	25,293	10,226	<i>Manchester</i>	1,966	1,157
<i>Bradford</i>	25,034	9,788	<i>Birmingham</i>	1,569	918
<i>Wolverhampton</i>	24,950	10,480	<i>Sheffield</i>	1,464	968
<i>Ashton</i>	24,713	9,839	<i>Cotton Towns</i>	1,358	1,247
<i>Preston</i>	24,440	9,753	<i>Iron Towns</i>	1,280	895
<i>Leeds</i>	23,932	10,271	<i>Rural Districts</i>	1,056	942
<i>Sheffield</i>	22,600	10,025			
<i>England</i>	17,731	6,760			
<i>South West</i>	14,507	5,253			
<i>Sedbergh</i>	9,636	3,261	(3) GROWTH OF TOWNS.		
<i>Ely</i> :—					
<i>Witchford</i>	22,601	6,958	Above.	1811.	P.C. 1861. P.C.
<i>Whittlesey</i>	23,772	7,272	10,000	51	24 165 44
<i>Wisbeach</i>	26,001	7,605	20,000	16	19 72 38
<i>Spalding</i>	21,845	6,268	100,000	1	10 12 25
<i>Holbeach</i>	23,495	6,894			

EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAMS.

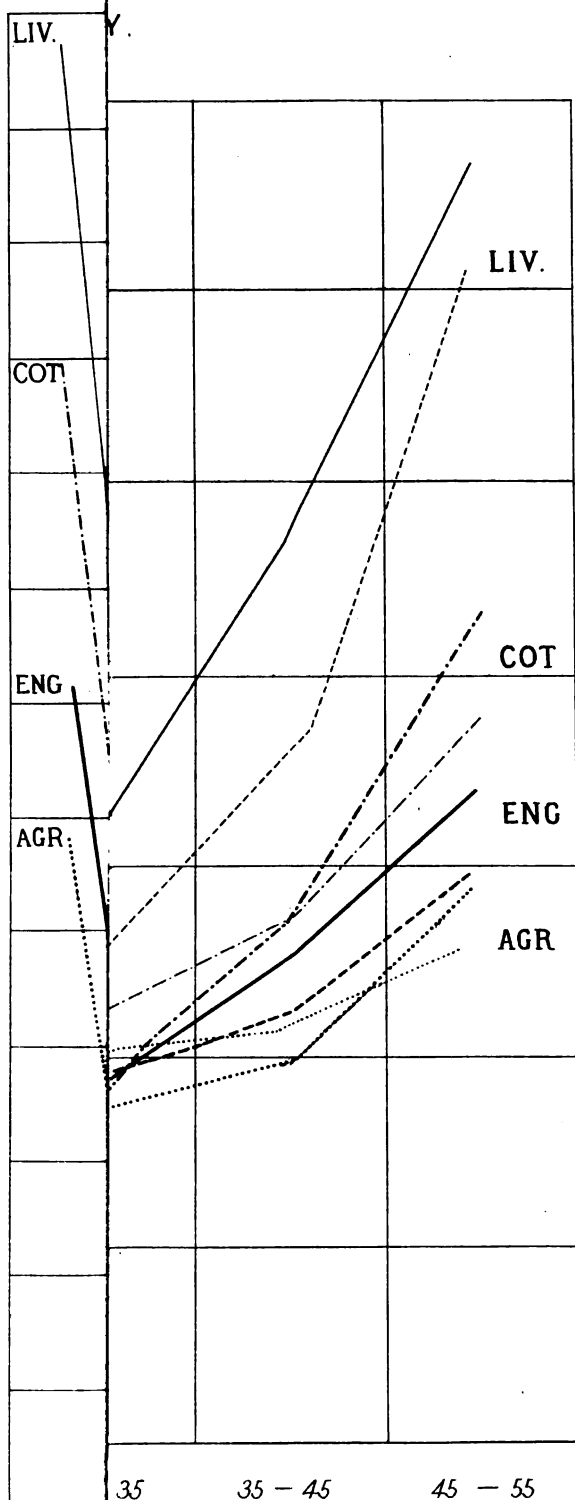
—————	Male population of Liverpool.
-----	Female ditto.
-----	Male population of Cotton Districts.
-----	Female ditto.
=====	Male population of England.
-----	Female ditto.
.....	Male population of Agricultural Districts.
.....	Female ditto.

By *Liverpool* is meant the registration district of Liverpool. By *Cotton Districts* are meant the registration districts of Ashton, Blackburn, Bolton, Burnley, Bury, Macclesfield, Oldham, Preston, Rochdale, and Stockport. By *Agricultural Districts* are meant the populations of Cumberland, Dorsetshire, Herefordshire, North Riding, Shropshire, Westmoreland. The population taken is that of the census year 1861. The mortality that of the average of five years, 1859-63.

The figures at the bottom of the page express periods of life. The figures at the side indicate the numbers dying annually per 100,000. For instance, in Liverpool, for children under five years (0—5), the rate of mortality per 100,000 is nearly 13,000. At 10—15 it has sunk to about 500. From that time it rapidly rises till at 45—55 the rate for males is about 3,300, for females about 3,000. It will be noticed that at the age 10—15 the death rates for healthy and for unhealthy populations are nearly identical. They diverge in infancy, and they diverge during the reproductive period. It will be remarked also that, whereas in England, taken as a whole, the mortality of females during the reproductive period is somewhat less than that of males, in the cotton districts and also in the agricultural districts it is notably greater—a result due, in the one case, to the employment of women in factories, and in the other to insufficient food. In the iron districts of Wales and Staffordshire, where women are well fed and not over-worked, their mortality is very low.

The mortality in the Children's Diagram is that of males only.

CHILD



0 - 5

ON THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF POETRY.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE SOUTH LONDON WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE,
JANUARY, 1869.

I HAVE had some hesitation in choosing the subject of the lecture which I am to-night permitted to address to you. The choice, in such cases, lies always between amusement simple, or that (as I believe) higher and more powerful amusement which is not reached without some little pains and closeness of attention. In preferring the latter I have thought I should best conform to the genius of this college. From those who are satisfied with the choice, I would ask a patient hearing. From all, I would ask your good-natured indulgence towards an attempt of some novelty and difficulty.

Poetry is often looked at as a mere pastime or play of fancy, a kind of pretty toy, which we may take up at our liking and lay down when we are tired of it; but which is too slight and unreal a thing to have any place among the practical affairs or the serious studies of life. This feeling naturally grows upon us as we ourselves grow up and begin to discover how much there is to be done in order to make our way in the world, or to keep abreast of any branch of knowledge. The mind hardens; the pores of the soul are filled up with the dust of life; poetry seems to belong to some other world, suitable, no doubt, for children or young people, but which touches us no longer. Perhaps we do not quite like to acknowledge this; we still profess to admire Shakespeare, or Byron, or Burns, as a battered old statesman in the House keeps up a few lines of Horace or Virgil as a kind of tradition of office; but I fear I may safely put it to most men after forty whether they ever think of turning to a volume of verse for simple enjoyment, when free to do exactly what they like; or whether the invitation to read some new poet, and judge if he be a man of genius, does not appear like an invitation to play football, go out on a jumping-party, or perform any other juvenile feat of forgotten and unremunerative energy.

Nature and the inevitable circumstances of life are active causes in the growth of apathy, and it would lead me into a very wide discussion if I attempted to show both how far men must be expected to yield to it, and how far it ought to be striven against and conquered by those who wish to retain their souls in a state of full vitality. But there is one group of reasons for this indifference to poetry which appears to me to lie in the matter itself, and which may therefore form a proper subject of examination in this place. This regards the manner in which we read poetry; whether we treat it as a pastime or as a study.

Some one may here observe, "Is it, however, a subject for study, in the strict sense, at all?" Poetry is one of the Fine Arts, and the essential element common to all the Fine Arts is that their object is to give pleasure; not to supply knowledge, like some of the sciences; nor to confer gifts of direct utility on man, like others among them; but pleasure. Poetry may teach or profit us, also; but this is not its primary aim or final cause; nor is it allowed to do that unless it gives us pleasure at the same time. Perhaps some of you, who have not yet reached that dry and dusty period which I have described, when the wings of the soul, as Plato said, fall off, and the pores by which it communicates with the higher world close up—perhaps some of you may consider my definition of poetry as an art destined to give pleasure, a lowering one. It may seem to put the creations of Shakespeare, and Milton, and so many other immortal minds, on a level with a ball or a dinner-party, or a day at the Crystal Palace—not to mention the really lower ideas which the pursuit of pleasure is apt to call up. Such apprehensions, however, do not seem to me at all well founded. Is pleasure a thing of so mean an order? Look closely and honestly into what we do when we are trying to do rightly, and how rarely shall we find that we do anything of the kind without the conviction, unavowed perhaps, yet not less lurking there in our hearts, that our action will give us an ultimate overplus of pleasure! It may be pleasure far off, pleasure purchased through pain, the crown after the battle, the repose after the toil; yet we are so made that the thought of this is seldom absent from anything we willingly set ourselves to. Even when we sacrifice ourselves to please others, is it not that we are most pleased when our pain supplies their pleasure?

Thus much in defence of the general definition of the object of poetry. That is, indeed, to give pleasure. This it has in common with all the Fine Arts. But it must at once, and not less decidedly, be added—pleasure of a high, enduring, and, as it were, ethereal kind. This it is which confers their peculiar character on the Fine Arts; as people say, it forms their speciality. This gives the answer to the inquiry with which I started; this makes them fit objects for strict or scientific study; this raises them, and has raised them from the beginning, by the common consent of mankind, above the lower orders of enjoyment—above the easier levels of gratification. But the quality demanded—that the pleasure be high, enduring, and ethereal—carries with it also this: that it will not always, or often, be a pleasure which can be tasted without some exertion on our own part. Here, of course, we are only acknowledging a common law of our nature, as of the markets, that everything has its price; that we have to pay most for what is most precious to us. And this consideration leads us back to the point which we had reached in regard

to the study of poetry, and that indifference to it which is so common a result of life, and its cares, and labours. I did not speak of that indifference at first as a misfortune, lest I should appear to assume that, because you and I, and others whom we may know, love poetry still, all the world is bound to conform to our likings. But you will see that I may now speak of it as a misfortune, and that I also may (I hope) not unreasonably think that to point out some means of guarding against it is an attempt worth making. For if poetry be what I have said, indifference to poetry is also indifference to a source of high, enduring, and spiritual pleasure;—nay, to one of the few, the very few, sources of such delight which life affords us, and of which, the more dusty, dry, and commonplace life tends to become, the more we have need. In truth, so far from the idea of poetry, which I have here held out, being a depreciatory one, or derogatory from its real value, it is difficult to exaggerate the importance which is conferred upon poetry by it. For if pleasure, in some form, be so much the mainspring of our voluntary actions, and of all we do when we wish to act like men, of what necessity is it that the tone of that mainspring should be kept pure, and high, and in a state of enduring tension! Poetry holds before us a lofty standard of pleasure, takes us out of our ordinary selves into our better selves, makes us feel that we can do more than we thought, and thus performs its part towards that which is the ultimate practical result of all forms of intellectual energy—the giving us readiness and strength to quit ourselves like men in the field of life.

X But this pleasure is only to be reached by a certain exertion, about which, however,—lest the word should frighten any one, or should seem opposed to the free spirit of poetry,—I should at once add a general proviso:—that it is an exertion which, when once we feel the advantage of it, the mind makes of itself as we read: a study which begins with our youth, when we first turn to poetry with an intelligent passion, and continues enlarging and enriching itself as we grow older. Those who look upon poetry as a kind of play of the fancy, as something fit for girls or young men in love, or as a mere matter of “taste” in the common sense of the word, never thoroughly enjoy it, or reach that high and lasting reward which it is meant to give. Here, again, some one may be supposed to observe, “Granted that poetry requires to be studied before it can be fully enjoyed, what has the taste by which we judge it to do with study? Taste is taste; it is something which does not admit of discussion; it is a law to itself.” I am sorry to appear so constantly as the advocate of labour; but this common idea of taste seems to me so shallow and injurious to our pleasure, that a few words must be given to the examination of it, especially as the same reasoning applies to all the Fine Arts, which fail to produce half the effect they might, or to give half the enjoyment they could, owing to the

notion that they do their work by raising our interest for the moment, and that this uninformed and unreasoned taste is the only rule by which they are to be judged. One hears people say, "I have a taste for poetry" or "for music," just as they would say they have a taste for cheese or for peaches; and if any one tries to show them that the poem or song they are admiring is not really a fine thing, that it cannot give them much or the best kind of pleasure, but will lead them to neglect the things which would, they immediately reply, "Oh, but that is my taste"—as if that were really the law of it and the end of it. It is no wonder if a taste of this childish sort soon wears itself out, is found to give but a brief and imperfect enjoyment, cannot stand against the prose and fatigue of life, and is finally abandoned, as I have said, as a thing in which a grown man has no concern any longer.

But taste, in any sense worth having, means really a natural turn or instinct towards any subject (which almost every one has something of), trained and exercised by information and experience, which is unfortunately by no means so common a thing. Such taste, as I have tried to show elsewhere,¹ might really be spoken of as knowledge; knowledge of the details of the subject, as in painting, of the natural objects, and the painter's methods of representing them; knowledge of the great moral and physical principles upon which all art rests, and of the more particular aims or principles which have influenced artists at any given period; knowledge, lastly, of the human heart, and of the different emotions which can be rendered by the artist. And those who study any art thus will soon find their arbitrary first impressions and casual tastes disappear, to make room for that reasoned judgment which enables them to obtain a pleasure from the art, not only much higher and purer than any they gained before, but also one which, so far from diminishing as they grow older, increases in its depth and delightfulness from the fact that everything which adds to their knowledge, adds at the same time to their taste, and enlarges their power of enjoyment.

To apply this to the immediate subject before us. Let me now attempt to define and explain the study which is here intended. There are two methods of reading poetry, as there are of looking at pictures or listening to music. The one method is that which treats these great arts as mere ministers to our leisure, as things which will, as it were, teach themselves, and do all that they can for us without any trouble on our part—nay, as things which we are entitled to throw aside the moment they assume to be anything more than matters of pastime. The other method is that which I wish to describe as the scientific method of studying them. Here we do as travellers do when they wish to get the most present delight and

(1) "How to form a good Taste in Art:" *Cornhill Magazine* for August, 1868.

the richest store of happy recollections from any scene of natural beauty, or from any city famous for its ancient buildings. They do not satisfy themselves with a child's glance at the landscape, or the superficial sentiment of the scene. Let us suppose it some valley in the Alps, or in our own western counties, or in Scotland, deep between high mountains,—

There, where the peal of swelling torrents fills
The sky-roof'd temple of the eternal hills :

—there, or in some less romantic but richer landscape, the traveller who comes with the mind's eye enlarged and purified—how, after the first simple sense of wonder or delight has satisfied itself, will he study all the main lines of the view, trying to follow the curve of each valley and the position of each mountain ! then dwelling on the light and shade as it changes the scene from twilight to midday, making it new and beautiful at every change ; then, perhaps, examining the objects more nearly, searching for the flowers, noting the trees, marking the effects of the torrent on its banks, tracing the strange fractures and upheavals of the rocks, or the scattered boulders which have been carried from them over the levels below. And then all that such a man may have learned of natural science comes to his aid, and the more he has made himself alive to the general laws which govern the flowers, and the water, and the rocks, the more intimately does he understand the landscape, and the more intensely does he enjoy it. Or when the traveller is among the works of man,—if I may, without wearying you, pursue my illustration into a field more closely analogous in some ways to our subject,—though he may be struck, as all men are, however ignorant or careless, with the beauty of the cathedral or the grandeur of the castle—yet how small and transient will be his enjoyment and his reward compared to what the traveller gains, who brings adequate knowledge with him, and takes the pains to apply it ! Such a one will be aware of the history of the work before him ; he will repeople it with the human creatures who once lived and moved there, will see the great man, forgotten perhaps by his descendants, who planned and raised the walls ; he will hear the strange, melancholy music of the long vanished days ;—in a word, what to the careless eye is a bare skeleton of the present to him will be the living past. Nor does this exhaust his pleasures. Beside the history of the particular monument, the man who travels in this spirit—let me say at once, the man who travels in the spirit without which travelling is only another name for a “parcels' delivery”—will read a hundred other memorials of human progress in a single building. He will understand why the pillars were disposed in their order, what purpose each buttress has in maintaining the fabric, at what date and under the influence of what feelings the capitals were

decorated and the windows filled. Every wall to him will have its handwriting, telling him stories of the thoughts and aims of his fellow-creatures ; there will not be so much as the curve of an arch or the cutting of a foundation-stone, that is without that human interest which, of all interests, is the most deep and the most permanent. And, beyond that, he will also know the place which this monument has in the long story of human necessities and human improvement. He will be aware how the style adopted was evolved from those which preceded it by laws as singular and precise as those which we trace in the realm to which the name of Nature is unphilosophically confined ; and how, in turn, that style has given way to some other which more accurately corresponded to men's wishes and wants at a later period. That building which, to the uneducated eye, represented perhaps an unintelligible and hence unimpressive mass, or, at best, a simple effect of grandeur or of beauty, to the informed taste will be a fragment of embodied history ; a chronicle of human progress. And it would be idle to say that the pleasure which he will thence receive will be twenty times deeper, higher, and more permanent than that of the passer-by : it will be something out of all comparison with it.

Let me endeavour to vivify this argument by an example. I will not go far for it ; I will take one which we are not, perhaps, sufficiently in the habit of thinking of in the light of study and of pleasure. The Tower of London we all know of as a place the very name of which is alive with recollections of a chequered, though a glorious, national history. But what images of the past, images of the profoundest interest, are called up, if we are masters of the right magic, by the great church of this city ? Such, and so many, in truth, that not one but many lectures would be required even to give them in tolerable completeness. First, are the general effects of the outline ; the grace and aspiring character of the dome, which in the hands of most architects is apt to depress a building ; the grand disposition of the windows and doorways ; the beauty of the great western colonnades, with their artfully coupled columns ; then, within, the magnificent plan of the centre, not restricted, as in a Gothic cathedral, by the columns of the central spire, but spread forth in sublime spaciousness—with all the other points of comparison, whether for advantage or the reverse, which St. Paul's offers when we contrast it, in the mind's eye, with similar edifices in the Gothic or the Grecian styles of architecture. Next, to the instructed eye, might be the structural interests of the building ; how the large side chapels were provided, it is said, at the wish of James, soon after king, in order to make room for the conversion of the cathedral to Roman Catholic use, the curious contrivances of the crypt, the ingenuity with which Sir Christopher Wren half solved,

half evaded the constructive difficulties of the central dome, with a hundred more curious points on which I cannot here dwell. Then come what may be called the human interests of the cathedral, of which the very eminent and high-minded man who till the other day presided over it has left an admirable summary, as his last legacy to English literature; the foundation of it in Saxon times, the legends of its even earlier existence, the distinguished bishops and others who have been connected with it, the historical events of which it has been the theatre; the strange use of the interior for purposes the most remote from those of a church, flourishing during the very period to which theorists of all kinds look back as special "ages of faith;" the gradual decay of the great Norman and Gothic pile; the fire; and the construction of the church with which we are familiar.

Are we, indeed, so familiar? Then St. Paul's will give us still further sources of pleasure. We shall read another chronicle of the world's progress in its style; how the existing structure exhibits that peculiar form of architecture which was brought into use throughout western Europe under the revival of interest in the old civilised world of Greece and Rome which was contemporary with the Reformation of the sixteenth century; yet how that form was modified here by our distance from ancient models and by the peculiar affection with which Wren regarded the Gothic buildings of the country, and which even led him to some of the earliest attempts to revive that style, in others of the city churches. Then, comparing this St. Paul's in our memories with that which preceded it, we may in fancy see two of the great streams of architectural style,—the Gothic and the Roman,—meeting through that intermediate style which is called Norman here, Romanesque and Lombard elsewhere, and which, in fact, was developed from Italian and Byzantine models by the German races as they settled down in Europe and became civilised after the great conquest of the empire. This, in turn, will carry us to the architecture of that small race who inhabited Greece and her islands, who, gifted far beyond any race of man hitherto known, made the first indispensable and most difficult steps in almost every branch of human art or science, and on whose conceptions of architecture those of later Europe have been unconsciously founded. These associations and memories have already taken us far, though they grow at once out of our subject; yet the natural laws of architecture do not stop even with the Greeks to the scientific observer; original as the Greeks were, they at first learned from their predecessors; and that chronicle in stone which began with the England of Charles II. is only arrested, like the geological investigation of successive orders of organic life, by the failure of our existing evidence, at the empires of Assyria and Egypt. It is

no figure of speech, but a strictly demonstrable fact, that in this cathedral, as in most other structures of similar quality in art, we may trace forms which were originally invented to express the ideas and emotions of the primæval dwellers by the Nile and the Euphrates. So far back, even to the cradle of civilised man, are we carried by this one line of thought ! To what immense interests, to what deep and elevated pleasure, does it conduct us ! How large a difference does it display between what the scientific student of this one art gains from his experience, and what the careless passer-by can gain ! So true is the remark of some one, that from any single worthy object of human study or thought—whether in the works of man or those of nature—avenues go forth which conduct us to the Infinite. I dislike from my heart, and desire to resist, that natural impulse which leads a man to think any science for which he may specially care, the most important of the sciences ; or I might say that he who studies one genuine piece of architecture in this spirit may learn more of the history of the human mind, more which is of value to him as a thinking creature, than from all the treatises on physical knowledge which exist, or the professed histories which have been written. If I said so, desirous to impress more vividly on you the real value of this subject, should I not be properly rebuked by those who might point to one planet, or one plant, or one fragment of rock ; one volume of Plato, or Newton, or Shakespeare ? For from each of these, similar avenues go forth towards the Infinite, to the instructed eye and the scientific judgment. In place of setting against each other these vast spheres of interest and of pleasure, let us in a larger spirit be thankful for the much which even the limited range of human life and faculty permits us to know, and take away the one lesson, that the value and pleasure of them are the fruits of knowledge, and to be gained through knowledge only.

But you may complain that I am trying to lecture to you upon the landscape, or upon architecture, or upon “all things and a few others beside,” as the proverb says, in place of poetry and the scientific study of it. I hope, however, that by these illustrations I shall have prepared the way to a clearer understanding of my main subject, or may, at any rate, have carried your convictions along with mine in feeling how high and powerful is that pleasure which is the object of the Fine Arts, and how closely our enjoyment of it depends upon our own intellectual efforts. Substitute the words appropriate to poetry for those which I have used in analysing the pleasure given by the landscape, or by the cathedral, and I think you will find that the argument still holds good. He who reads poetry as a pastime, a mere means of making an idle hour idler, or is content with simply asking whether it suits the taste of the moment, without caring to see whether that taste has any rational foundation, will soon see the end

of his enjoyment in it. But he who studies it scientifically,—referring all the elements in a poem to the general laws of the human mind by which it is governed, seeking the cause of every quality and every detail which it presents, and not satisfied till he has put himself in the writer's own place, and, as it were, felt the inspiration of the moment with him; he who does this, and not satisfied yet, but desirous to gain the most he possibly can from his study,—trying the particular work before him by the great laws which mark out and limit human faculty, and then comparing it with other works in the same style,—finally is able to weigh truly the value of it; to take the height, and measure the luminous power of the star upon which he is gazing; such a reader will have enjoyed and will continue to enjoy a depth and elevation and purity of pleasure which no one who has enjoyed it will accuse me of exaggerating. And this is the result to which I desire to lead you.

What, then, will be the series of laws, and of facts from which these laws have been deduced, which we require for the scientific study of poetry?

Beginning, as we did in our former examples, with the first or most formal elements, with those which are most closely connected with a poem as a piece of metrical composition, we shall have the general scheme, the general effect; how far the poet has impressed a tone of unity upon his work; how far, without becoming tame or monotonous, he has kept his details subordinate to the whole; how far he has left the impression of grandeur or of beauty predominant when we close the book, and the strain vibrates in our minds like the last chords of the symphony. You see the points which I insist on here,—unity, variety, grandeur, grace; they are those that are essential to a poem as a work of art, and as a work whose object is to give us pleasure. For though it has always been debated how far art is to imitate nature, and probably will be so debated to the end of time, yet there is no question but that it is to be in some way a representation of nature on a smaller scale; that it must show itself bounded by law, that it must satisfy the human sense of completeness—nay, that it must compensate by a greater completeness, a more perfect rounding-off and symmetry, for the limitations under which all human art works, when compared with nature;—in a word, that it must have unity. The charm of variety we all understand; it is, indeed, one of those charms to which, we might be inclined to say, the human mind has an almost undue leaning, were it not so closely connected with the existence of life itself. From unity and variety we pass to beauty, putting it last, and in a certain sense as the most important element in a poem, viewed, as we are now viewing it, as a work of art. For beauty, whether combined with humour or with sublimity, or displayed in

its own simple form, is, truly, of the very essence of art. Unless beauty be our final impression, our "last word," we cannot have that high, durable, and ethereal pleasure which it is the purpose of art to give. I know of no exception to this law; it seems to be one of those instincts or potentialities which are born in us. When we have read a poem, let us try to see whether it fulfils this law of beauty; if it does not, it will be no "joy for ever."

A second class of interests in our scientific study will be the structural form in which poetry presents itself. Here we observe how far the poet's effect and his hold over us have been attained by his metre, in all its different varieties from grave to gay, with the variety and arrangement of the rhymes, or the management of the pauses, if blank verse have been employed. The changes through which poetry has gone in this matter, like the changes in architectural style, or in forms of animal life, are very curious, and connect themselves closely with the genius of each nation, as well as of their different languages. Thus the greater perfection of the dialects spoken by the Greeks, together with their more refined and vivid sense of the poetical, compared with later races, allowed them not only to dispense with the cramping, though brilliant artifice of rhyme—so often cheating us with sound in place of sense—but also to use a variety and freedom of metres such as our greatest masters of song strive in vain to emulate. Hence, in the Greek poetry, the words come nearer to the thought than in any other; the dress or expression is a more simple and a more faithful rendering of the soul; the form and the matter are in a closer and more vital union. You will recognise at once that these conditions create a more perfect work of art. Hence, irrespective of its singular charm and power, the Greek poetry, not in its externals nor as a model for copyists, but in its fulfilment of the immutable laws of art, is invaluable as a study for those who would use a modern language to its fullest extent. And, as a natural consequence, it is worth remarking that, with hardly one clear exception, no English writer, but those who have been acquainted with Greek literature, out of the hundreds who have attempted poetry, have succeeded in it.¹

These are some among the formal or material sides of the study. Those who are masters of them will certainly gain more pleasure from poetry than the ignorant; yet, from the very nature of this art, "simple, sensuous, and passionate," as Milton defined it, much may be enjoyed, as in the natural landscape, without any fatiguing array of technical knowledge. Indeed, it is very likely that some one may

(1) The varying relations in which parental pursuits or temperaments, and early education, stand towards artists, poets included, might form the subject of a very curious essay. A few of these relations have been imperfectly traced by the writer in some papers on "Women and the Fine Arts," in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

here be ready to say, "Why all this study and learning? You are turning a pleasure into a pain! Poetry is a simple thing, what a child can understand and enjoy." *Enjoy*,—yes, I would answer; *understand*,—no, except in its slightest aspects. If we could be children for ever—"boy eternal," as Shakespeare said—that simple enjoyment might be enough; we might rest content with the spirit of youth, and the pleasure with which some of us may have first tasted from the greater poets, when we came of age, as it were, to our property in Milton or Wordsworth. That would, no doubt, be the highest state; to enjoy without thinking about it; to be wise without study; to be good without effort. And when this is a true picture of life, we may ask no more than what comes to us without work, in the way of enjoying poetry as well as other things. These horizons are, however, as far distant from the man of wealthy leisure—nay, further, perhaps, because he is under less external stimulus to improve himself—as from the members of this College.

Advancing now from the technical laws which govern poetry to those of more general application, the two other great branches of poetical study upon which I have to say a few words are of greater importance for the lasting enjoyment of it, and may be indeed said to be indispensable in any case except verse of the simplest order, and by our own contemporaries. These are knowledge of the great master-works of all time, and knowledge of the history of the age at which the poem we are studying was written.

The first of these—knowledge of the great master-works of all time—is required by any one who would read with judgment. Judgment is comparison. We must know, more or less, what the standards of the human faculties are; we must be able to compare the poem before us with others in the same style, if we would avoid being carried away with a false enthusiasm for it, or, perhaps, if we would do justice to its merits. It is for the first of these purposes that, you will see, a comparative knowledge is most obviously required. Here, of course, comes in the importance of knowing other languages than our own. Translations are almost useless. As Shelley said, one might as well expect the form and colour of a flower to come back to us from the chemist's crucible, according to the science of two centuries back, as the soul of poetry when it has passed through the fires of translation. Hence every language we know—enough to read with tolerable ease—is a new and direct shaft sunk into the mines which conceal the treasures of ancient or foreign literature. Every great poem, read thus, is an addition to the value of life—a pleasure which money cannot give, nor poverty take from us. This pleasure is the highest and the most elevating when the poetry, like that of the Greeks which I have already alluded to, is

not only more exquisite in form and language, more bold and varied in its contents, than that of any modern nation, but also reveals to us, with a vividness like life itself, the mind of the most gifted of our race; men who felt our feelings, doubted our doubts, fought our battles, and thought our thoughts, under entirely different conditions of life, different morality, religion, manners, civilization, from ourselves. The contrast thus brought before us is, in my judgment, not exceeded, perhaps not equalled, by any that life and the world afford, in its operation upon the mind of man—the most entrancing, the most penetrating, above all, the most moderating. Here we are face to face with our fellow-creatures long departed; here it is heart that speaks to heart. Here, therefore, is the highest value of studies, which only the ignorant or the fanatic will depreciate. They are, however, unfortunately, not studies which have hitherto been accessible to the poorer classes; nor, from the length of time which they appear inevitably to require, can they perhaps ever be. It is one special merit, therefore, of that study of English poetry to which I would invite you, that it will serve, in some degree, to perform the same functions for the mind. That poetry is the richest—it is by many degrees the richest body of poetry which any European race, after the Greeks, has hitherto possessed. He who has mastered it, from Chaucer to Tennyson, will have a large section of what the human race has traversed in its gradual development before him—not only presented with a vividness otherwise unattainable, but accompanied at every stage by a pleasure of the highest kind.

Such is one result of the comparative knowledge of poetry. Another, to which I now return, is the power of judging as we read. How often are we led to overrate some new thing, either because it is new, or because it is by one of our friends, or because it is a popular favourite! No great harm, the world often argues, is done here; let people have their tastes. What is the use of trying to please them except as they choose to be pleased? *Laissez faire!* Let us each enjoy in his own fashion. But I do not think you will acquiesce in the world's way so readily. My object, at least, in standing here, is expressly to point out a better and a higher way. That way, I contend, leads to a far greater and more lasting pleasure than this facile acquiescence, this indolent cry of *laissez faire*. Suppose there is any poet whom we have allowed ourselves thus to overrate under pressure of these immediate influences I have just sketched. I will not name any one; we can each, probably, recall some instance for ourselves. What is the harm of this over-estimate, of this taking the thing without comparison, without judgment, without asking the reasons for our enjoyment? First, in the most favourable case, after a time we discover that we have been misled; we look back at what we worshipped, and find it an idol; the charm

has gone; we wonder what we found to admire; we feel that we have acted like children, wasting on a trifle our capacity for pleasure;—wasting our time, that treasure of which even the longest-lived and the most at leisure among us has, oh how little! But, perhaps—and this is more frequent—we never awake to this train of unpleasant consequences; our sense of enjoyment, our power to apprehend the beautiful, is permanently weakened by the love we have spent on what was unworthy of it. After a time we drop our favourite writer, we hardly know or care why; we take up another favourite, on similar grounds; and so a man may easily go through life, never really tasting the best pleasures, never raising or refining his own mind, never outgrowing a kind of intellectual babyhood—if babyhood be not too good a word to use for the stunted soul of the grown-up man who has never cared to develop himself. Yet it is in this stage that more people than one likes to think of are content to linger, nay, resent any effort to lift them above it as a sort of affront to their individual liberty, or to the habits of good society. Or, lastly, a worse state follows—that on the existence of which I have as it were founded my whole address to you—the state in which poetry becomes a thing dead and gone, a mere pastime too slight for practical beings, as they then call themselves, to care for; when the dust and dreariness of life have closed the pores of the mind, and cut off her wings; when all these sources of pure and noble pleasure are blocked up through our own misuse of them, and we laugh at last at the enthusiasts who still find something in poetry. But it is not one of those laughs which have much pleasure in them.¹

Such are the natural results when we treat in a careless, ignorant way any source of pleasure or knowledge. We gain little, or perhaps we lose all; Nature in a certain way revenges herself at last upon indolence and caprice and vanity. You will, perhaps, think I treat with exaggerated solemnity what many people might consider a trifling matter—a mere “matter of taste,” as the phrase goes. I have not, however, spoken at random. There is a famous proverb in natural science, *Natura tota in minimis*: “Nature in her wholeness is contained in an atom.” It is somewhat thus also with human nature. The mind which is willing to play like a baby with the highest sources of intellectual pleasure, to enjoy them like a baby, and like a baby throw them away, is rarely or never a mind worthy of climbing to the loftier regions of the soul, or capable of that noble and strenuous labour without which excellence cannot be reached, nor manhood in its true sense developed.

(1) A writer of our time, discontented with himself and with everything about him, has reached perhaps the highest flight of this querulous apathy, when he asks how David profited by his Psalms, and informs us that Shakespeare had best have confined himself to prose-writing.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May ;
 Although it fall and die that night,
 It was the plant and flower of Light !
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;
 And in short measures Life may perfect be.

One last section of my work remains. Let me sum up in a few words the ground hitherto traversed. We have, first, examined why the love of poetry is popularly referred to youth, and why it is, in fact, apt to fade away as men grow up. We tested the object of poetry, and of the other Fine Arts, and argued that it is pleasure; but pleasure of a lofty, lasting, and ethereal kind. Such pleasure, we next noticed, cannot be won easily; we found that, like taste in the true sense, it was really the product and reward of the natural instinct of the mind, when enlarged and enlightened by full knowledge of the principles, antecedents and processes, under which the Fine Arts are carried on, and which they manifest in their results. This led us to see that poetry, in a word, could only be truly enjoyed, or truly accomplish its purpose, if studied on a method analogous to the sciences. As knowledge is their final cause, and the physical advantage of man their secondary result, so in the Fine Arts the final cause is pleasure, the accompanying result the elevation and purification of the soul. We briefly compared the different modes in which landscape or architecture affect the scientific or the non-scientific observer, as analogies to render more clear to the mind, by examples taken from visible and material objects, the similar conditions under which poetry may be regarded. Applying these considerations in detail, we saw that, in poetry,—granting a certain natural and happily common bias towards it,—the main lines of our scientific study would be, first, those more formal or technical laws which govern a poem or a work of art, its unity, its metrical structure, and the like. We then showed that knowledge of the field of poetry in general was needful, in order that we might judge what we read; noticing how those who read without judgment are led aside by false lights, are unbalanced and immoderate in their pleasure, and finally blunt the mind's edge to the sense of it. We have, in conclusion, to point out those larger laws upon which the whole existence of poetry depends, and thus to bring it (as we did with architecture) into connection with the history and development of the human race.

This last is, indeed, as its very announcement may show, a subject not only interesting in the highest degree to us as human creatures, but a subject worthy in itself to fill not one, but many lectures. It would

have been much easier for me, and much easier,—shall I add, much pleasanter for you?—had I said at once, “Poetry is the reflection of man’s mind in every age; it revives the past, it anticipates the future, but, most of all, it gives back the image of the present to itself, glorified and intensified,”—and had then taken some one period, from our own poetry, for examination accordingly. Such was my first intention. But the name of this College stood up against me. It was as men willing to work that I have preferred to address you;—I should not indeed have cared to address you had you been otherwise. I have, therefore, chosen the more difficult task, endeavouring not to take for granted, or to lay down, by an appeal to sentiment, reasonings capable, as I hope, of more exact and serious proof: wishing, so far as I can, to ground you in the science of the thing; and trusting, perhaps, to the future, for some chance of drawing out into detail what I can now only barely indicate.

For this last line of study is, truly, not only one of the most curious and interesting, but perhaps the most valuable, in pursuing to the furthest and highest the pleasure which poetry can give us. Poetry, under her own laws as a fine art, is, more perhaps than any other pursuit of man, from the peculiar sensitiveness of the mind necessary to produce it, the direct reflection of the spirit of every age as it passes. The mirror, in Shakespeare’s phrase, which she holds up, is not so much to nature at large, as to human nature. The poet is indeed the “child of his century,” even when, in the fine figure of Schiller, “he returns from his education under a Grecian sky” (on which I have already touched), “to teach and to purify it.” His art not only gives back the “form and pressure” to the body of the time, but is itself the impersonation of its most advanced thought, the bloom and efflorescence of its finest spirit. The poet, as Shelley said, interprets the world to itself.

Unless we are qualified to observe this correspondence, we shall as little be able to know poetry as a child can follow the order of nature when he looks at the lion or the eagle in a collection, and knows nothing of the laws which bind in one the whole realm of living organisms. We shall not tell what the poet was aiming at; we shall be blind to the influences which animated him; we shall be ignorant of the limitations which confined him. A poem, read without knowledge of its age, is like a single shell found by the seaside, or a pebble picked from the quarry, in the hands of a plough-boy: he thinks it pretty, perhaps; perhaps he fancies it a gem, perhaps a bit of rubbish. But, in any case, he sees it only on the outside; he cannot *place* it. Some of you may have heard, or read, what such a pebble may become in the hands of the man of genius, who knows under what laws it was formed and deposited; what a

story, and of what vivid interest, it may then tell; to what far-reaching trains of thought it may lead us. Such, and not less, it seems to me, in interest and in value, is a single piece of verse to the man who can study it in a similar spirit. Were I gifted with the ability of your distinguished President, I too might endeavour to follow his method; I might take my fragment from the rock of old Parnassus, or gem somewhere from Avon-side, and show how *Hamlet* and the *Midsommer Night's Dream* reflect, the one the critical spirit awakening throughout Europe in Shakespeare's time, the other the romantic legends then fading away from the mind of man; how these plays, in their metrical form and structure, carry one back on one side to the "mysteries" of the middle ages, on the other to the theatre of Athens; how the thoughts and sentiments they convey take us, some to Christian sources, some to heathen, here to Greece, there to Syria, there to Scandinavia; how, more than all, they reflect the vigour and the life of England in the first strength of the reformation in religion and in intellect; how they are the natural results of the age which saw Bacon in philosophy, and Raleigh in discovery, and Sidney in chivalry, and Burleigh in policy: names

that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

I might go on to show why this golden age of our poetry could not be for ever; how political and religious troubles under the first Stuarts gave verse, on the one hand, a more serious and manly note, on the other, the peculiar lightness of the Cavalier literature; how the solemn strength of Cromwell and the great men around him find their fit expression in the sublime melodies of Milton; how, as politics became less moving and impersonal, the interests of intellect and of commerce, of advancing science and of critical thought, become predominant in the little understood poetry of the eighteenth century; how, finally, the larger and deeper emotions which everywhere stirred mankind sixty years since, mirror and identify themselves in that noble galaxy of poets who, during this century, form in Macaulay's phrase "the most enduring of the many glories of England." And then I might go up the stream of time; how Chaucer first showed the possibility of rivalling, in our native English, the poets of Greece or Rome, till then thought of as the gods were thought of by men of old, dim and inaccessible splendours; how Chaucer himself—but it is enough—to your patience I am indebted, if you do not think it more than enough! Yet, even if so, I shall be well satisfied if I have made good by these bare and scanty outlines the meaning and the value of the scientific study of poetry; if I have roused in any one of you the noble enthusiasm to venture upon new lines of thought, or opened to your minds fresh avenues to pure and lasting pleasure.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

PERHAPS I should be ashamed to confess it, but I own I opened the three large volumes of Mr. Robinson's memoirs with much anxiety. Their bulk, in the first place, appalled me; but that was by no means my greatest apprehension. I knew I had a hundred times heard Mr. Robinson say that he hoped something he would leave behind him would "be published and be worth publishing." I was aware too—for it was no deep secret—that for half a century or more he had kept a diary, and that he had been preserving correspondence besides; and I was dubious what sort of things these would be, and what—to use Carlyle's words—any human editor could make of them. Even when Mr. Robinson used to talk so I used to shudder; for the men who have tried to be memoir-writers and failed are as numerous, or nearly so, as those who have tried to be poets and failed. A specific talent is as necessary for the one as for the other. But as soon as I had read a little of the volumes, all these doubts passed away. I saw at once that Mr. Robinson had an excellent power of narrative-writing, and that the editor of his remains had made a most judicious use of excellent materials.

Perhaps more than anything it was the modesty of my old friend (I think I may call Mr. Robinson my old friend, for though he *thought* me a modern youth, I *did* know him twenty years)—perhaps, I say, it was his modesty which made me nervous about his memoirs more than anything else. I have so often heard him say (and say it with a vigour of emphasis which is rarer in our generation even than in his),—"Sir, I have no literary talent. I cannot write. I never *could* write anything, and I never *would* write anything,"—that being so taught, and so vehemently, I came to believe. And there was this to justify my creed. The notes Mr. Robinson used to scatter about him—and he was fond of writing rather elaborate ones—were not always very good. At least they were too long for the busy race of the present generation, and introduced Schiller and Goethe where they need not have come. But in these memoirs (especially in the *Reminiscences* and the *Diary*—for the moment he gets to a letter the style is worse) the words flow with such an effectual simplicity, that even Southey, the great master of such prose, could hardly have written better. Possibly it was his real interest in his old stories which preserved Mr. Robinson; in his letters he was not so interested and he fell into words and amplifica-

(1) *DIARY, REMINISCENCES, AND CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, F.S.A.* Selected and Edited by Thos. Sadler, Ph.D. In Three Volumes. London, 1869. 36s.

tions ; but in those ancient anecdotes, which for years were his life and being, the style, as it seems to me, could scarcely be mended even in a word. And though, undoubtedly, the book is much too long in the latter half, I do not blame Dr. Sadler, the editor and biographer, for it, or indeed blame anyone. Mr. Robinson had led a very long and very varied life, and some of his old friends had an interest in one part of his reminiscences and some in another. An unhappy editor intrusted with "a deceased's papers," cannot really and in practice omit much that any surviving friends much want put in. One man calls with a letter "in which my dear and honoured friend gave me advice that was of such inestimable value, I hope, I cannot but think you will find room for it." And another calls with memoranda of a dinner—a most "superior occasion," as they say in the north—at which, he says, "There was conversation to which I never, or scarcely ever, heard anything equal. There were A. B. and C. D. and E. F., all masters, as you remember, of the purest conversational eloquence ; surely I need not hesitate to believe that you will say something of that dinner." And so an oppressed biographer has to serve up the crumbs of ancient feasts, though well knowing in his heart that they are crumbs, and though he feels, too, that the critics will attack him, and cruelly say it is his fault. But remembering this, and considering that Mr. Robinson wrote a diary beginning in 1811, going down to 1867, and occupying thirty-five closely-written volumes, and that there were "Reminiscences" and vast unsorted papers, I think Dr. Sadler has managed admirably well. His book is brief to what it might have been, and all his own part is written with delicacy, feeling, and knowledge. He quotes, too, from Wordsworth by way of motto—

" A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows ; with a face
Not worldly minded, for it bears too much
A nation's impress,—gaiety and health,
Freedom and hope ;—but keen withal and shrewd :
His gestures note,—and hark his tones of voice
Are all vivacious as his mien and looks."

It was a happy feeling of Mr. Robinson's character that selected these lines to stand at the beginning of his memoirs.

And yet in one material respect—in this case perhaps the most material respect—Dr. Sadler has failed, and not in the least from any fault of his. Sidney Smith used to complain that "no one had ever made him his trustee or executor ;" being really a very sound and sensible man of business, he felt that it was a kind of imputation on him, and that he was not appreciated. But some one more justly replied, "But how could *you*, Sidney Smith, expect to be made an executor? Is there any one who wants their 'remains' to be made fun of?" Now every trustee of biographical papers is exactly in this difficulty, that

he cannot make fun. The melancholy friends who left the papers would not at all like it. And, besides, there grows upon every such biographer an "official" feeling—a confused sense of vague responsibilities—a wish not to impair the gravity of the occasion, or to offend any one by levity. But there are some men who cannot be justly described quite gravely; and Crabb Robinson is one of them. A certain grotesqueness was a part of him, and unless you liked it you lost the very best of him. He is called, and properly called, in these memoirs Mr. Robinson; but no well-judging person ever called him so in life. He was always called "old Crabb," and that is the only name which will ever bring up his curious image to me. He was, in the true old English sense of the word, a "character;" one whom a very peculiar life, certainly, and perhaps also a rather peculiar nature to begin with, had formed and moulded into something so exceptional and singular that it did not seem to belong to ordinary life, and almost moved a smile when you saw it moving there. "Aberrant forms," I believe naturalists call seals and such things in natural history; odd shapes that can only be explained by a long past, and which swim with a certain incongruity in their present *milieu*. Now "old Crabb" was (to me at least) just like that. You watched with interest and pleasure his singular gestures, and his odd way of saying things, and muttered, as if to keep up the recollection, "And *this* is the man who was the friend of Goethe, and is the friend of Wordsworth!" There was a certain animal oddity about "old Crabb" which made it a kind of mental joke to couple him with such great names, and yet he was to his heart's core thoroughly coupled with them. If you leave out all his strange ways (I do not say Dr. Sadler has quite left them out), but to some extent he has been obliged, by place and decorum, to omit them, you lose the life of the man. You cut from the negro his skin, and from the leopard his spots. I well remember how poor Clough, who was then fresh from Oxford, and was much puzzled by the corner of London to which he had drifted, looking at "old Crabb" in a kind of terror for a whole breakfast time, and muttering in mute wonder, and almost to himself, as he came away, "Not at all the regular patriarch." And certainly no one could accuse Mr. Robinson of an insipid regularity either in face or nature.

Mr. Robinson was one of the original founders of University College, and was for many years both on its senate and council; and as he lived near the college he was fond of collecting at breakfast all the elder students—especially those who had any sort of interest in literature. Probably he never appeared to so much advantage, or showed all the best of his nature, so well as in those parties. Like most very cheerful old people, he at heart preferred the company of the very young; and a set of young students, even after he was seventy, suited him better as society than a set of grave old men. Sometimes,

indeed, he would have—I do not say some of his contemporaries, few of them even in 1847 were up to breakfast parties, but persons of fifty and sixty—those whom young students call old gentlemen. And it was amusing to watch the consternation of some of them at the surprising youth and levity of their host. They shuddered at the freedom with which we treated him. Middle-aged men, of feeble heads and half-made reputations, have a nice dislike to the sharp arguments and the unsparing jests of “boys at college;” they cannot bear the rough society of those who, never having tried their own strength, have not yet acquired a fellow-feeling for weakness. Many such persons, I am sure, were half hurt with Mr. Robinson for not keeping those “impertinent boys” more at a just distance; but Mr. Robinson liked fun and movement, and disliked the sort of dignity which shelters stupidity. There was little to gratify the unintellectual part of man at these breakfasts, and what there was was not easy to be got at. Your host, just as you were sitting down to breakfast, found he had forgotten to make the tea, then he could not find his keys, then he rang the bell to have them searched for; but long before the servant came he had gone off into “Schiller-Goethe,” and could not the least remember what he had wanted. The more astute of his guests used to breakfast before they came, and then there was much interest in seeing a steady literary man, who did not understand the region, in agonies at having to hear three stories before he got his tea, one again between his milk and his sugar, another between his butter and his toast, and additional zest in making a stealthy inquiry that was sure to intercept the coming delicacies by bringing on Schiller and Goethe.

It is said in these memoirs that Mr. Robinson’s parents were very good-looking, and that when married they were called the handsome couple. But in his old age very little regular beauty adhered to him, if he ever had any. His face was pleasing from its animation, its kindness, and its shrewdness, but the nose was one of the most slovenly which nature had ever turned out, and the chin of excessive length, with portentous power of extension. But, perhaps, for the purpose of a social narrator (and in later years this was Mr. Robinson’s position) this oddity of feature was a gift. It was said, and justly said, that Lord Brougham used to punctuate his sentences with his nose; just at the end of a long parenthesis he *could*, and did, turn up his nose, which served to note the change of subject as well, or better, than a printed mark. Mr. Robinson was not so skilful as this, but he had a very able use of the chin at a conversational crisis, and just at the point of a story pushed it out, and then very slowly drew it in again, so that you always knew when to laugh, and the oddity of the gesture helped you in laughing.

Mr. Robinson had known nearly every literary man worth knowing in England and Germany for fifty years and more. He had

studied at Jena in the "great time," when Goethe, and Schiller, and Wieland were all at their zenith; he had lived with Charles Lamb and his set, and Rogers and his set, besides an infinite lot of little London people; he had taught Madame de Staël German philosophy in Germany, and helped her in business afterwards in England; he was the real friend of Wordsworth, and had known Coleridge and Southey almost from their "coming out" to their death. And he was not a mere literary man. He had been a *Times* correspondent in the days of Napoleon's early German battles, now more than "seventy years since;" he had been off Corunna in Sir John Moore's time; and last, but almost first it should have been, he was an English barrister, who had for years a considerable business, and who was full of picturesque stories about old judges. Such a varied life and experience belong to very few men, and his social nature—at once accessible and assailable—was just the one to take advantage of it. He seemed to be lucky all through; in childhood he remembered when John Gilpin came out; then he had seen—he could not hear—John Wesley preach; then he had heard Erskine, and criticised him intelligently, in some of the finest of the well-known "State trials;" and so on during all his vigorous period.

I do not know that it would be possible to give a better idea of Mr. Robinson's best conversations than by quoting almost at random from the earlier part of these memoirs:—

"At the Spring assizes of 1791, when I had nearly attained my sixteenth year, I had the delight of hearing Erskine. It was a high enjoyment, and I was able to profit by it. The subject of the trial was the validity of a will—*Braham v. Rivett*. Erskine came down specially retained for the plaintiff, and Mingay for the defendant. The trial lasted two days. The title of the heir being admitted, the proof of the will was gone into at once. I have a recollection of many of the circumstances after more than fifty-four years; but of nothing do I retain so perfect a recollection as of the figure and voice of Erskine. There was a charm in his voice, a fascination in his eye, and so completely had he won my affection that I am sure had the verdict been given against him I should have burst out crying. Of the facts and of the evidence I do not pretend to recollect anything beyond my impressions and sensations. My pocket-book records that Erskine was engaged two and a half hours in opening the case, and Mingay two hours and twenty minutes in his speech in defence. E.'s reply occupied three hours. The testatrix was an old lady in a state of imbecility. The evil spirit of the case was an attorney. Mingay was loud and violent, and gave Erskine an opportunity of turning into ridicule his imagery and illustrations. For instance, M. having compared R. to the Devil going into the Garden of Eden, E. drew a closer parallel than M. intended. Satan's first sight of Eve was related in Milton's words—

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love;"

and then a picture of idiocy from Swift was contrasted. But the sentence that weighed on my spirits was a pathetic exclamation—'If, gentlemen, you should by your verdict annihilate an instrument so solemnly framed, *I should retire a troubled man from this court.*' And as he uttered the word *court*, he beat his breast and I had a difficulty in not crying out. When in bed the following

night I awoke several times in a state of excitement approaching fever—the words ‘*troubled man from this court*’ rang in my ears.

“A new trial was granted, and ultimately the will was set aside. I have said I profited by Erskine. I remarked his great artifice, if I may call it so; and in a small way I afterwards practised it. It lay in his frequent repetitions. He had one or two leading arguments and main facts on which he was constantly dwelling. But then he had marvellous skill in varying his phraseology, so that no one was sensible of tautology in the expressions. Like the doubling of a hare, he was perpetually coming to his old place. Other great advocates I have remarked were ambitious of a great variety of arguments.

“About the same time that I thus first heard the most perfect of forensic orators I was also present at an exhibition equally admirable, and which had a powerful effect upon my mind. It was, I believe, in October, 1790, and not long before his death, that I heard John Wesley in the great round Meeting House at Colchester. He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side of him stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible. But his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers. It was for the most part pantomime, but the pantomime went to the heart. Of the kind I never saw anything comparable to it in after life.”

And again—

“It was at the Summer Circuit that Rolfe made his first appearance. He had been at the preceding Sessions. I have a pleasure in recollecting that I at once foresaw that he would become a distinguished man. In my Diary I wrote, ‘Our new junior, Mr. Rolfe, made his appearance. His manners are genteel; his conversation easy and sensible. He is a very acceptable companion, but I fear a dangerous rival.’ And my brother asking me who the new man was, I said, ‘I will venture to predict that you will live to see that young man attain a higher rank than any one you ever saw upon the circuit.’ It is true he is not higher than Leblanc, who was also a puisne judge, but Leblanc was never Solicitor-General; nor, probably, is Rolfe yet at the end of his career. One day, when some one remarked, ‘Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land,’ Rolfe said to me, ‘Were you ever employed to draw an indictment against a man for not loving his neighbour as himself?’

“Rolfe is, by universal repute, if not the very best, at least one of the best judges on the Bench. He is one of the few with whom I have kept up an acquaintance.”¹

Of course, these stories came over and over again. It is the excellence of a reminiscent to have a few good stories, and his misfortune that people will remember what he says. In Mr. Robinson’s case an unskilled person could often see the anecdote somewhere impending, and there was often much interest in trying whether you could ward it off or not. There was one great misfortune which had happened to his guests, though he used to tell it as one of the best things that had ever happened to himself. He had picked up a certain bust of Wieland by Schadow, which it appears had been lost,

(1) “Since writing the above, Baron Rolfe has verified my prediction more strikingly by being created a peer, by the title of Lord Cranworth, and appointed a Vice-Chancellor. Soon after his appointment, he called on me, and I dined with him. I related to Lady Cranworth the anecdote given above, of my conversation with my brother, with which she was evidently pleased. Lady Cranworth was the daughter of Mr. Carr, Solicitor to the Excise, whom I formerly used to visit, and ought soon to find some mention of in my journals. Lord Cranworth continues to enjoy universal respect.—H.C.R. 1851.”

and in the finding of which Goethe, even Goethe, rejoiced. After a very long interval I still shudder to think how often I have heard that story; it was one which no skill or care could long avert, for the thing stood opposite our host's chair, and the sight of it was sure to recall him. Among the ungrateful students to whom he was so kind, the first question always asked of anyone who had breakfasted at his house was "Did you undergo the *bust*?"

A reader of these memoirs would naturally and justly think that the great interest of Mr. Robinson's conversation was the strength of the past memory; but quite as amusing or more was the present weakness. He never could remember names, and was very ingenious in his devices to elude the defect. There is a story in these memoirs:—

"I was engaged to dine with Mr. Wansey at Walthamstow. When I arrived there I was in the greatest distress, through having forgotten his name. And it was not till after half an hour's worry that I recollected he was a Unitarian, which would answer as well; for I instantly proceeded to Mr. Cogan's. Having been shown into a room, young Mr. Cogan came—'Your commands, sir?'—'Mr. Cogan, I have taken the liberty to call on you in order to know where I 'am to dine to-day.' He smiled. I went on: 'The truth is, I have accepted an invitation to dine with a gentleman, a recent acquaintance, whose name I have forgotten; but I am sure you can tell me, for he is a Unitarian, and the Unitarians are very few here.'"

And at his breakfasts it was always the same; he was always in difficulty as to some person's name or other, and he had regular descriptions which recurred, like Homeric epithets, and which he expected you to apply to the individual. Thus poor Clough always appeared—"That admirable and accomplished man. You know whom I mean. The one who never says anything." And of another living poet he used to say: "Probably the most able, and certainly the most consequential, of all the young persons I know. You know which it is. The one with whom I could never *presume* to be intimate. The one whose father I knew so many years." And another particular friend of my own always occurred as—"That great friend of yours that has been in Germany—that most accomplished and interesting person—that most able and excellent young man. Sometimes I like him, and sometimes I *hate* him. You," turning to me, "know whom I mean, you villain!" And certainly I did know; for I had heard the same adjectives, and been referred to in the same manner, very many times.

Of course a main part of Mr. Robinson's conversation was on literary subjects; but of this, except when it related to persons whom he had known, or sonnets to "the conception of which he was privy," I do not think it would be just to speak very highly. He spoke sensibly and clearly—he could not on any subject speak otherwise; but the critical faculty is as special and as peculiar almost as the poetical; and Mr. Robinson in serious moments was quite

aware of it, and he used to deny that he had one faculty more than the other. He used to read much of Wordsworth to me; but I doubt—though many of his friends will think I am a great heretic—I doubt if he read the best poems; and even those he did read (and he read very well) rather suffered from coming in the middle of a meal, and at a time when you wanted to laugh, and not to meditate. Wordsworth was a solitary man, and it is only in solitude that his best poems, or indeed any of his characteristic poems, can be truly felt or really apprehended. There are some at which I never look, even now, without thinking of the wonderful and dreary faces which Clough used to make while Mr. Robinson was reading them. To Clough certain of Wordsworth's poems were part of his inner being, and he suffered at hearing them obtruded at meal times, just as a High Churchman would suffer at hearing the collects of the Church. Indeed, these poems were among the collects of Clough's Church.

Still less do I believe that there is any special value in the expositions of German philosophy in these volumes, or that there was any in those which Mr. Robinson used to give on such matters in conversation. They are clear, no doubt, and accurate, but they are not the expositions of a born metaphysician. He speaks in these memoirs of his having a difficulty in concentrating his "attention on works of speculation." And such books as Kant can only be really mastered, can perhaps only be usefully studied, by those who have an unusual facility in concentrating their mind on impalpable abstractions, and an uncommon inclination to do so. Mr. Robinson had neither; and I think the critical philosophy had really very little effect on him, and had, during the busy years which had elapsed since he studied it, very nearly run off him. There was something very curious in the sudden way that anything mystical would stop in him. At the end of a Sunday breakfast, after inflicting on you much which was transcendental in Wordsworth or Goethe, he would say, as we left him, with an air of relish, "Now I am going to run down to Exeter Street to hear Madge. I shall not be in time for the prayers; but I do not so much care about that; what I do like is the sermon; it is so clear." Mr. Madge was a Unitarian of the old school, with as little mystical and transcendental in his nature as any one who ever lived. There was a living piquancy in the friend of Goethe—the man who *would* explain to you his writings—being also the admirer of "Madge;" it was like a proser, lengthily eulogising Kant to you, and then saying, "Ah! but I do love Condillac; he is so clear."

But, on the other hand, I used to hold—I was reading law at the time, and so had some interest in the matter—that Mr. Robinson much underrated his legal knowledge, and his practical power as a lawyer. What he used to say was, "I never knew any law, sir, but I knew the practice. . . . I left the bar, sir, because I feared my incom-

petence might be discovered. I was a tolerable junior, but I was rising to be a leader, which I was unfit to be, and so I retired, not to disgrace myself by some fearful mistake." In these memoirs he says that he retired when he had made the sum of money which he thought enough for a bachelor with few wants and not a single expensive taste. The simplicity of his tastes is certain; very few Englishmen indeed could live with so little show or pretence. But the idea of the gross incompetence is absurd. No one who was so ever said so. There are, I am confident, plenty of substantial and well-satisfied men at the English bar who do not know nearly as much law as Mr. Robinson knew, and who have not a tithe of his natural sagacity, but who believe in themselves and in whom their clients believe. On the other hand, Mr. Robinson had many great qualifications for success at the bar. He was a really good speaker: when over seventy I have heard him make a speech that good speakers in their full vigour would be glad to make. He had a good deal of the actor in his nature, which is thought, and I fancy justly thought, to be necessary to the success of all great advocates, and perhaps of all great orators. He was well acquainted with the petty technicalities which intellectual men in middle life in general cannot learn, for he had passed some years in an attorney's office. Above all, he was a very thinking man, and had an "idea of business"—that inscrutable something which at once and altogether distinguishes the man who is safe in the affairs of life from those who are unsafe. I do not suppose he knew much black-letter law; but there are plenty of judges on the bench who, unless they are much belied, know very little either—perhaps none. And a man who can intelligently read Kant, like Mr. Robinson, need not fear the book-work of English law. A very little serious study would have taught him law enough to lead the Norfolk circuit. He really had a sound, moderate, money-making business, and only a little pains was wanted to give him more.

The real reason why he did not take the trouble I fancy was that, being a bachelor, he was a kind of amateur in life, and did not really care. He could not spend what he had on himself, and used to give away largely, though in private. And even more, as with most men who have not thoroughly worked when young, daily, regular industry was exceedingly trying to him. No man could be less idle; far from it, he was always doing something; but then he was doing what he chose. Sir Walter Scott, one of the best workers of his time, used always to say that "he had no temptation to be idle, but the greatest temptation, when one thing was wanted of him, to go and do something else." Perhaps the only persons who, not being forced by mere necessity, really conquer this temptation, are those who were early broken to the yoke, and are fixed to the furrow by habit. Mr. Robinson loitered in Germany, so he was not one of these.

I am not regretting this. It would be a base idolatry of practical life to require every man to succeed in it as far as he could, and to devote to it all his mind. The world certainly does not need it; it pays well, and it will never lack good servants. There will always be enough of sound, strong men to be working barristers and judges, let who will object to become so. But I own I think a man ought to be able to be a "Philistine" if he chose; there is a sickly incompleteness about people too fine for the world, and too nice to work their way in it. And when a man like Mr. Robinson had a real sagacity for affairs, it is for those who respect his memory to see that his reputation does not suffer from his modesty, and that his habitual self-depreciations—which, indeed, extended not only to his powers of writing as well as to those of acting—are not taken to be exactly true.

In fact, Mr. Robinson was usefully occupied in University College business and University Hall business, and other such things. But there is no special need to write on them in connection with his name, and it would need a good deal of writing to make them intelligible to those who do not know them now. And the greater part of his life was spent in society where his influence was always manly and vigorous. I do not mean that he was universally popular, it would be defacing his likeness to say so. "I am a man," he once told me, "to whom a great number of persons entertain the very strongest objection." Indeed he had some subjects on which he could hardly bear opposition. Twice he nearly quarrelled with me: once for writing in favour of Louis Napoleon, which, as he had caught in Germany a thorough antipathy to the first Napoleon, seemed to him quite wicked; and next for my urging that Hazlitt was a much greater writer than Charles Lamb—a harmless opinion which I still hold, but which Mr. Robinson met with this outburst: "You, sir, you prefer the works of that scoundrel, that odious, that malignant writer, to the exquisite essays of that angelic creature!" I protested that there was no evidence that angels could write particularly well, but it was in vain, and it was some time before he forgave me. Some persons who casually encountered peculiarities like these, did not always understand them. In his last years, too, augmenting infirmities almost disqualified Mr. Robinson for general society, and quite disabled him from showing his old abilities in it. Indeed, I think that these memoirs will give almost a new idea of his power to many young men who had only seen him casually, and at times of feebleness. After ninety it is not easy to make new friends. And, in any case, this book will always have a great charm to those who knew Mr. Robinson well when they were themselves young, because it will keep alive to them the image of his buoyant sagacity, and his wise and careless kindness.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

ON EMIGRATION.

Few public questions are of more importance to England and America than that of Emigration. The progressive increase in the number of those who, under the existing arrangements of society, cannot obtain by their labour a proper livelihood, makes Emigration, as a means of relief for its superfluous and unemployed population, a matter of almost necessity for England. At the same time the vast unpeopled territory of America affords the largest field for immigrants, and the United States holds out such a welcome as no other country can offer to the settlers who by their labour may assist in developing its untold resources, and thus earn a share in its unexampled prosperity.

In the recent discussions of the subject in England much stress has been laid on the effect which emigration might have in diminishing the pressure of population on the means of subsistence, and in checking the growth of the pauperism and misery which are not less calamitous and perilous than dangerous to the State. But emigration, even on a large scale and continuing over a considerable period, is no remedy for pauperism. It can, at the best, be but a mere palliative for an evil which is the inevitable result of long established social conditions and relations, and that can be eradicated only by a gradual, comprehensive reform of the whole social order, proceeding from an improvement in the moral sense of the community. Unless accompanied by vigorous measures of internal social reform, emigration can afford only momentary relief. The void created by it in the domestic population would be rapidly filled, without any general improvement in the condition of the people.

But whether a social reform such as is required to make emigration a measure of permanent benefit to the State, be in progress at present or not, there is no doubt that emigration, properly conducted, offers to many individuals of the poorer classes the surest hope of bettering their condition, and of raising themselves from dependence and want. The mass of the English poor, however, and especially the enormous class of partial or complete paupers of whom it would be for the immediate, selfish interest of the country to rid itself, are both unable and unfit to emigrate.¹

(1) In an interview with a deputation of the National Emigration Aid Society, on the 21st of June of this year, Mr. Goschen stated that "he thought the country ought to know that in the workhouses of London there were scarcely any persons who were fit for emigration. Out of the 36,000 in the workhouses, there were only 3,000 able-bodied of both sexes; and the number of able-bodied amongst the outside poor also bore but a small proportion to the total number."

No civilised nation would willingly receive the off-scourings of another people. The worst result of pauperism is that it creates a condition of soul as well as of body that unfits men to be useful members of any society. The character produced by hereditary pauperism, like that which exists in England, is of a lower, and more hopelessly degraded type, than that of the savage. Self-respect, the desire for independence, regard for the rights of others, become extinct in the hereditary pauper,—and difficult as it is to stifle these qualities, they are, when once extinguished, still more difficult to restore. Without them man is no longer properly a social being.

Favourable circumstances may unquestionably have the effect of gradually elevating the pauper, as they may improve the criminal. But it is not to be asked or expected of any foreign nation, or of any colony, that it should undertake the task of lifting out of degradation the wretched creatures whom the evil constitution of the society of which they are originally members has permitted or compelled to become its pest and its peril.

The sense of common interest among nations, as well as the sense of mutual responsibility among the individuals who compose a nation, is so weak as yet, even among the most civilised peoples, and both are so far beneath, indeed, the conception which may be formed by an imagination neither exalted nor enthusiastic, of the possible relations between men, that it may perhaps seem, to those who have not had their thoughts directed to the subject, extravagant to suggest that no nation has a right to transfer the persons who are by character and disposition a burden to itself to the charge of another people, but that it should regard the departure of a useless or criminal individual from its own borders to the territory of another nation as a calamity as well as a disgrace. The time is not, however, in a long view, far distant, when it will be understood, that the interests of nations are in this respect identical; and further, that in a properly regulated society, that is, in a society in which true civilisation exists, as the result of a proper distribution of wealth, and of due provision for general education, a superfluous population ought not and is not likely to exist. To a remote posterity it will seem one of the most eminent proofs of the comparative barbarism, and of the low moral standard of the present times, that the condition of society, in some of the most advanced nations of the earth, tended to stimulate excessive population, and to perpetuate for generations a standard of living for the mass of the people which, in many respects, both physical and moral, was below that of purely savage tribes.

America, from the beginning of its political existence, has suffered greatly from being made the receptacle of the worst outcasts of European society. Its fortunate natural conditions have prevented some of the evil effects that might otherwise have proceeded from the unrestrained

immigration of poor, depraved, and ignorant foreigners. But even more important in securing immunity from the perils attendant on such an immigration have been those political principles upon which the Republic of the United States was founded, and which in the course of the century have not only been accepted as the formal creed of the people, but have become the very vital spirit of American society, fashioning its institutions, and moulding its ideas.

A citizen of the old world looking at the new from a distance, and judging it by an old-world standard, seeing only the public manifestations of its life, in its internal political contests, in its international relations, and in its press, can hardly properly understand the real spirit of America, or estimate truly the fact that that spirit does not find complete expression in politics or in the press, but is chiefly manifested in the social relations in which men are bound together by ties of mutual sympathy, helpfulness, and goodwill, far closer and more comprehensive than those which unite any other existing society. Imperfect and broken as they often are, they yet indicate an advance toward the realization of a true moral community, —of a community resting on the basis of individual freedom and responsibility.

Probably nothing has interfered more seriously with the normal development of the American commonwealth, and with the fulfilment of the ideas which it embodies, during the last thirty years, than the constant enormous influx of emigrants, the majority of whom were of the lowest classes of the old world. And certainly nothing has afforded a more striking proof of the native vigour and essential virtue of the American system, reinforced as they are by the material conditions of the country, than the fact that such an influx of poor and ignorant emigrants (reaching in some years an average of a thousand a day) has not more seriously disturbed its workings or modified its character. The cities of the Atlantic seaboard, and especially New York—the point to which the stream of emigration mainly tends—have indeed suffered greatly from it, in the lowering of their political and moral tone, partly as a direct result of the actual character of the immigrants, partly through the gradual destruction of that sense of common traditional interests and of common historic associations among the inhabitants, which are chief supports as well of public spirit as of public morality. The least enterprising and vigorous, the most ignorant and corrupt among the immigrants, sink at once on landing, like dregs, to the place they have been accustomed to occupy at the bottom of society, and find their homes at once in the low houses and cellars of the city that first receives them. Neither their habits nor their thoughts are changed by crossing the ocean. They come from the slums of Irish or German cities to crowd the slums of Boston and New York—im-

porting with themselves the foulness and corruption of the old world. The number of its inhabitants of German birth or parentage makes New York, it is said, the third largest German city in the world; and it holds a still higher rank among Irish cities. When the political and judicial corruption of New York is spoken of, when it is held up as an awful warning of the results of democratic institutions and principles, these facts should be remembered. New York is not a native-American city; it is not so much a product of America as of Europe; it is not a great united community with a sense of common life thrilling every nerve, but a mere conglomeration of foreign particles without other natural or historic connection than belongs to them as being all alike members of the human race.

If America had during the last thirty years received no emigrants but such as their native country might have regretted to lose—none but such as could become worthy citizens of a free commonwealth, and contribute to its moral as well as to its material progress—its relations to Great Britain and the other nations of Europe would be far different from what they are now. Great Britain has only herself to blame for American Fenianism, and for the bluster of demagogues pandering to the prejudice and passion which foreign-born citizens have brought from their native land.

It is of the highest importance to England at this time, in view of the probable increase of a purely English emigration, that the emigrants who leave her shores should belong to the respectable labouring class, with some notion of the duty of good citizens, and that they should carry with them a sense of attachment to their native land, and to its institutions, which hitherto has been shared by only a small portion of the emigrants from British ports. That emigration may be serviceable to the parent state in the long run, it must not be a mere getting rid of its refuse population, but it must be the sending forth an instructed and orderly portion of the people, possessing such characters, and imbued with such sentiments, as shall promote peace and mutual regard between the New World and the Old. It must be the departure of good citizens of one country to become good citizens of another.

II.

Education is required to make the mass of the English poor fit for emigration. And, however rapid may be the progress of the education of the lower orders of the people under the pressure of existing political conditions, a considerable time must elapse before it can develop within them a just conception of their rights and duties as citizens of a free State. Meanwhile emigration can be but an unsatisfactory means of disposing of the surplus population. It

is, however, in a large number of cases, the best that offers, and as such, few objects have a higher claim to the intervention of Government, and of society at large. In this, as in most other matters relating to the dependent classes, there is pressing need of organisation and combination of effort on the part of those interested to promote the independence of the poor. The English nation is so divided; the various classes of which it is composed are so separated; society—using the term in its largest sense—is so disintegrated, that it seems to possess in very low degree the sense of the immense force latent in itself for the accomplishment of objects of general utility—a force only to be developed by the united intelligent effort and action of different ranks of men, and requiring for its direction and control only judicious and simple organisation.¹ But whatever function the Government might properly exercise in the protection and regulation of emigration, in the advance of required funds, and in a general oversight of its course, it could not undertake the vicarious performance of the whole duty of society in the matter. This duty could be best discharged by a wide-spread organisation throughout England for the promotion of emigration, independent of Government, but acting concurrently with it. Already existing societies, especially the National Emigration Aid Society, afford the first elements of such an organisation as seems to be needed.

The individuals for whom emigration offers the best, if not the only means of raising themselves from dependence, and of bettering their condition, are scattered over the country. Many who would gladly emigrate do not possess the necessary means; many are too ignorant to take the requisite steps even if supplied with means. The majority of them are incompetent to ascertain the best modes of emigration, as well as to discriminate properly among the advantages and prospects offered by the different countries to which emigration is directed. It should be among the objects of such an organisation as is proposed to prepare and diffuse as widely as possible correct information respecting the modes of emigration, the most advantageous fields open to it, the inducements offered by different countries to different classes of labourers, together with some simple instructions to the emigrant in regard to health, climate, and other important matters.

These objects might be effected through numerous local agencies established in various parts of the country, with local officers, whose acquaintance with the character and wants of the people would fit

(1) The work of the Sanitary Commission during the late civil war in America was a splendid example of what the voluntary efforts of a people may effect when duly organised and concentrated. The organisation was itself wholly popular, and outside of government. Its history is full of instruction and encouragement for those who would accomplish any work dependent for its success on the combined efforts of all classes in a nation.

them to select the persons to whom an advance of means to enable them to emigrate might be judiciously afforded, as well as to assist them in all the difficult preliminary steps attendant on a change of home.

The local agencies should be subordinated to, and in constant communication with, central offices in London, Liverpool, and perhaps one or two other ports, and to one or the other of these offices all intending emigrants should be directed. It should be the duty of the officers of these central stations to look after the embarkation of the emigrant, to protect him from the first perils of inexperience, and to exercise a supervision over emigrant vessels.

An organised and responsible society of this sort would put itself into relation with the authorities of emigrant-receiving countries, not only to obtain correct information concerning the regulations respecting immigration, the openings for labour, the rate of wages, and other such matters, but also for the purpose of concerting with them such measures as might most securely provide for the promotion of the welfare of the immigrant in his new home, and for the protection of the interests of the nation of which he is to become a member.

At present, the emigrant, relying for the most part on his own unassisted and unbefriended efforts, and his imperfect knowledge, is exposed to needless difficulties, and often experiences needless hardship, suffering, and loss. His departure, his voyage, his arrival, are alike cheerless and depressing. He starts on his new life with a diminished stock of energy and hope, and with his hardly-earned savings sadly lessened by knavery. Such an organisation as is here proposed might avert many of the most serious evils now attendant on emigration.

But it may not unreasonably be objected that the effect of a vigorous and active association for the promotion and oversight of emigration would be mainly to assist the departure from England of the best and most intelligent class of labourers—a class which she can ill afford to lose. Undoubtedly this would be the case. But if, as appears, her paupers are not fit to emigrate, and her most impoverished and dependent labourers are scarcely more so, emigration must in large measure consist of numbers of the better class of her labouring population. Their departure may, at least, afford opportunity for those below them to rise into the places they leave—and it may be hoped that the extension and improvement of education will by degrees largely develop the intelligence, the capacity, and the independence of the labouring poor who remain at home.

III.

At the beginning of this paper I stated that the United States offers to emigrants such a welcome as no other country can afford.

From the beginning of its existence as an independent power, the question of obtaining the supply of labour requisite to develop its unparalleled natural resources, as well as that of the method of settlement of its enormous territory, have been among the most important with which its Government have had to deal.

The proper disposal of its public lands early engaged the attention of the Government; and in 1785, before the adoption of the Constitution, Congress passed the first of a series, which has continued almost to the present day, of far-sighted and liberal laws providing for the prosperous and rapid settlement of the country. Recognising the importance, in the transfer of landed property, of certainty and brevity of description, Congress adopted a system of survey, record, and division of the public lands, which, modified by subsequent laws, has proved of eminent utility. Under this system base lines are first established corresponding with parallels of latitude. These are then intersected at right angles by principal meridians, corresponding with longitude. Starting from the bases, townships of six miles square are measured off and laid out on north and south in a regularly numbered series, while each range of townships east and west of the meridian is numbered in a like series. These townships are divided into sections of one mile square, or 640 acres, these again into half and quarter sections, half-quarters, and quarter-quarters. From the beginning of the system down to the present time, an area of nearly 500 millions of acres has been surveyed and laid out, and in considerable part settled, while a territory at least three times greater in extent remains unsurveyed and in process of surveyal.¹

All surveyed land was offered for sale at very low rates, and measures were from time to time adopted to promote the proper settlement, and to prevent unauthorised occupation of the public domain. For many years legal settlement could only be made upon lands "offered" by the Government; but as the population of the country increased, this limitation was found inadvisable, and a new policy was adopted, which still continues in force, under what are known as the Pre-emption Laws of 4th September, 1841, and 3rd March, 1843. By the provisions of these laws every citizen of the United States, including aliens who have filed a declaration of intention to become a citizen, being the head of a family, or widow, or single man over the age of twenty-one years, who has made, or shall hereafter make, a settlement in person on the public lands, surveyed or unsurveyed, and not specially reserved by law, and who shall inhabit and improve the same, and who has erected, or shall erect, a dwelling thereon, is authorised to enter with the registrar of the Land Office of the district in which the land may lie, any number of acres not exceeding one hundred and sixty, or a quarter-section of

(1) Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office. Washington, 1868.

land, upon paying to the United States the minimum price of such land.¹ By these Acts the whole public domain of the United States was, with inconsiderable exceptions, offered for settlement, and a secure title guaranteed to purchasers. The price at which it was offered was so low as to bring the possession of a hundred and sixty acres of land within the means of every capable and industrious man—all public lands being divided into two classes, of which one is held for sale at 1 dol. 25 cents per acre, a price designated as *minimum*, and the other at 2 dols. 50 cents, or *double minimum*.

By the pre-emption policy the rapid and healthy settlement of the country was greatly encouraged, and the national strength and prosperity promoted. The good results proceeding from the liberal disposal of the public lands were so apparent, that by degrees the temper of the nation was prepared for a policy of still more enlarged liberality, and in 1862 an Act known as the Homestead Act was passed, which may be regarded as the completion of the land-disposal system of the United States.² This statesmanlike and fore-reaching measure, adopted in the midst of the convulsions of civil war, and in its very nature an indication of the strong consciousness of the nation of its own permanent life and prosperity, *gives* to every citizen, and to all who have declared their intentions to become such, the *right* to a homestead on *surveyed* land, to the extent of one quarter section (160 acres) of land held at 1 dol. 25 cents the acre, or of eighty acres held at 2 dols. 50 cents. To obtain a homestead application must be made at the Land Office of the district for a definite plot of ground, and the applicant is required to make an affidavit that he or she is over the age of twenty-one, or the head of a family; that he has never borne arms against the Government; that the entry is made for his exclusive use and benefit, and for actual settlement and cultivation. A small fee and commission is payable when the entry is made, amounting at most to 16 dols. An inceptive right is vested in the settler by these proceedings, but the patent conveying ownership is not issued until the expiration of five years from the date of entry, and then only upon evidence that the law has been duly observed in regard to settlement and continuous cultivation for this term. Then upon payment of another small fee, not exceeding 6 dols. in any case, the settler receives his complete title to the homestead. If a settler should die before the completion of his claim, his heirs may continue the settlement and cultivation, and obtain title upon requisite proof at the proper time.

All the provisions of this great measure, and of the Acts subsequently passed amendatory of it, are conceived in a spirit of perfect

(1) U. S. Statutes, v., 455, 619.

(2) U. S. Statutes, xii., 400.

liberality and of careful regard of the interests of the settler. The benefits flowing from it become every year more and more obvious. The principle involved in it, and the results proceeding from it, are in a purely politico-economical view of special interest, and deserve far more attention than they have yet received. I regret that I cannot enlarge upon them here.

From the Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, October, 1867, it appears that during the preceding fiscal year the entries under the Homestead Law covered nearly two millions of acres, and that "the total area of the public domain embraced by such entries to the 30th June, 1867, exceeds seven millions of acres, represented by over fifty-nine thousand farms." "The wealth of the nation has been materially increased by the redemption of these seven millions of acres from the wilderness of nature, their conversion into cultivated farms, and the consequent augmentation of the agricultural products of the country."

But there is another feature of the system of disposal of the public land which indicates the foresight of the Government, and which has been, and still is, of the highest importance as regards the development of the nation, and the security of its democratic institutions. From the earliest period of the national existence it was resolved that settlement and education should proceed hand in hand. Before the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the Continental Congress in 1785 passed an ordinance, famous in American history, respecting the territory north-west of the Ohio River. Among the provisions of this ordinance was one establishing a school system, and allotting for the support of education a fund, to be derived from the grant of a section of six hundred and forty acres in each township of six miles square, so that at this early period one thirty-sixth portion of the public lands was set apart in the interest of public education.

A similar, but even more extensive provision, has been made for the support of education in the new States and territories included within the limits of the United States since that period. In localities distant from large towns or political centres, the grant for schools has been extended to twelve hundred and eighty acres in each township. And besides the allotments for schools, liberal provision has been made, in the same manner, for the support of higher seminaries of learning and colleges; the latest land grant for this purpose being that of July, 1862, for the establishment and support in each State of the Union of a college or colleges for education in agriculture, mechanics, and mining.

"If," says Mr. Wilson, the Commissioner of the General Land Office, "there be added to the quantity already conceded to the public land States for school purposes, the area that will pass, according to

the principles of existing legislation, to the organised territories when they shall become States, it will be found that the aggregate will reach seventy million five hundred and fifty-nine thousand one hundred and twelve acres. Besides, there have been granted for seminaries of learning one million two hundred and four thousand one hundred and sixty acres ; making an aggregate thus conceded in the cause of learning of seventy-one million eight hundred and three thousand two hundred and seventy-two acres, much of it of great value, and from which ample funds may be derived for the continual support of the great object contemplated by the munificent grant."

In every State laws exist, reflecting and embodying the popular sentiment, by which effect is given to the wise provisions of the Government for the promotion of popular education. Thus the United States makes a freewill offering to every adult emigrant not only of a home for himself and his family, but of gratuitous instruction for his children. It would be difficult to conceive of a more liberal and judicious mode of disposal of the public property of a nation, or one more beneficial alike to itself and to mankind at large.

I pass over other details of the land system of the United States, my object in this summary being simply to give an account of those portions of it which have a direct interest for immigrants.

As aliens cannot acquire valid title to real estate under the pre-emption and homestead laws, the privileges of which are restricted to citizens or those who have declared their intention to become such, it may be worth while to give a brief statement, from the Land Commissioner's Report, of the legal steps necessary on the part of an alien to acquire citizenship in the United States :—

"An alien, over the age of twenty-one years, may at any time after arrival declare before any court of record having common-law jurisdiction (with a clerk or prothonotary and seal) his intention to become a citizen, and to renounce for ever all foreign allegiance. The declaration must be made at least two years before application for citizenship.¹

"At the expiration of two years after the declaration, and at any time after five years' residence, the party desiring naturalisation, if *then* not a citizen, denizen, or subject of any country at war with the United States, should appear in a court of record, and there be sworn to support the Constitution of the United States and renounce foreign allegiance. If he possessed any hereditary title or order of nobility, such also must be renounced, and satisfactory proof produced to the court by the testimony of witnesses, citizens of the United States, of the five-year residence in the country, one year of which must be within the State or territory where the court is held, and that during the five-year period he was a man of good moral character and attached to the principles of the Constitution ; whereupon he will be admitted to citizenship, and thereby his children under twenty-one years of age, if dwelling in the United States, will also be regarded as citizens.²

"Where the alien has made his declaration and dies before being actually

(1) U. S. Statutes, vol. iii., page 153, and vol. iv., page 69.

(2) U. S. Statutes, vol. ii., page 155.

naturalised, the widow and children become citizens of the United States and entitled to all rights and privileges as such, upon taking the prescribed oaths.¹

"An alien, being a minor, and under the age of twenty-one years at the time of arrival, who has resided in the country three years next preceding his majority of twenty-one years, may, after reaching such period and on five years' residence, including the three years of his minority, be admitted to citizenship without a preliminary declaration of intentions, provided he *then* makes the same, averring also on oath and proving to the court that for the past three years it had been his intention to become a citizen; also showing the fact of his residence and good character."²

"Children of citizens of the United States born out of the country are deemed citizens, the right not descending, however, to persons whose fathers never resided in the country; and any woman who might legally be naturalised, married, or who shall be married to a citizen of the United States, is held to possess citizenship."³

"An alien twenty-one years of age and over, who has enlisted, or shall enlist, in the regular or volunteer armies of the United States, and be honourably discharged, may be admitted to citizenship upon his simple petition and satisfactory proof of one year's residence prior to his application, accompanying the same with proof of good moral character and honourable discharge."⁴

Such then is the welcome offered by America to the homeless and the poor of other lands.

If England had not allowed the mass of her poor to sink into a condition of ignorance and helplessness which greatly reduces their capacity to derive advantage even from emigration, there could be no better outlook for her superabundant population than removal to America. The transference of large numbers of independent and intelligent English men and women from the mother country to the United States would be a movement of population wholly in the interests of civilisation. The element which a large English emigration of the better sort would add to the general current of emigration from Europe to America would be of especial value to the new world. The fundamental qualities of English and American character in most important respects, in spite of growing external differences, remain essentially alike. The political and social institutions of England seem to be modifying themselves, through slow and difficult processes, into nearer affinity to American institutions. The deepest principles of national life in the two countries are the same. In a broad view, in their relation to mankind at large, their historic, secular interests are identical. The English race, in England and America, have a joint part to play in the drama of human progress. Everything would seem to concur in making the emigration of Englishmen to America the most natural, the most serviceable measure for the good of both countries.

But that this may be the case the education of the common people of England must be brought more nearly to a level with that of the people of America.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

(1) U. S. Statutes, vol. ii., page 292.

(3) *Ibid.*, vol. x., page 604.

(2) U. S. Statutes, vol. iv., page 69.

(4) *Ibid.*, vol. xii., page 697.

ON TEACHING ENGLISH.

THREE subjects comprehend everything that can be brought into a course of instruction in English—(1) Grammar, (2) Composition and Rhetoric, and (3) English Literature. We have, therefore, to consider the respective claims of these three branches, and what parts of each should receive especial prominence. Much depends upon the parts selected; it is quite possible for a teacher, without travelling out of the field thus defined, to be entirely useless.

Before entering on the subjects in detail, let us inquire whether there be any governing principle, any chief or crowning end, paramount in settling the work of the English class-room. In proposing any one object as a crowning end, we are likely to find ourselves at once embarked in controversy. The sooner, then, we begin, the better.

The end here maintained as predominant under all circumstances, is *training in prose composition*; in other words, to improve the pupils to the utmost in expressing themselves well, whether in writing or in speech. If there be any ends besides, either they should be ministerial to the crowning end, or, supposing them to have an independent value, they are to stand on one side when that end is concerned. The cultivation of Taste is partly ministerial to composition, and partly a source of enjoyment; but composition first, pleasure afterwards. Intellectual discipline is supposed to be an end; still it should be, above all other things, a discipline in the art of expression in languages.

A wide scope is to be allowed to the meaning of Composition. It is not confined to mere business composition, nor even to that coupled with the expository art for the purposes of science; it takes in the graces and amenities of style as an art for refining social intercourse, and for aiding in oratory. But I do not intend it to include the express culture of poetical composition; that being the speciality of a few, not the habitual diction of life. I would not make this exclusion absolute under all circumstances, any more than I would exclude the secondary ends; I mean only that these things *are* secondary, and must wait till full justice is done to what is primary.

It is proverbially difficult to argue an end. Indeed, a final end cannot be argued at all; for argument consists in quoting something more fundamental than the point argued, which the hearers are supposed to admit. If you deliberately and consistently hold that the art of composing well is not the highest end of instruction in English—that, if not subordinate, it is at least only co-ordinate with other

ends, such as Taste and Intellectual Discipline—I can have nothing to say. I might adduce instances of the mention of this as a great and crowning end; and of its being frequently accepted in that character. But to the consistent and conscientious dissenter, there is no basis for reply.

Nevertheless, it will be conceded, that this is *one* end of a leading kind; and, consequently, a course of instruction that does not point to it in a very considerable degree is insufficient as a system of English teaching. Even on this qualified assumption, the following remarks will perhaps not be devoid of force.

I. First, then, as to ENGLISH GRAMMAR. All will admit that one use of English grammar is correct composition. To say the least, grammar is the means of making us more steady and consistent in our adherence to the conventions and idioms of the language, than the generality of us would be, if we had no grammatical training. It goes a little farther, and considers the quality of clearness or perspicuity; but the full attention to that and to other merits comes under the higher department called Composition, Rhetoric, or the Laws of Style.

Now, as regards Grammar, there are two questions open to debate. The one relates to grammar considered as an Intellectual discipline in a wider sense than the discipline in composition—a scientific or logical discipline. The second is, how early should grammar begin to be taught.

The first is the greater question. The assertion is constantly repeated that grammar is a discipline in accurate reasoning, having a distinct value on that score. Indeed, more stress is frequently laid upon this function than upon the subservience to correctness in the conventions of the language. The supposed intellectual training of grammar is tendered as the most powerful reason for studying Latin, in which hardly any one has ever any occasion to compose, and few even to read. Yet, whether as regards English, or as regards Latin, Greek, or any other language, I hold that the allegation as to mental discipline is subject to very great qualifications.

I can see two ways in which the discipline of grammar may be supposed to operate. For one thing, there is, in all composition, a necessity for fulfilling a certain number of conditions, indicated to some extent by general rules, which rules must be understood and correctly applied. You cannot write a good sentence, conveying a meaning, without attending to a variety of considerations; and, therefore, you must exert a certain amount of intelligent effort. In learning a foreign language, by grammar and dictionary, one is still more completely thrown upon the understanding and the applying of rules.

Now this may be fairly called an intellectual exercise. But is it

an exercise in any way peculiar to grammar, or to language, to English, to Latin, or to Greek? Is it not rather the very thing demanded in every art and profession above the commonest manual labour. A clerk in a counting-house has a great many conditions to observe—rules to interpret and comply with. A lawyer, writing a business letter, or drawing up a deed, has a still larger number of considerations to bring together with understanding. There is no profession that one can be engaged in without undergoing such a discipline; and, in most, it is far more stringent than in grammar. This, therefore, is a discipline that will never be wanting to any one educated for a business of the smallest importance. The mistress of a household has abundant scope for the intelligent combining of means to ends, and for the application of rules to cases.

The point to be insisted on, then, is that no study is justified merely by the circumstance that it contains a field for understanding and applying rules. We can cultivate this avocation in so many ways that we are never driven to seek it on grounds in other respects barren. It adds nothing to the recommendation of grammatical studies; if these have no specific utility in regard to composition by pen or by mouth they have no utility at all. As to the habit of overcoming difficulties, we need never make difficulties on purpose; we can always find some work fruitful in itself, as well as calculated to inure us to patient and intelligent combinations.

Besides, it does not follow that because we have gone through a certain training in one thing we shall transfer that training to other and different things. We may or we may not. The only sure discipline is a discipline on the very subject on which we are to be occupied. A clerk is trained, not by grammar, but by accounts. A medical man is trained, not by the Greek verb, but at the hospital.

The other way that grammatical study may be supposed to operate as a mental discipline, apart from its immediate purpose, is in exemplifying the processes of scientific reasoning—such as classifying, defining, generalising, induction, deduction, and so on. Now, this granted, the foregoing remarks are still to the point; there are so many fruitful studies, so many useful branches of knowledge, more or less perfectly cast in the scientific mould, that we can always couple utility and discipline in the same exercise. We need never seek for examples of scientific method in an intrinsically unprofitable region; the valuable forms of science may be found in conjunction with valuable matter. There exist fruitful studies of every grade of difficulty for exemplifying all the reasoning processes; it is enough to instance Mathematics, the wide compass of Natural History, and the subjects comprised under Natural Philosophy.

But I do not concur in the assertion that grammar is a good model of scientific method. I find that its definitions have long been bad,

and are only now in the course of being slowly amended; its inductions are still defective; the rules are often wanting both in accuracy and in perspicuity, while the qualifications and exceptions are insufficiently worked out. Even in that future day when the subject shall attain its perfection, as to scientific form, it will be very unsuitable for initiating beginners in scientific method. Any science that thoroughly encompasses the vast structure of a cultivated language, accommodating itself to all the caprices of usage, as well as bodying forth the deep and subtle relationships, will not be an elementary science. If grammar is easy and elementary now, the result is gained by superficiality, by evading all serious difficulties, by leaving unexplained the very things most in want of explanation.

The truth is that a certain amount of this ground is covered by the rules of grammar, and all the rest is left to be gathered in the detail, like our English spelling. Between the two methods a pupil may be tolerably educated in the language; but he will not have seen anything that can be called good science. Nor could the very best teacher accommodate the subject to scientific or logical discipline for beginners. The utmost that can be gained by grammatical training is grammatical training; the *forms* of classifying, defining, induction, and deduction, will not start forth from the *matter* of language in that clearness of manifestation that would make them easy to apply to other matter—to law, to medicine, or to theology.¹

(1) Extraordinary eulogiums are occasionally passed on the power of grammar rules to impress scientific or logical method. The pupil, it is said, has a rule set before him, with a certain number of examples, and has to stretch the application to new cases; which is the substance of all scientific deduction. Thus, take the rule, or rules, for the formation of the plural. There is (1) the general rule (adding "s" to the singular), then (2) certain exceptional rules; and finally (3) a number of irregularities to be learnt piecemeal. This instance typifies a large part of grammar. But how many pupils, we may ask, conceive this process in its scientific character or method? Most teachers would probably answer none at all. The comprehending of such a scheme belongs essentially to the post-grammatical age, and is not aided by the examples furnished in grammar. The ordinary pupil does not even remember the rules themselves in after life; our knowledge of the greater part of the grammatical proprieties is gained on the individual instances. We write "babies," not so much from the instigation of the rule learnt at school, as from having repeatedly seen the form in the word itself, and the close analogies, "ladies," &c.

A logical discipline, to be successful, must be worked like every other discipline; it must begin with simple forms, and proceed by degrees to the complex. Easy classifications and definitions in the first instance, succeeded by more and more difficult; and inductions on the same plan; deductions, first for perfect rules, and next for rules liable to qualifying rules and exceptions,—would be a scheme of logical discipline such as a young pupil might follow. But now in teaching a subject having other ends in view, we cannot obtain the indispensable gradation from the simple to the complex; we are just as likely to have, at the very outset, the most complicated instances of logical method. Thus, the grammarian, in first starting, has to settle the *Parts of Speech*: of them he must commence with the definition and classification of Nouns, whereby he is already plunged into complex defining and cross classifications, which are by far too subtle and difficult to be presented as the first introduction to logic. They may be intelligible as grammar, but certainly not beyond.

The conclusion, therefore, on the whole, is that grammar has no secondary end that needs to be taken into account in estimating its educational value. In so far as it does not serve the primary end of aiding us in the use of our own language, it has no reason of existence.

There is a second question connected with grammar, viz., at what age should it be entered upon? The answer is, as soon as a pupil can be made to comprehend the structure and parts of a Sentence. When you can explain with effect that every communication by speech takes the form of a sentence, that a sentence is made up of a subject and a predicate, that the predicate may be completed by an object, and that both subject and object may be qualified by secondary words—when all this can be understood, grammar can be understood. You have then, and not till then, a basis for the Parts of Speech; and all the rest will easily follow. But to define a Noun without reference to the Sentence is futile and misleading: and, if grammar had any efficacy in suggesting scientific method, such a definition would only pervert and corrupt the reasoning faculties. To call a Noun “the name of a person, place, or thing,”—John, London, book,—is not even a decent approximation; it is not a respectable compromise. If all nouns were names of objects in the concrete,—as man, skylark, town, table,—the definition, although still taking the wrong aspect, would not be so far from including the things. But as, in addition to these concretes of the outer world, we have the whole vocabulary of *mind*—love, passion, conscience, thought, &c.—which no pupil could recognise as persons, or as places, or as things; also the vocabulary of *actions* as expressed by nouns—work, cry, flow, drive, and so on; and farther the *abstractions*, as time, space, goodness, beauty:—you must pass in silence probably the largest half of the noun vocabulary, or else drop the definition, or, finally, slip into the real definition, that is, the position of the noun as subject or as object of the sentence.

A final word as to grammar. If the sole end of the grammatical system is correctness in composition, there is yet much to be done in accommodating our grammars to the end. An extensive technical machinery has been contrived, and we are still adding to it; but there is no corresponding zeal in directing it to guide composition. Of recent additions, I may instance the Analysis of the Sentence, which is the indispensable complement of the whole grammatical structure system, as giving the only basis of the parts of speech. It has a farther utility in calling attention to the structure of sentences. But why should attention be called to this matter? Mainly, as I conceive, to help us to see the difference between a good sentence and a bad one. It may serve the additional end of enlarging our stock of sentence forms, so as to increase our compass of effective expres-

sion. Yet, to neither purpose has Analysis been as yet studiously directed. Very admirable manuals of Analysis are now to be had; indeed, the formulæ are brought almost to an ideal perfection. Yet we seldom employ the new nomenclature to say—"this form of sentence is good," "that is bad;" "this is adapted for our use, that for another;" "this is a form that might be beneficially extended," and so on. Now, until we proceed to this farther stage, the machinery is otiose (excepting always the bearing on the Parts of Speech). It has capabilities not turned to account. Mr. Dalgleish has contrived a valuable supplement to Analysis, in the form of Synthesis; which still farther seems to impress the mind with the parts and organisation of sentences. Yet even this does not bring us up to the main chance—the discrimination of good and evil in sentence structure.

Another recent addition to grammar is the subject of Derivation, in its two branches—the Sources of the Vocabulary, and the Composition of Words. The Sources of the Vocabulary must be considered as curious rather than as practically useful; for, although susceptible of being rendered useful as well as curious, much of that remains to be done. Generally speaking, the history of a word does not add to our knowledge of its meaning; our only safe guide is present use. Much information as to national history and manners may be gained from noting the changes in the meaning of words; still, the English master has a more urgent vocation than being the historian of national customs. Moreover, that subject does not seem to need a special tutor, or the intervention of the living voice. Any branch of knowledge that happens to be perfectly easy to an ordinary mind, and at the same time possesses a self-sustaining interest or charm, may very well dispense with the schoolmaster. This remark will be again called for, ere we are done; and we might extend it beyond our present object. It applies most emphatically, for example, to the whole department of History; which might be learned, one would suppose, from such writers as Arnold, Macaulay, Milman, Grote, Carlyle, and Kinglake, by every person of fair attainments and mature age, without either professor or coach.

In attending to the Sources of the Vocabulary, there is one incidental advantage,—to impress the memory with the vocables themselves, which is a very large part of our cultivation in language. The effect, however, that any teaching can have upon this immense acquisition is surprisingly small. Our command of vocables is an attainment spreading itself over the whole life; the English teacher has but a moderate share in it, as could be proved by an arithmetical computation. We imbibe vocables most readily when we are intensely interested with anything that we hear or read, and the teacher has occasional opportunities of operating in this way, as well as by mere dunning and repetition. Yet, unless the course of English were

extended much beyond its present limits, the whole efficacy of teaching in this matter is too confined to be taken into account in the education of a cultivated person.

A farther subject of no small interest, connected with the sources of words is General Philology. In learning a foreign language, this may be an aid to the memory of vocables; in learning our own language, the utility in this way is but slender. I do not think that the English teacher has time to spare for this department: its bearing on his chief end is too remote. What has been above remarked as to the immediate sources of words, and the small connection between these and present use, applies with far greater force to the first origin of speech. That subject is eminently calculated to stimulate the curiosity of the mature man, and a teacher may occasionally advert to it, just as a lecturer in Physiology may make a passing allusion to the Darwinian doctrine of development.

The other part of Derivation, now worked up in our grammars to a high pitch of completeness, is the Composition of Words—the addition of endings and of prefixes to the primary roots, whereby there are formed new vocables with various shades of meaning. In favour of this study, can be pleaded a high practical utility—the avoiding of a class of serious errors. No fault is commoner than the misuse of suffixes. If consistency in this point had been studied, we should not have the word “sensible” employed to signify “possessing good sense;” the termination has a passive force, and the word should mean only what can be felt, as, a sensible taste, an insensible pressure. Now by arraying under each suffix, and each prefix, a series of characteristic examples, we enable the pupils to make their induction as to the prevailing signification, and so to check themselves in deviating from the consistency of the language in a matter of some importance.

There is also, in this exercise, a certain small contribution to the storing up of the vocables.

II. Leaving grammar, strictly so called, we have next to consider the higher COMPOSITION, RHETORIC, or STYLE, comprehending all the rules, maxims and suggestions for rendering language more effective. To be grammatical is one thing; to be perspicuous, terse, or unctuous, is another thing. Not that there is any hard line between the two departments; references to perspicuity occur under the grammar rules, as in the Order of Words under Syntax, while grammarians often introduce ultra-grammatical precepts concerning style. Nevertheless the subject is so large, and so ramified, that, under whatever name, it should take an independent start, leaving grammar decisively behind it.

Now of all the subjects proposed to the attention of the English master or professor, this is, to my mind, the chief. At the stage we

are supposing, the pupil should be done with grammar; and there remain therefore only the two departments—Composition and Literature. Of these, Composition is out of sight the superior. It expresses emphatically the very thing that we all want to do,—to compose well, whatever may be our end in composing. Few persons tolerably educated commit errors in grammar; every one is open to be indefinitely improved in style.

This is the subject of the science named RHETORIC, of which Aristotle presented the first methodical handling. Not much was added to what he laid down till the treatises of Campbell and Blair in the last century; from whom, together with Aristotle, Whately derived the chief part of his Rhetoric. Under the less sounding title, "English Composition," we have had a great many manuals of the same tenor; professing to lay down rules, over and above those of grammar, for effective composition in the different departments of style.

Now I hold that the foremost task of the English master is to apply, and to extend, the code of instructions in this very wide region. Should he find that there is nothing of any great consequence to be said on it, he has, as I conceive, no vocation at all. In proportion as he is equipped here, he is an English teacher.

The work of discriminating excellence from defect in all kinds of composition is a great professional accomplishment, just like the law; the reducing of the modes of excellence, and the corresponding defects, to general heads, with appropriate examples, is the English master's outfit in his art. He must know the whole compass of assignable rules, and the limits where each rule ceases to operate. He must have a mind practised, up to the rapidity of an instinct, in discriminating good and evil in composition, in showing how the good may become better, and the better, best. As teachers we are nothing, if not critical. It passes our means to impart to our pupils the affluence of the language; but we can, even within our brief curriculum, do much to exercise them in the sense of good and evil; we can leave an abiding impression of what to avoid, such as will be afterwards present in their own attempts at composition, and the observance of which will finally engender a habit of excellence in style.

The teaching of the classics is illustrative here. The reading of the Latin authors at school is accompanied with a series of instructions as to the minute structure of the language, which have been gathered up and recorded by grammarians, critics, and teachers, since the revival of letters. We have a great many manuals of Latin prose, containing these critical minutiae, intended to indoctrinate the pupil into the force and the elegance of Latin expression. I doubt whether there has yet been produced with reference to our own tongue so

extensive a series of observations for guiding a pupil to a high order of English composition as those existing for Latin composition. What is more curious still, there are certain points attended to in a marked manner in Latin and Greek, having a counterpart in English, and not at all attended to there. The best example of this is the participial construction. In Latin, and still more in Greek, the pupil is carefully taught the conversion of clauses with a finite verb, into participial phrases, either in the absolute case, or as is so easy in Greek, in apposition with the main clause. Now if there be one thing more than another where our composition is universally defective, it is in the excessive use of relatives, and in the neglect to get rid of them by a participial construction. I speak from deliberate and long-continued observation when I say that probably every writer uses more relatives than is necessary, and under circumstances where their accumulation must be a felt incumbrance. The heavy relatives "who" and "which" are the incubus of English composition. They give an Act-of-Parliament heaviness to what the writer earnestly desires to be light and easy. Yet how seldom does it occur to anybody to imitate the classical modes of reducing their number. Instead of "the man *who* wants to buy salt," how many unemployed substitutes are there? "the man wanting to buy salt," "the man in want of salt," "the purchaser of salt," and so on. When "that" can be employed, the effect is not so heavy; yet even then, we can often do better. Says Addison, "A man of polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures *that* the vulgar are not capable of receiving." Express it thus, "a great many pleasures not open to the vulgar," and you substitute terseness for a drawl.

I have chosen one illustration out of scores to show that we are not as yet half alive to the minutiae of English construction. I might advert in much greater detail to points connected with the sentence, capable of being ascertained and formulated with great precision, but hitherto almost wholly neglected. The unavoidable looseness of our sentences, as compared with Latin and Greek, is habitually allowed to be worse than it need be. Qualifying clauses, which should come first, are left to dangle at the end. The fatal word "which" is a lure to add on to a sentence what does not belong to it, violating unity as well as the periodic structure. Scarcely any attention is paid to the effective disposition of the essential and emphatic clauses of a period. The formulæ for analysing sentences, I repeat, have never been used to teach how to make a good sentence.

It is not to be expected that, with so many omissions in regard to the sentence, we should be in a high state of advancement in the rhetoric of the Paragraph. Many good paragraphs have been written, especially in recent times; but the bad far outnumber the good. Yet there are obvious laws that, if attended to, would diminish the

number of defective paragraphs. These laws should be sought out, exemplified, and enforced by the English teacher.

There is also much to be done in pointing out the special merits and defects of the different kinds of composition, as Description, Narration, Exposition, Persuasion. Every one of these branches has laws of its own, which do not come by instinct; they have never yet been fully complied with by any one. Exposition, for example, has made great advances since the Elizabethan times; many works have been produced realising a high pitch of excellence in this line. Yet the general standard is very low, and one consequence is to retard the dissemination of knowledge and science in the community. The very best exponents will be found stumbling the moment they are scrutinised by the light of principles that, when stated, are almost self-evident.

Such are a few indications of the subject-matter of English teaching in its highest aim of making people better composers by pen, or by mouth. Some remarks may next be offered on the best kind of exercises in composition. There is much to be said on this point, and nobody should insist upon a very narrow method, because different teachers may bring about the end in different ways. The one principle that I would chiefly urge is to make exercises as far as possible exercises of language, and not exercises either of information or of invention. In short, the pupil should not have to go far in search of his matter. Indeed, I am convinced that, as a rule, the matter should be supplied in some one shape, and the requirement should be to transform it into some other shape. The English master, as such, has to do with the thought to be expressed, only as affording opportunities for expression. Given a certain meaning, it is his business to compare the different ways of rendering that meaning, and to point out the merits and demerits of each. He should not confine himself to feeble, inaccurate, or obsolete matter, because such matter would not serve his main purpose of aiding in the worthy expression of important meanings.

Holding these views, then, I cannot but entertain great doubts as to the value of essay writing or theme writing, considered as a discipline in style. The finding of the material absorbs half or more than half of the pupil's attention, so that the consideration of the style is quite secondary and subsidiary: in fact, such essays belong to scientific rather than to literary classes. Besides, the writer necessarily travels over a wide compass of expression, and commits more faults and inadvertences than it is possible for the teacher to take notice of; so that the great mass must go uncorrected. Of course this evil is at its maximum with the junior pupil, and might be very much reduced at the end of a long training: at which point the essay system might cease to be objectionable.

Assuming, then, that except for the higher pupils, the matter should be as far as possible provided and the task consist in expressing it, we have still a choice of various kinds of exercises. We may give a poetical passage to be rendered into prose. We may give a condensed statement to be expanded, or a diffuse statement to be condensed. We may prescribe a subject, and give the heads and illustrations; this is a good form of exercise for public examinations in English. We may choose a theme familiar to the pupils, asking them to give an account of something that they know, some book they have read, some incidents of their own, or to describe a place that they are acquainted with. These modes are free from some of the objections of essay writing; but, as regards the junior pupils, they all labour more or less under the difficulty of being adequately criticised or corrected; they are sure to manifest a number of faults that cannot be fully taken notice of. I greatly prefer, for the earlier stages, some form of exercise containing but few requirements, or aiming at some definite merit of composition; in which case a thorough corrective criticism is possible.

While wishing to leave great latitude to the teacher, subject to a few main considerations, I will point out the kind of exercise that seems to me to combine the greatest number of advantages to pupils generally. It is to give out passages of good authors for criticism and correction, each passage being chosen with a view to raising questions suitable to the progress of the pupils. A sentence or a paragraph is prescribed for examination and amendment; the pupil is required to show its merits and its defects, sentence by sentence, and to re-cast all the defective parts. The points involved are thus so far circumscribed that every one of them can be adverted to by the teacher; all the merits of the passage can be brought to light, and all the defects remedied. Not only is this a good testing exercise, but it is one of the very best means of imparting instruction in the first instance. An exegesis of a well-composed passage from a good modern author is as good an opportunity as can be afforded of awakening the pupils to the excellences and the deficiencies of style.

And here let me remark that I intend no disrespect to our most distinguished writers when I say that, in their very best passages, along with much to be stamped with approbation, the critical English teacher will discover something to be improved. In point of fact, no man is as yet possessed of all the laws of good writing; even if a man knew them all he could seldom find time to embody them in a work of any length; and, finally, most of our great writers have some peculiar bias or idiosyncrasy, which has to be pointed out in setting them up as models. Macaulay is too antithetical; De Quincey is excessive in the classical part of the vocabulary; Carlyle, while

exhibiting the copiousness of the language in a marvellous degree, indulges in peculiarities that are not for others to imitate.

The reasons why these critical exercises should be chiefly derived from good modern authors will be given under the remarks to be made on the third division of the course of English—namely, **ENGLISH LITERATURE.**

In this wide field we have first the claim of the early English authors—those before Chaucer. If the criterion of utility is allowed, they may be soon disposed of. It is scarcely supposable that a student of this day should get one useful hint from the whole mass of these authors put together. They belong partly to the history of the language, and partly to the history of the country. They are proper to be published, edited, and commented on; they enter into the department of curious reading for the grown man; they do not belong, farther than by cursory allusion, to the schoolmaster, hemmed in as he is at the present moment within such narrow limits of time. Either they do not require, or they are not susceptible of, the master's aid. They will be read, without any teaching, by those whose taste lies that way; and scarce any teaching could give them interest where it is not native to the student.

In Chaucer, we have the real beginning of the literary eminence of our country. No reading man would dispense with Chaucer. But is an English master justified in taking up much time with him? True, he is so far charged with obsolete phraseology and forms, that he cannot be read without the assistance of a commentary. But is it not sufficient that his text should be edited and explained, and his beauties indicated in printed annotations? When you are sufficiently matured for the enjoyment of poetry of any kind, you will take delight in reading Chaucer for yourself, with no other aid but the notes of the "able editor." You will also find abundance of reviews and criticisms of Chaucer, written in a perfectly intelligible, and even attractive style, which you need no one by your elbow to expound. Doubtless the discussions on Chaucer's metre are a little dry, and might be the better for a coach; but I should say to the person that could not master the point without such help, that neither he nor mankind at large would be much worse if he left the matter alone.

It will be obvious that this line of remark upon Chaucer has an application far wider; that at least it extends to all the great poets. I mean it to be so extended. I hold that an English poet that has not of himself sufficient attractions to be read, understood, and relished, without the prelections of a University professor, is by that very fact a failure. He undertakes to charm the sense and fill the imagination of the ordinary reader, without more effort of study than is repaid on the spot at the moment; his return for any labour

expended on him is immediate or nothing. Any special difficulties ensuing from remoteness of age, from the wide scope of his imagery, or from any accidental defects of his composition, may be removed by his elegant and admiring commentator, or be redeemed by his irresistible charms in other respects. If we are to allow a coach in addition to the editor and the review critic, the popular evening lecturer is quite enough. The youthful pupil's forenoon hours are too precious for this kind of work.

Let us come now to modern English, dating from Elizabeth. Here we have our greatest poet, and some of our greatest names in prose. Let us first dispose of the poet. I speak with the common sentiment of profound homage to the genius of Shakespeare. Every one that has been in any way alive to his greater flights, will admit, I think, that they raise and distend the intellect beyond any existing compositions. In this respect their power is little dependent on the commentator. If there be any one qualified to add much to the force of the Shakespearian passages, it is the great actor and elocutionist; and even without these, he will continue to exercise his potency. I could not vote to tax the nation for coaching *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*.

Of the prose writers of Elizabeth, I listen with amazement to any one recommending Hooker. Why, the men that superseded Hooker, in every conceivable merit of thought and of style, are themselves superseded. In John Austin we are, at least, three removes from the "fustian" of Hooker. So long as the union of Church and State is a living question, Hooker will deserve to be looked back to, and perhaps admired, for his "judiciousness" in suggesting the needful compromises in that knotty relationship; but for every other purpose he is left far behind.

Bacon still contains a certain amount of unexhausted interest, yet his style has more to avoid than to imitate. He has given birth to expressions that will be immortal in our language; and there are perhaps occasional felicities that have not become hackneyed. But the modern student may be satisfied with a few specimens of his peculiar genius.

I will not go on farther in allusions to particular authors, because the drift of the remarks will now be apparent. I cannot admit the necessity of going back to Elizabeth for studying style; and the objections would apply, although with decreasing force, to the ages succeeding. Even the great prose authors of the seventeenth century before Cowley and Dryden are wholly unsuited as guides to composition. Milton's prose contains stupendous bursts, worthy of his genius, but the structural part is in no respect to be commended. I should not be hard upon any one that found Barrow unreadable, and Tillotson the same. Cowley, Temple, and Dryden, succeeded by the

men of Queen Anne, greatly alter the state of the case. Still these are not the best masters of prose; the language did not culminate with them. Allowing for temporary mannerisms, English prose has improved steadily to the present hour. What then is the obvious course of the student? Is it not to devote himself to the men that realise the highest excellences before looking at inferior men? And the course of the student is also the course of the teacher. The great contemporary writers are to be first sought out. They are not perfect, anyone of them; but the knowing teacher can turn their imperfections to good account. He has, as I conceive, no better line of instruction, no better exercise, than to discriminate the good from the less good in the most advanced of our literary composers. With them he should commence, and be principally conversant. He may go back and use, in decreasing percentage, the previous writers for a century and half, or two centuries; but he will find an increasing difficulty in remodelling, to ideal excellence, their sentences and paragraphs. Such, at least, has been my experience.

As regards then a course of English Literature, I hold that, in so far as it is an elegant critical excursus, wherein the historian vies with his subject authors in elegance and sparkle, being himself a literary artist—there is no need of enouncing all that from the professor's chair. The pupil should have it in print, and appropriate it in his own chair. The English teacher's concern with the literature of the past is to extract from it everything that is of value for improving the diction of the pupils, and in that view the present, and not the past, is his mainstay. The situation is illustrated in the quaint innuendo of the old historian, Fuller, on Selden, the antiquarian, who was not a despiser of this world's goods. "Selden," says Fuller, "possessed a number of coins of the Roman emperors, and a good many more of our recent *English kings*." The wealth, and purity, and correctness of our diction may be found, in connection with our most improved thinking, and our living sources of interest, in the great writers of our own generation. From them in point of fact, and in spite of all declamation about the old wells of pure English, we each derive our chief education in style; and the teacher, lending himself to the actual fact, can very much aid our progress in appropriating the best, and avoiding the inferior, forms of these exemplary writers. *He* certainly should know a good deal of the past; he should be ready with allusions to the forms and diction of all periods of modern English. He could, in his own way, and having the main chance always before him, review the history of literature in a manner most instructive. But when a man gets into literary criticism at large, the temptation to deviate into matters that have no value for the predominating end of a teacher of English, is far beyond the lure of alcohol, tobacco, or any sensual stimulation. He

runs into digressions on the life, the character, the likings and dislikings, the quarrels and the friendships of his authors; and even gets involved in their doctrines and controversies. Now the critic of Milton's prose, if he is set up to teach English composition, ought to have nothing to say to the question of divorce, or to the merits and demerits of the Cromwellian supremacy. He should view Milton as a sentence-maker, a paragraph composer, a rhetorician, a master of the English vocabulary; all the rest can be gained from other sources, and out of school hours.

Throughout the foregoing remarks I have been obliged to keep strictly in view our peculiar situation, as having so very little time to impart what is really a vast acquisition. The dead languages have as yet such a hold of the ground that only a mere corner can be got for our living tongue. Doubtless, if we had a share of the many hours devoted in the schools to Greek and Latin, we should not have to pronounce so severe an exclusion of Anglo-Saxon, of Elizabethan and seventeenth-century men, and of all the elegant literature of criticism, and in general of whatever is immediately pleasing in our subject. We might allow now and then a short digression, a momentary indulgence, in what we have so sternly reserved for the evening fireside, or the popular lecture. But such enlargement of our time and our opportunities as may one day arise from the collapse of the ancient languages, will be of small consequence, in my judgment, if it is not accompanied with the clear and firm conviction that the one thing needful, the ruling motive of an English master, is to discipline his pupils in the best modern English prose.

ALEXANDER BAIN.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WE left the burly Mrs. Upjohn in the solitude of her boudoir, hatching her schemes of vengeance, and weaving the first meshes of a net to entrap the unsuspecting enemy. That seductive advertisement lay before her, promising the services of a private detective, and other useful offices of the same ambiguous character, on the nature of which she mused and mused until she saw no end of satisfactions and advantages to which they might possibly be turned. Perhaps, had her husband been at home, she might have hesitated about the decisive step she now took; but in truth he never stood much in her way in any of her proceedings, for no man in London ever knew less of what went on in his own house than Mr. Upjohn. As to her daughter, Mr. Blackadder had, much to his credit, written seriously to her in consequence of what he had heard from Mr. Cosie, and she had kept a little better watch and ward on her tongue ever since, while still sharing, as she had done for years, her mother's grudges against her aunt. The consequence was that Mrs. Upjohn had latterly been rather isolated in her own family on the Rowley question, and began to feel the want of a new ally on whom she could reckon more confidently than on Miss Cateran, who always preserved more or less of an independent attitude.

In short, the step must be taken. She sat down and answered the advertisement, requesting the gentleman who followed the profession of private investigation to call upon her at eleven o'clock the next day, an hour when she knew her daughter would not be at home. The letter written; she went out and committed it with her own hand to the nearest receiver. The remainder of the day she passed in a state of palpitating anxiety, the chief employment of her thoughts being, in what shape to put the communications she must make to her agent, and what precise services to require from him. She expected Miss Cateran to dinner, but she never came. Her daughter returned late in the day, and went soon out again with some of her friends, so that Mrs. Upjohn had plenty of leisure and quiet to arrange her ideas.

The next day came, the appointed hour came; and it had hardly struck, when the visitor's bell rang. Had any one been in the street, observing the person who rang it, he might have noticed that, although dressed like a gentleman, he seemed to deliberate for

an instant whether to pull the visitors' bell or the servants'. He might, perhaps, have noticed also that while he waited for the door to open he stood close to it and with his back to the street, as if he was not particularly desirous that any one passing by should recognise him.

Mrs. Upjohn had told her footman that she expected a person that morning on some business of her husband's, and that he was to be shown into her boudoir. This was a pretty little room opening on a return upon the first landing-place, and had a communication also by a private stair with the back drawing-room, through a door which, to the eye, was only one of the ornamented panels into which the wall was divided. Naturally expecting to have to deal with a person of a low description, Mrs. Upjohn was agreeably surprised when a grave, middle-aged, middle-sized man was shown in, of respectable and almost gentleman-like appearance; his features shrewd and highly intelligent, as might have been expected from his calling, and both his manners and language indicating a considerable amount of education. His hair was black, and, being rather too glossy for his years, suggested the possibility of a dye, or a wig; he had no whiskers; his lips were too large for the mouth to be handsome, but they were redeemed by something humorous that hovered about them; and his piercing grey eyes, which had a trick, or infirmity of winking, seemed capable of pleasantry while expressing the penetration and vigilance of his profession.

Mr. Leonard (for that was the name he bore) saluted the lady with a profound obeisance as he entered her cosy crypt, and, at the same time, with a comprehensive survey, which no doubt took in the full-blown roses on her cheeks, the amplitude of her person, her sparkling eyes, her hair, as black as his own, the rich green silk she rustled in, the white lace shawl that toned down the green, and, perhaps, even the rings that glowed on her rather short and stumpy fingers, as completely as the *reconnaissance* with which she simultaneously honoured him.

"Be so good, sir, as to take a seat," said Mrs. Upjohn, with a half-assumed air of dignified distress.

Instead of obeying, Mr. Leonard looked warily round the boudoir.

"As our business, madam," he said, in a low tone, "is of course secret, you will excuse me if I bolt the door, and ask you if there is any other access to this apartment."

Mrs. Upjohn immediately rose, and, without saying a word, secured the other communication already described.

"I am the only member of my family in the house at this moment," she said, as she resumed her seat.

"Mr. Upjohn is down in Cornwall, I presume," said Mr. Leonard.

"You surprise me very much," said the lady, with a little start; "how did you find out that?"

Mr. Leonard smiled, winked, and answered—"Very simply, madam; the 'London Directory' informed me that this house belonged to Mr. John Upjohn, and the newspapers this morning stated that he was about to stand for the borough of Penrose. If your business, madam, is electioneering, I may as well tell you at once that it is not in our line."

"Oh, no, sir, my business is very different," said Mrs. Upjohn.

"Then, madam, you will be so good as to tell your tale,"—and as he spoke he produced a note-book from a pocket in the breast of his coat, opened a virgin page, and leaning forwards with his pencil in his hand in attitude of marked attention, prepared to minute the particulars of the lady's statement.

She faltered and hesitated, applied her handkerchief to her dry eyes, but felt at the same time most unaffectedly embarrassed. What with Mr. Leonard's formal preparations and the difficulties which she had never experienced before, even in her communings with Miss Cateran, of unfolding all the little spites and jealousies over which she had so long brooded, Mrs. Upjohn felt at this moment as if she was about to expose herself instead of exposing Mrs. Rowley, —as if she stood in the presence of an austere confessor, not of a mercenary confidant, and was compelled to make a shameful avowal, instead of bringing accusations and complaining of her wrongs. For a single instant her rancour forsook her precisely when she wanted such a stimulant most. Just when she had prepared herself for the part of injured innocence, she felt for the first time a hazy consciousness of the true character of the proceedings she was taking. But it was only a passing weakness; she rallied immediately, and so completely as even to turn her momentary embarrassment to account.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "excuse my emotion, but it is so hard to bring one's-self to relate things affecting the reputation of members of one's own family."

"There is a cupboard in most houses, ma'am, with a skeleton in it; I know as much of such houses and such cupboards as any man. I feel for your distress, ma'am; but, as I often say to ladies in your painful situation, there is always the consolation of doing your duty."

Mr. Leonard was evidently a master of pathos, and he delivered this little speech with admirable unction.

"Only for that, Mr. Leonard, only for that,"—she raised her handkerchief again to her eyes instead of finishing the sentence, and Mr. Leonard took the opportunity of winking, though there was nobody to wink at.

"Now, madam," he said, when she was again composed, "a ques-

tion or two, suggested by my long official experience, will perhaps save you a great deal of trouble. This skeleton of yours, is it in your own house?"

"No, sir."

"In whose?"

"In the family of my brother-in-law who lives in Paris."

"In Paris—all right—we have a branch of our business there, which I manage myself; it is only a fortunate accident I am in London. Your brother-in-law's name, if you please."

"Mr. Thomas Rowley."

As answer followed answer Mr. Leonard took them down in a kind of short-hand with the rapidity of an expert.

"Is Mr. Rowley the wronged, or the wrong-doer?"

"Oh, the wronged, the wronged,—deceived, betrayed, surrounded by enemies."

"His wife is not one of them, by any chance?"

A slow and sorrowful movement of the lady's head sufficiently answered the question.

"I see, I see," said Mr. Leonard; "and perhaps now I shall not be far wrong in conjecturing that where there is a guilty lady there is a gay gentleman in the case—may I ask the party's name?"

"Alexander, an attorney."

"You are acquainted with him?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Leonard, I have no acquaintances in that line."

"You are quite right, Mrs. Upjohn; they are a bad lot in general: a French wit says the attorneys have a devil all to themselves. What Alexander is he?"

"Son of Alexander and Moffat—Moffat who ruined so many people: old Alexander committed suicide."

"No, madam, allow me to set you right; Moffat ruined nobody, and old Alexander died of remorse, not by his own hand—remorse for having ruined Moffat, whom I knew as well as I know myself. Moffat absconded, and took all his partner's knaveries on himself to save his family from ruin. Show me another instance of such noble self-devotion. 'Do that,' as the poet says, 'and tread on Greek and Roman greatness.' It was grand, ma'am, wasn't it?"

"Oh, very grand indeed," replied Mrs. Upjohn, caring very little how it was, but astonished at this unexpected specimen of theatrical talent in a private detective.

"But to return to business, madam,—where is Mrs. Rowley at present?"

"Shamming ill, sir, at this moment at the Cavendish, in Jermyn Street, while her husband is at death's door in the Rue St. Honoré, in Paris."

"Are his eyes open or shut, ma'am?"

"Not quite shut, sir, but I fear only half open."

"And you want them opened wide, ma'am—wide as a church door?"

"Oh, Mr. Leonard, you anticipate everything; your sagacity helps me wonderfully."

"We always wish to save ladies in your painful position as much trouble as possible; but now I must ask you to tell me more particularly what it is you want us to do."

"Oh, Mr. Leonard, Mr. Leonard, I only want to save my family from disgrace; I only want to have guilt exposed and punished."

"Yes, of course, ma'am; we take all that for granted. Come, I know what you want. In the first place, to have the movements of the guilty parties watched."

"Yes, yes; that's it."

"Evidence of *crim. con.*, in short, madam. You have collected some facts already, perhaps."

"Oh, yes, yes; most important ones," replied Mrs. Upjohn; and now, having regained her self-possession, she gave Mr. Leonard a copious but confused account of all the little incidents with which the reader is already acquainted, some of which he made a note of, others he treated rather contemptuously, either that he perceived their intrinsic insignificance, or that it was not his cue to seem to attach much weight to facts not discovered by his own investigation.

"I trust you will understand and believe, sir," she said, as he was putting up his note-book, "that I am acting purely in the interests of decency, and for the credit of the family."

"I honour your spirit, madam, and I admire your conduct. I only regret that there should be no recompense for a lady of your high principles but the approval of your conscience." He paused a moment, and then added deliberately, with a new meaning in his eye, and the most piercing look he had yet given his client. "I don't perceive, from all you have told me, that you have the slightest pecuniary interest in exposing and punishing this profligate woman. As you say Mr. Rowley is at death's door, allow me to ask how his property is to go upon his demise."

"He has made a will, I understand, bequeathing the bulk of his property to his wife, with large legacies to his daughters."

"To his wife!" exclaimed Mr. Leonard, with another theatrical burst; "to that monster!—that Lucretia!"

"Her christian name is Fatima, sir, not Lucretia."

Mrs. Upjohn's reading was not extensive enough to know anything of any Lucretias, ancient or modern. Mr. Leonard smiled and winked while he inserted the name of Fatima in his tablets.

"All I can say, madam," he added, "is that it will be a deplorable

thing if Mr. Rowley's property goes to his profligate and faithless wife."

"So it is arranged, I understand," faltered Mrs. Upjohn, trembling all over with the new set of emotions excited by the sudden touch on the string of another passion which had hitherto been lying almost in a dormant state under her thirst for revenge.

"Well, madam, I say no more; it is for you to fix your objects, for us to confine ourselves to them, and execute them to the best of our ability. So we shall humbly limit our attention at present to the seventh commandment."

"For the present, if you please," said Mrs. Upjohn, too agitated to be able to follow, on the moment, the new range of ideas opened to her by her prying counsellor.

Mr. Leonard now rose, and so much had he imposed on his employer by the rapidity with which he had grasped her case, looking almost like a power of divination, as well as by his happy command of language and illustration, that she contemplated him (notwithstanding his winks and nods, and other peculiarities of the same stamp) with a feeling between admiration and awe.

A serious point still remained to be discussed, though one which Mr. Leonard was more concerned in than Mrs. Upjohn. Services like his were not to be expected for nothing. She felt that Mr. Leonard was approaching the subject delicately when he inquired whether he was to understand that he was dealing with herself or with Mr. Upjohn.

"With myself, with no one but myself," she replied quickly and anxiously.

"And to you, madam," he continued, "we are of course to look for the sinews of war."

"To me, sir, certainly," answered the lady; "to me, and to me alone. Ultimately your reward will be ample, must be ample; but for the present, dear Mr. Leonard——"

"I understand you, madam," he said, with an air of magnanimity; "for the present I say nothing on the subject of our *honorarium*. Hereafter I may be obliged to draw on you for expenses, but I honestly tell you I am deeply interested by your story, and I feel for your position. On me, ma'am, familiarity with domestic sorrows has not had the hardening effect you might suppose. I never see innocence deceived without a pang. I have wept, ma'am, upon my sacred honour I have, for the misfortunes of clients. What are tears for, Mrs. Upjohn, if an honest man is not to shed them when he sees the peace of families destroyed, and the sanctity of the Lares polluted by domestic treason and conjugal infidelity. Forgive my warmth, madam, but it is my way to enter with enthusiasm into the interests of my clients."

"Indeed, Mr. Leonard, I feel it, and am very grateful."

And justly content with the eloquence of his last speech, Mr. Leonard bowed to the very ground and withdrew. But in a moment he returned; it was only to request that before he visited her again, which would be in three days, at the same hour, when he felt sure he would have a report to make, she would have both the doors of her boudoir well curtained. It was a necessary precaution, and one on which, in affairs of delicacy, he always insisted.

Mrs. Upjohn was in ecstasies with her new ally, as well she might—so clever and so expert, so agreeable, so disinterested. She expected to find a coarse, common fellow, little above the mark of a common detective, and Providence had sent her an accomplished gentleman, who knew everybody and everything, could quote plays and French novels, and who knew Roman history better than herself; for she knew as little what he meant by the Lares as by Lucretia.

When Miss Upjohn came in she found her mother at her piano singing. Her spirits rose with the prospect of the discoveries she hoped to make, as well as the anticipation of her husband's return to parliament, which promised to bring such an accession of importance with it.

"I am so happy to hear your voice again," said her daughter; "it is so long since you have sung a note."

"I have had so many things to worry me, my dear," she replied, still touching the instrument, "but I don't intend to let them worry me any longer."

"Indeed it's no use," said Miss Upjohn.

"Your father will come in for that borough,—I am sure he will,—and I don't intend to let anything vex me any more."

"And what have you been doing all day?"

"Reading, my dear, in my boudoir, and working until I really felt quite cold."

"Cold, mamma, such a day as this!"

"Yes, indeed; my boudoir is so draughty, I shall really get curtains put to the doors."

"Why, you will be stifled."

"No, indeed, I shall not; I shall be only twice as cosy."

"Very well, mamma, so be it. Malcolm (Mr. Blackadder) is in town, and coming to dinner. Do you expect Miss Cateran?"

"She is the strangest girl in the world. She said she would come to dinner yesterday, and she neither came nor sent a line. I suppose she thought she would get a better dinner at the Cavendish."

"That would be very like her," said Harriet; "but if Aunt Rowley was seriously ill, Letitia would certainly have let us know."

"Of course, my dear, she would. Oh, there is nothing serious the matter, I am very certain."

Dinner hour came, and with it Mr. Blackadder, but no Miss Cateran. Not a word was said of Mrs. Rowley. As soon as dinner was over, Mrs. Upjohn suddenly recollected that she had a note to write, and retiring to her boudoir, she wrote to Mr. Leonard requesting him to extend his watchful eye over the Cavendish to all Mrs. Rowley's visitors of both sexes. "Now," she said to herself, "I shall catch you, Miss Letitia, if you are deserting to the enemy." While the mother was thus engaged, Mr. Blackadder and her daughter were rather more amiably employed in paying Carry a visit in her bedroom. The curate never came to the house without performing that kindly action; and since he became Miss Upjohn's accepted, she, too, had been a little more attentive to her cousin, at least never letting a day pass without sitting a few minutes with her. Talking with Carry, Mr. Blackadder heard that Mrs. Rowley was still in town, and very unwell. He made no remark at the moment, but as he went down with Harriet he asked her whether she or her mother had been to see her aunt.

"Is that right?" he said, when Miss Upjohn replied in the negative.

"Perhaps not, Malcolm," she said.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Blackadder.

"Well, now, Malcolm, say nothing about it. Let us not talk of my aunt Rowley at all, particularly as mamma is getting quiet; indeed, I think if papa is returned, she will be so pleased that the past will be quite forgotten."

"We must only hope he will, then," said Mr. Blackadder with vexation; "but are we only to command ourselves when everything goes on to our satisfaction? What is religion for, or even reason, if not for the very purpose of keeping our tongues and tempers in control under provocations and disappointments?"

"Oh, that's all very true, of course," said Miss Upjohn, in a tone of levity that jarred on the feelings of the amiable and upright clergyman. However, instead of pursuing the subject, he proposed to Miss Upjohn to walk down with him to the Cavendish to inquire for Mrs. Rowley.

"Well, indeed, I would rather not," she replied; "you can go without me, if you think it right—I'm disposed to agree with mamma, that there's nothing serious the matter with my aunt."

"Very well," said Mr. Blackadder, with decision and evident displeasure, particularly at Miss Upjohn's last remark, "then I will go alone."

He walked down to the Cavendish. At the door of the hotel he found a cab standing, and a smartly dressed lady was just coming out to get into it, with a little basket in her hand covered with leaves, as if it contained fruit, or something else that was nice. A

fellow, something like a policeman out of uniform, was lounging at the door, of whom the curate at first took no notice. In a moment he recognised Miss Cateran, whom he had often met, and she deposited the basket in the cab in order to shake hands with him.

She was a good deal excited, and told him, with more than her usual volubility, that she had been staying with poor Mrs. Rowley, who had really been seriously unwell; she would not be able to travel for several days yet, and she had requested Miss Cateran to go at once to Paris, and assist poor Miss Rowley to take care of her father, who was in a very alarming way.

"You know," said Miss Cateran, "Mr. Rowley has always been very fond of me, so I must go—how could I refuse under such circumstances? Only think of my having such a journey to take alone, and almost at an hour's notice—for, only think, I must actually go to-morrow morning. But how could I refuse? Now, could I, Mr. Blackadder?"

"I don't see how you well could," he answered; "but it will console you a little," he slyly added, "to see such a charming place in the height of the season."

"Oh dear, Mr. Blackadder, don't talk to me of seasons or charming places, I shall pass all my time nursing poor dear Mr. Rowley; you know I am only going for that—but I must hurry home. Good-bye, dear Mr. Blackadder, and oh, do excuse me to dear Mrs. Upjohn when you see her. I promised to go to dinner yesterday and forgot all about it in my trouble; pray explain it all to her,—won't you?—like a dear man. Good-bye."

As the dear man advanced to open the door of the cab for his fair and disinterested friend, the man who had been lounging about seemed to be in the act of scrutinising the contents of the little basket so closely as to justify a suspicion that he was disposed to appropriate its contents; but he excused himself by saying he had only been replacing some of the leaves which had dropped on the pavement. The curate desired him to go about his business, and entered the hotel.

There he saw Miss Rowley, and had reason to be glad that his intended had not accompanied him, for the news of the evening was, that Mr. Upjohn had retired from a hopeless contest, and that Alexander had been returned.

"I am very sorry, indeed, Mr. Blackadder," said Susan, "to have such bad news for you. Mrs. Rowley is greatly vexed at it, but she is not in the least answerable for the result, I assure you. She did everything in her power for my uncle, short of influencing the electors improperly."

"Nobody had a right to ask her to do that," said Mr. Blackadder.

"No, but people often expect a great deal that they can't ask for with propriety."

The curate returned to Cumberland Gate much cast down by what he had heard, and anticipating a scene of the most unpleasant kind in the event of the news having already reached Mrs. Upjohn. In case it had not, he determined that she should not learn it from him. But the news had arrived in his absence, and to his relief, the first explosion was already over. The mother had gone to her room, and he had only the pain of witnessing, and of vainly endeavouring to curb, the daughter's exhibition of temper.

The next day, at an early hour, he left town, with considerable alteration in his feelings towards Miss Upjohn.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH TWO FRIENDS MEET AT BRISTOL AFTER A LONG SEPARATION.

OF the election of Penrose it is unnecessary to give an account, as we are only concerned with its result, but some of the incidents of Alexander's journey to Cornwall were of too much importance to be passed over in silence.

Mr. Cosie's house being within ten miles of the borough, Alexander dined and slept there on the night of his return; and now, for the first time since he was engaged in her service, he had an opportunity of hearing Mrs. Rowley spoken of by people who knew her well and had been eye-witnesses of almost all her doings since she came over to England. Their evidence was tainted a little with partisanship, no doubt; but no man could make the fair deduction for personal bias with more accuracy than Alexander, and after making it in the present instance, there remained amply enough to convince him that he had judged Mrs. Rowley harshly. It was impossible to observe how enthusiastically she was loved by such a simple, worthy family as the Cosies without feeling that she was not the hard, overbearing woman he had suspected her to be; and he now entirely acquitted her of having behaved with unkindness to Mr. Upjohn, from whose own lips he had heard her praises sounded almost louder than by the household at the Meadows. With these altered sentiments, he now reproached himself for some points of his conduct towards the lady he had misjudged, and particularly for the dash he had made at the borough with which she was connected, without even the courtesy of informing her of his intentions. It was rather he than she who marched straight to his objects without consideration for

the feelings of other people, and he was gratified to hear from Mr. Upjohn that there was still a chance of his making her acquaintance on his return to town.

At the Meadows it was as impossible to forget Mrs. Rowley as to forget yourself. Her name and praises turned up *apropos* of everything and nothing. Mrs. Rowley thought this bread so good; Mrs. Rowley found such a chair so comfortable; Mrs. Rowley considered the view from this particular window the finest from the cottage.

"And to think," said the gude-wife a dozen times over, "that you have never once seen her, Mr. Alexander, ever since she came to England. I'm quite ashamed of you, so I am, and you don't deserve to be called the lady's attorney any more."

"And you don't deserve, sir, to be member for Penrose," said Dorothy.

"Yes, but he does," said Margery.

"No, indeed, he doesn't," returned Dorothy, with her little push.

What could Alexander do but promise to behave better, and not to be an hour in town without making amends. But before he took his leave, Mr. Cosie deemed it right to let him know what evil tongues had been whispering about touching his fair client and himself, as he had learned from Mr. Blackadder. The utter absurdity of such reports made Alexander laugh, but he was at the same time exceedingly angry on Mrs. Rowley's account, and from that moment he took his measure of Mrs. Upjohn's character, though he had but a faint idea of the lengths to which she was capable of going. Mr. Cosie's information made him also relinquish his intention of visiting Mrs. Rowley, and as glad now, as he had before been sorry, that he had not seen her at all.

From the Meadows he went to Bristol, where he had business which detained him for a day. One of his faculties was a power of retaining in his memory, after any lapse of years, the features of anyone with whom he had once been ever so little acquainted.

Walking the High Street, he observed a young man approaching him in a sort of rough clerical attire, the absence of the white neck-cloth being the most striking difference.

He was above six feet in height, some inches taller than Alexander himself, and his figure was active and muscular, though his shoulders and chest had not perhaps yet attained their full breadth. His hair was black and curly, but looked as if he was his own hair-dresser, and had trimmed it with blunt scissors, or rather, a pair of shears. His face was long, thoughtful, and distinguished, but expressed mental power more than mental refinement. His cheeks were bronzed, as if by a fiercer sun than shines in England; his eyes were large, grey, and, though soft, full of youthful fire. His person on the whole was finer than would probably have struck most

observers at the first view, so entirely careless or ignorant was its possessor of the art of setting it off to advantage.

"Excuse me, sir," said Alexander, advancing to him, "but if I am not mistaken, you and I are acquaintances of a good many years' standing."

The young man looked intently into the speaker's face, but he had evidently either never seen it before, or had lost all recollection of it.

"We met at a wedding," said Alexander; "and to recall the circumstances better to your mind, you crept behind me and filled my pockets with bon-bons, and, what was worse, with ripe peaches. I have had many pranks played with my pockets in my time, but you were the only rogue that ever stole anything *into* them."

"Mr. Alexander!" cried the stranger with a voice, of unusual volume, at the same time grasping his hand and shaking it with the most strenuous cordiality.

"Arnaud," returned the solicitor, "many a time have I thought of you since—many a time have I longed to hear something of you; but you went quite out of sight. You have taken orders?"

"Not exactly," was the young man's answer.

"How are your friends, the Waldenses? Where have you been all these years?"

"I am just returned from the White Nile," replied Arnaud, with the loud, deep tones of a man more used to speak in the open air than in drawing-rooms. The passers-by turned round to gaze at him, as if he had two heads on his shoulders.

"Ah!" cried Alexander, "I now recall everything; I remember the enthusiasm of the boy, and I rejoice to see it unextinguished in the man. We have more to say to one another than can be said here. Can you dine with me? You are not engaged?"

"Where should I be engaged? I am just landed, and I never dined out in my life except with a Hottentot chief, on roast monkey."

They separated, to meet again in a few hours at Alexander's hotel. Arnaud behaved at dinner as Milton describes the angel Raphael, "the sociable spirit," to have behaved when he was the guest of our first parents in their bower; he ate "with the keen despatch of real hunger," and took his wine in the same hearty way.

"You see," he said, as he filled his glass with claret, "I recollect the festive lessons of my youth as well as the solemn ones."

"I am a bad judge on such points," said Alexander, "but it seems to me that a convivial apostle would not be the most unsuccessful labourer in the vineyard."

"One who was above the apostles set no example of unconviviality," said the hardy young missionary. "It is not from him that the water-drinkers have derived their washy heresy, any

more than the sabbatarians can plead his authority for their bitter observances."

"But now tell me," said Alexander, "something about your old friends, and first about your uncle. I suppose he did not long survive that dreadful night when you and I saved his life."

"Yes, but he did; he was living when I left England, not two years ago. I can answer for nothing that has happened since."

"And the Evelyns?"

"Is it possible you have lost sight of them too?"

"Yes, indeed, I have, and I can easily account for it; but we can talk of that hereafter."

"Well, my kind old benefactor died not long after I became acquainted with you, and he took care I should never forget him, for he left me an annuity of a hundred a year."

"And his daughter?"

"My old school-mistress, who taught me English and arithmetic and twenty other things under the mulberries, married soon after she lost her father," said Arnaud.

"She taught you nothing improper, I hope," said Alexander, laughing.

"Yes, but indeed she did; she taught me improper fractions."

"But the notion of calling her your old mistress!—why she is not very many years older than yourself,—but whom did she marry?"

"A widower, a man of the name of Thomas Rowley."

"I was beginning to suspect it," said Alexander, putting several things together which he had not before connected. "You will think it odd," he continued, "but the Rowleys have been clients of mine for some weeks, and I had no certainty who Mrs. Rowley was until you came back from the equator to inform me. In return for your welcome intelligence you will be glad to hear that she is now in London."

"Very good news indeed," said Arnaud; "I have only seen her once or twice since I left the Valleys; I don't know her husband or her daughters at all. Indeed they went out to India soon after their marriage."

"How did she happen to marry Mr. Rowley? I am afraid it has not been a happy union."

On that subject Alexander, from what the Cosies had told him, knew more than Arnaud, whose intimacy with Mrs. Rowley had been kept up mostly by letters.

"I am very sorry to hear it," he said, "but it promised to be happy. Mr. Rowley was a friend of her father's, and had his confidence so much that by his will he was left her guardian. Then he was handsome (as I remember she told me herself), and what is

called a man of fortune, both poor securities for happiness certainly."

"Poor indeed," said Alexander.

"And now," said Arnaud, rising like a tower from the table, "you won't object to my lighting my pipe?"

"Your pipe! A missionary! a divine!"

"Why, how do you think I get at the savages, except by smoking with them, and doing everything they do, except eating my fellow-creatures."

They adjourned to the smoking-room: Alexander lighted a cigar; the missionary, his pipe. They smoked, and talked, between the puffs, of their first meeting, of the scenes in the Valleys, and again and again of the Evelyns, of the lady particularly, some traits of whose character Alexander now saw so palpably in Mrs. Rowley that he almost accused himself of stupidity for not having from the first suspected their identity.

"I ought to have recognised the woman of business," he said, "even from the little that I knew about her. She pays your rent-charge punctually, I have no doubt."

"As regular as the clock at Greenwich."

"And she never requires a receipt, eh?"

Arnaud laughed heartily, as he replied—"Inexorably. I never could understand why, for she can't think me capable of demanding payment twice over."

"No; but your executors might, if you were to be eaten up by an alligator, for instance."

"My executors! Who are they? I never had such fellows about me; and if I had, I should like to catch them playing such a roguish trick."

Alexander laughed, and told him he had still a great deal to learn that Mrs. Rowley could teach him.

Before they parted they agreed to go up to town together the next day.

Alexander, though he had no great opinion of missionary enterprises in general, and thought, like most sensible men, that their results were very slight in comparison with their risks and cost, was never less disposed to ridicule them than when he saw their spirit reflected in so fine a fellow as his Waldensian friend. He was particularly struck by the freedom of Arnaud's ways of speaking from the cant of Exeter Hall. While not a word fell from him that misbeseemed his chivalrous calling; he talked with his friend and laughed with his friend, as any honest man who feared God might talk and laugh with another; nor was it that he laid the unctuous phraseology and fanatical jargon aside over his wine, it was evidently not a language he had ever learned or condescended to speak.

They parted on arriving in London. Arnaud was not long in finding out Mrs. Rowley. She had just left her bed-room for the first time, and was preparing to travel the next day, though it was hardly prudent. When the Colossus entered, who had been only a slender stripling when she saw him last, she could scarcely believe her eyes.

"*Lux in tenebris*," she exclaimed, as his mighty hand grasped hers, which was far from being as plump as it had been a fortnight since, or equal to such strenuous pressure. It was the well-known motto of the Waldensian chiefs.

"I heard from Mr. Alexander, whom I met at Bristol, that you had been unwell," he said, "but I see you have been worse than he knew of. If you would like to have an escort to Paris, I am at your service."

She thanked him warmly, accepted his offer with more than willingness, and presented him to her daughter, on whom his stature, wild locks, and powerful voice, produced a startling effect—something between admiration, curiosity, and awe. In a moment Susan's little hand was in the giant's as if he had known her all his life.

"When we get to Paris, you will see her sister Fanny," said Mrs. Rowley, "and whether they are good girls or not, I will leave you to find out for yourself."

"If Susan is good as she looks, and if Fanny is at all like Susan, you are very well off for daughters, Fatima," replied Arnaud.

Love hates surnames, as Beranger says, and so it would seem do missionaries, to judge by Mr. Arnaud, for he made not the least apology for using the girls' Christian names after a five minutes' long acquaintance. In him, indeed, it appeared quite in character; his vocation, in separating him from the world, had either left him ignorant or made him careless of the conventionalities of society. As to Mrs. Rowley, she had been Fatima to him from his childhood.

The following day was fixed for their departure. Susan thought her mother still too weak for travelling; but, now that she had Arnaud's escort, Mrs. Rowley would hear of no delay.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DELICATE INVESTIGATION OFFICE.

THE office of Messrs. Leonard Brothers, to which we must now introduce the reader, was in a gloomy little court, near Doctors' Commons, a most suitable place for the transaction of any business

of a nature to shun the light; for, except in the dog-days, the sun shunned it himself, as if averse, as he might well be, to sully his beams with the murky atmosphere of such an unsavoury retreat. Like Mr. Rowley's bed-room, it was so dim, except at mid-day, that it was only after the eye had grown used to the obscurity, that the names of the people who had their resorts of business there could be distinguished on the door-posts, or over the windows of their offices. One of the last that became legible was the name of Leonard, and when you deciphered it, you were further informed that the chambers of the gentlemen who bore it were to be found on the second floor. When you mounted there, with much straining of your sight you detected a bell, which, when you rang, its cracked voice gained you admittance into a small frowsy uncarpeted room, with hardly any furniture but a table and a stool; or hangings of any kind, except some dreary old maps on the walls, which either the smoke or the thumbing of years, had reduced to a uniform yellowish brown, with black specks here and there, which might be presumed to be cities, and lines that might be rivers, or roads, or railways, or even mountains, for anything that remained to distinguish them by. There was, indeed, another hanging, which you did not notice at first, it was so like one of the maps; it was a curtain of some coarse stuff, like those which one has sometimes to push aside with reluctant fingers to enter churches on the Continent, and it masked a door, which led into an interior apartment. In this arrangement you saw the same professional circumspection which had suggested the new draperies for Mrs. Upjohn's crypt, and it prepared you for admission into the presence of her respectable agents.

As Mr. Leonard informed Mrs. Upjohn, his business had two branches, one in London, which his brother conducted, the other in Paris, which he managed himself; one having his private reasons for preferring the Continent, the other finding himself more comfortable or secure in old England. They had not been long in the private inquiry line, either of the brothers, but had lately entered it together, after various other speculations had, for one reason or another, proved unsuccessful.

Let us drop in on these gentlemen out of office hours, late in the evening of the day of Mr. Leonard's first visit to Cumberland Gate. The inner apartment, entered by the door behind the curtain, was more like a smoking-room than an office. It was comfortable enough, if you can separate comfort from cleanliness or nicety. There was an old sofa covered with leather, which had once been red; several chairs, two or three of them with arms, covered in the same way; and an oblong table, with drawers, on which there lay an old ink-stand, furnished with a few stumps of pens, and two or three memorandum books, one of them probably that which we have

already seen. But the table was evidently more in use for drinking than writing at, for it was not only stained all over with the circular marks of bottles and glasses, such as you see on the tables of low taverns and coffee-houses, but there were the bottles and glasses themselves, to remove all doubt on the subject. The table was now drawn near the fire-place, and so was one of the easy-chairs—so near that Mr. Leonard himself, who now occupied it, with a pipe in his mouth, was able with perfect convenience to enjoy it with his heels on the mantle-piece. He was alone for the moment, but he probably expected his partner or a friend, for there were more glasses than one, and another arm-chair stood on the opposite side, ready to receive him. Your first observation decided the question that it was a black wig Mr. Leonard wore when he called on Mrs. Upjohn. Not only was his natural hair, as he now wore it, sandy, grizzled, and cropped close, but the peruke itself was to be seen hanging from a peg in a press, which stood open, and another dangled beside it of a different colour, while there hung from a third peg what looked very like a false beard, with whiskers to match, and beside it a three-cocked hat, like that of a Greenwich pensioner. The light in the room, for there was a fire, as well as a lamp on the table, made all these objects perfectly distinct. Indeed, it showed many other odd details. There was a crutch, for instance, in one corner, keeping company with an umbrella; and on a table near a window there was a looking-glass and a wonderful array of labelled phials and boxes, which, perhaps, you might have suspected to be hair dyes, or cosmetics of some kind or other, but whose precise contents were only discoverable on closer inspection. If you had thus examined them, you would have found most of the famous fluids and lotions which you see blazoned in the advertisements for their magical hair-producing or hair-destroying virtues, infallible and incomparable, every one of them; or for colouring it to your fancy, and your complexion with it, if you preferred brown to fair, or fair to brown, or thought an olive tint would better become, or better disguise you. Had you a chin as bare as Apollo's, here was a wash to beard you like Jupiter. If you were bald as Elisha, the fault was your own if you had not in a week the boisterous locks of Samson. Here was a liquid to make you blush for ever if you never blushed before. Or if you were pitted with the small-pox, or your brows were puckered with wrinkles, like a lady's frill, here was the miraculous enamel that you laid on at night, and rose in the morning with a face and forehead as polished as ivory. In short, the cosmetic art had completely triumphed over nature and time, age and ugliness, and furnished the toilette with every conceivable device, either for embellishment or transformation.

The gentleman who had collected this museum of cosmetics, more

probably for the latter use than the former, was smoking, as we have said, and if his posture was not the ordinary one in which philosophers sit thinking, he looked as grave and contemplative as any philosopher could look. He filled his glass occasionally, and except for the movement which that operation required, was perfectly at repose. Presently the outer door opened and shut, steps were audible in the ante-room, you heard the rustle of the unpleasant curtain drawn aside, and the next moment the gentleman who was expected entered.

"You are late, Archie," said he with his heels on the chimney-piece.

Master Archie's first thought was the bottle, which he took and held up to the lamp, to see whether his brother had left him his share.

"Never fear," said brother Nick, "there's another in the cupboard when this is cracked, and it's good old port; I seldom get the like in Paris."

Archie now relieved himself of his hat and paletot, and flung them on the sofa. The moment he did so you could not for your life have decided which of the two brothers you had seen in the morning. They were as like as two peas, or two eggs, or the two halves of an orange; they had the same bullet heads, the same short noses, the same thick, sensual lips, the same small, wary eyes, and the same hair, except that Nick's was closer cropped. It was only when they talked, or when Master Nicholas gave a wink, that you found out which was your first acquaintance. As soon as the last comer had pulled off his boots and got into a pair of well-worn leather slippers, which he took out of the bottom of the press, he seated himself in the vacant chair, with his feet on the fender to warm them; for though the spring was advanced, the nights were still cool enough.

"What have you been about?" said the other, lowering his legs, and filling his brother's glass. "Have you made a good day of it?"

"A deuced bad day—a confounded tiresome one—watching the doings of a gay lady, whose husband is with his regiment in Canada, through a gimlet-hole, and seeing nothing, of course."

"Bad enough, if you saw nothing for your trouble."

"I must get a bigger gimlet, Nick; this is too small," pulling one out of his coat-pocket as he spoke, and tossing it on the chimney-piece.

"It's big enough, Archie; I never use a bigger, when I use one at all."

"I don't believe anything important is to be seen through gimlet-holes, or key-holes either."

"I don't agree with you," said the other; "there's a great deal of

information to be got through any hole, if a man has ears as well as eyes, and some imagination or fancy into the bargain."

"But that's not seeing," said the duller partner. "Oh, with imagination, of course, you can see anything."

"Anything, Archie, you want to see; and what do you want to see but what you are paid for seeing, or, at least, for swearing to?"

"The swearing's easy enough, when it comes to that," said the other.

"It's not the size of the hole that signifies, I tell you; it's the eye that takes the observation. I'd as soon have the eye of a boiled whiting in my head as an eye like a ghost's with no speculation in it—an eye that can see only stupid matter-of-fact."

"But it's just matter-of-fact we want."

"No, it isn't, when presumption answers quite as well; at least, if enough for Mr. Ford or Mr. Kitley, it ought to be enough for us."

"Who the deuce are they? We never had gents of either name on our books."

"As immortal Billy says"—pursued Nicholas, without condescending to notice his brother's ignorant interruption—"trifles light as air——"

"Confound immortal Billy that you are always bothering with!"

"Archie, you have no more literature in you than a dustman."

"I prefer brandy-and-water—that's the truth, Nick. If you can see through a deal board, or in the dark like a cat, I haven't the knack, and there's no more about it."

"It won't do in our line not to see a little even in the dark sometimes; it's just in the dark that most things are done that are not agreeable to the ten commandments, and one of them in particular."

This sort of talk, half nonsense, was more to amuse himself than to sharpen his brother's wits, which Nicholas had probably long since given up as a no very hopeful undertaking; for nobody knew better than he did that Archie would remain a dull, prosaic rogue to the end of the chapter; but he knew also that, for many purposes, he was, like a paper-cutter, the more valuable instrument for being a blunt one.

After an interval, during which nothing was done on either side, beyond tipping and smoking, Mr. Archibald Leonard recommenced the dialogue by asking what his brother had been doing.

"Time for you to ask," said Nicholas. "Well, I never had better luck. I found a milch-cow, and a famous one, at Cumberland Gate, just opposite to the Marble Arch—a regular prize, my boy!"

"And are you going to turn cowkeeper?" said his incurably heavy partner.

"Oh, I'll keep the cow I've got as long as I can, and we'll milk her well, as sure as God's in Gloucester!"

"I see," said Archie; "the cow's a lady of fortune. That sounds well."

"The job's in Paris; but I dare say there will be work for you, too, in London."

"Jealousy over again?"

"Only spite and rancour at present. Two sisters-in-law at daggers-drawn. One of them is our prize—a regular bad one; in fact, a d——l, only that she's not clever enough for that. She hardly know's what she wants yet. A fine woman enough, by G——, but I have no doubt the other's a finer, and that's perhaps where the shoe pinches."

"And how does the jealousy come in?"

"Oh, we have to make the monster with the green eyes, the first thing we do."

"Make what?" said Archie.

"Oh, it's only immortal Billy again," said Nicholas, laughing and winking. "We have first to make a jealous husband, as I understand the matter, and then turn his jealousy to account. Our cow is an ass, but I'll educate her while I milk her. To-morrow I am to see her again, and won't I blow the coals? I'm afraid, Archie, she won't be a more angelic creature when her business with me is concluded."

"That's highly probable, Nick."

"When I have such an Eve as this on my hands, I'm always strongly tempted to play the old serpent with her, and try if I can't make her eat a bit of a pippin, too, as well as my namesake."

"You were well called Nick, I always told you."

"I was and I was not," said his brother; "for I have read somewhere or other that the gentleman in question owes the name to a Scandinavian water-imp. Now, I never was an imp of that element. There is more of that in you than in me; for you water your brandy, and I take mine neat. Push the bottle to me; I'll take a go, while you finish the port."

As Archie finished the port, he inquired the names of the parties, and his brother referred him to his note-book, which contained all the information he had to give.

Mr. Archibald Leonard turned over the leaves, and exclaimed, when he came to the name of Alexander—

"Eh! what's this?—Alexander! and the son of your old partner too!"

"Ay," said Nicholas, "the very lad; but this business won't do him much harm, even if it does end in Doctors' Commons."

"Well, it won't do him any good," said the other.

"No, no good; that's something."

Archie went on reading the notes.

"Rowley—Christian name, Fatima—Fatima! why, that was the

name of old Evelyn's daughter. Evelyn Effendi, you remember, Nick, who was my milch-cow in former days."

"Read on," said his brother; "her maiden name was Evelyn."

"Then, by George," cried Archie, striking the table vehemently, "she's the very girl I owe this broken arm to, that has given me the torture of the damned from that day to this. It has been worse than ever lately. You remember, Nick?"

"Perfectly well," said his brother; "you jumped out of a window to get out of a scrape the minx got you into; but no matter how it happened, now you will have your revenge; your broken arm will make you work; it will give you brighter ideas than ever you had in your life."

"By George, that it will!" said Archie the obtuse, brightening up wonderfully.

"There's nothing like having a little quarrel of one's own," said the other.

"Nothing," said Archie; "and you have yours too; at least, you'll work with better heart for having no particular good-will to that coxcomb in Spring Gardens. We ought to strike a good blow between us. Have you a plan?"

"I have an idea or two; but what I want most now is a good supper. Put on your boots, Archie, and we'll go down to the Dragon, in Cheapside, and have a lobster, and a drop of something hot."

While Archibald was drawing on his boots, his brother went over to the press, and taking out the beard and whiskers already mentioned, in a moment his face was as hirsute as a Skye terrier's, or a pioneer's in the Guards. His own mother could not possibly have recognised him if that fortunate lady had been in existence.

As Mr. Archibald Leonard, *alias* Hardy, *alias* Moffat, took no more notice of the addition to his brother's face than he did of his putting on his wrap-rascal, it may fairly be presumed that the former was as familiar a proceeding as the other.

As the brothers went out to finish the evening in what was probably the usual way with those gentlemen, a third person connected with the establishment in a subordinate position entered.

Mr. Nicholas only stopped to ask him a few questions, to see how the commissions of the day had been executed. Among other reports, the subordinate had one to give of his observations at the Cavendish, where he had overheard Miss Cateran's conversation with Mr. Blackadder, and had picked up more minute details than his chief had patience to listen to. When he came to the basket and the strawberries, Nick cut him short, saying—

"Never mind the basket, you blockhead, I'll furnish it myself," and descending the dark and decayed staircase, the brothers disappeared in the gloom of the court.

MARMION SAVAGE.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A MEMOIR OF JOHN CONOLLY, M.D., D.C.L. Comprising a Sketch of the Treatment of the Insane in Europe and America. By Sir JAMES CLARK, Bart., K.C.B., M.D., F.R.S., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. Murray, 1839. 10s. 6d.

DR. CONOLLY's name will be remembered as, if not absolutely the introducer, still undoubtedly the great promoter and supporter of the non-restraint system in the treatment of the insane. To the illustrious French physician, Pinel, belongs indeed the merit of having, in 1792, when in charge of the Bicêtre Lunatic Hospital in Paris, been the first to abolish chains and shackles and introduce a more humane treatment at a time when, in Sir J. Clark's words, "lunatics throughout Europe were treated more like wild beasts than human beings." But it was to Dr. Conolly's unremitting labours in Hanwell Asylum, and to his constant and powerful advocacy of the cause, that we owe the placing of the system of non-restraint on the firm and enduring basis which it now occupies.

Dr. Conolly was born in 1794. Having decided on adopting the medical profession, he commenced the study of it at the University of Edinburgh in 1817. "Even before his residence at the University," says Sir J. Clark, "he had evinced a strong predilection for the study of psychology, and he chose *Insanity* as the subject of his inaugural thesis." After practising privately as a physician for some years at Chichester and Stratford-on-Avon, he was, in 1827, appointed Professor of the Practice of Medicine in University College, London, he being then only in his thirty-third year. He held this office for four years, but then disliking the life of a London physician resigned, and went to Warwick, being made at the same time Visiting Physician of the Lunatic Asylums in the county. It was at this date that he published his celebrated work on the "Indications of Insanity." In 1839 Dr. Conolly at length found himself in the position he felt his own, being appointed Resident Physician to the Middlesex County Asylum at Hanwell, then the largest in England. He lost no time in making that total abolition of mechanical restraint in the treatment of the insane, which he had long advocated, a practical fact, thus introducing the most important change that had ever been attempted in dealing with diseases of the mind.

Dr. Conolly held this office at Hanwell for upwards of ten years, during which period he sent in eleven annual reports to the quarter sessions, describing the methods and results of his treatment. Sir James Clark makes large use of these valuable documents; but we can do no more than cite a few of the more salient passages. He entered on his duties on the 1st of June, 1839, at which time the asylum contained 800 patients, of whom he found over 40 under mechanical restraint of some kind. In his first report, dated 31st October of that year, he states that since the 21st September not one patient has been under restraint of any kind:

"No form of strait-waistcoat, no handcuffs, no leg-locks, nor any contrivance confining the trunk, or limbs, or any of the muscles, is now in use. The coercion chairs, about forty in number, have been altogether removed from the wards."

In his third report for 1841 he writes,—

“The physician speaks from repeated observation when he says that no favourable impression could be made upon these patients, as long as restraints were either resorted to or threatened. Yet in these patients the mere mention of restraint was often observed to cause the patient's face to become deadly pale, an evidence of its efficacy as a punishment; standing quite apart from any proof of its efficacy as a means of moral control. The spectacle, in these cases, when the strait-waistcoat was determined upon, was most distressing. There was a violent struggle, the patient was overcome by main force, the limbs were secured by the attendants with a tightness proportioned to the difficulty they had encountered, and the patient was left heated, irritated, mortified, and probably bruised and hurt, without one consoling word; left to scream, to shout, to execrate, and apparently to exhaust the whole soul in bitter and hateful expressions, and in curses too horrible for human ears.” (Pp. 25, 26.)

Of course it has often been objected to the system of non-restraint that it is impossible to accept it as an absolute and inflexible law, always suitable for all cases. The answer is that no one ever said it should be so accepted. In Sir James Clark's words,—

“When properly stated, the principle is this, that mechanical restraint should never be resorted to unless there be a clear necessity, and that the existence of the clear necessity should not be too readily accepted. With many physicians this ends in finding the cases in which restraint is deemed necessary to be so rare as practically not to exist; they do not positively abolish restraint, they simply never use it, because they never deem it necessary. They regard it as in the highest degree desirable to avoid it, from considerations both of humanity and science; and having adopted this view, they find that it is not needed in cases in which it would probably be employed by physicians less strongly impressed with the desirability of avoiding it, and therefore less anxious to discover a substitute in methods of treatment which are more humane and in better accord with the teachings of physiology and psychology.”

For the last twenty or five-and-twenty years the system of non-restraint established by Dr. Conolly has been practised in every public asylum in this kingdom. But, unfortunately, in this respect at any rate, we seem ahead of the rest of the world. In spite of all that has been said and written as to the advantages of the system by foreign physicians who have visited our asylums, the majority of them still hesitate to adopt it. “It may even be doubted,” says Sir James Clark, “if in the whole of Europe six asylums could at this time be found beyond Great Britain where non-restraint is *fully* received and acted on.”

Ten years' anxious work at Hanwell proved too much for a constitution never very robust, and in 1849 Dr. Conolly had to resign the office of Resident Physician. No successor was appointed, and he continued to act as Visiting Physician, and to take the greatest interest in the institution and in all subjects connected with his special work. But his health failed him more and more, until in March, 1867, he had an attack of paralysis which carried him off in a few hours.

Sir James Clark gives some interesting extracts from Dr. Conolly's writings, showing the high estimation in which he held phrenology, as likely to give valuable aid in the diagnosis and treatment of lunacy, and the advancement of mental science generally. But for these we must refer the reader to the book itself, as also for a sketch of Dr. Conolly's literary labours, the best known of which, “A Study of Hamlet,” was published only a few years before his death.

GEORGE STOTT.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A Physician's Problems. By CHARLES ELAM, M.D., M.R.C.P. London: Macmillan. 9s.

THE problems which trouble Dr. Elam are those which trouble most of us. How to work mind and body to the best advantage; how to distinguish exactly between mental health and disease; how to interpret epidemics of crime and immorality; how the degeneracy of the human kind proceeds; and how far the responsibility of each generation is affected by the natural heritage of congenital or acquired defects—these are the subjects of the physician's essays. That on natural heritage is the most interesting, and the most nearly approaches scientific method. The structure of the Essays is rather composite. Dr. Elam is not a practised writer, and he indulges in extracts almost as largely as a parliamentary speaker of the old school. There is, however, a vein of strong individuality in the book, and its leading idea is faithfully expressed in a quaint citation from the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. "Each of us," says Dr. Holmes, "is only the footing up of a double column of figures that goes back to the first pair. Every unit tells; and some of them are plus, some minus. If the columns don't add up right, it is commonly because we can't make out all the figures. There are people who think that everything may be done, if the doer, be he educator or physician, be only called 'in season.' No doubt; but 'in season' would often be a hundred or two years before the child was born; and people never send so early as that."

Historical Gleanings: a Series of Sketches. Montagu, Walpole, Adam Smith, Cobbett. By JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS. London: Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

FOUR Essays in the form of lectures delivered at several places to popular audiences. The subjects, ranging over the eighteenth century and jutting into the nineteenth, require and receive such a discussion as brings into focus nearly all the questions of our day. Several of the characters, Harley and Bolingbroke especially, are described in a manner which, like that often resorted to by ingenious Opposition journalists in France, plainly demands a double interpretation. To the Earl of Halifax Mr. Rogers concedes a high place as the father of English finance, and the founder of the national debt. Walpole's Peace policy is explained and defended, and the exaggerations as to his use of venal means of government discredited. The Essay on Adam Smith realises to the reader the juncture of economical discovery at which the "Wealth of Nations" appeared, the reception it received, the slow infiltration of our legislation with the new truths it contained, and the extent to which they are still applicable to difficult national questions. William Cobbett appears as a stout defender of his class against all persons and influences that could oppress or depress it.

A Cruise in the "Gorgon;" or, Eighteen Months on H. M. S. "Gorgon," engaged in the Suppression of the Slave Trade on the East Coast of Africa, including a Trip up the Zambesi with Dr. Livingstone. By D. COPE DEVEREUX, Assistant Paymaster, R.N. London: Bell and Daldy. 10s. 6d.

A GENUINE account, by a genuine sailor, of eighteen months at sea on anti-slave-trade duty. The course of the *Gorgon* becomes in the hands of this easy-

going writer a rough panorama of Madeira, St. Vincent, Rio, Cape Town, Mozambique, Natal, Zanzibar, the Zambesi, and the East Coast of the African Continent. Paymaster Devereux seems to have seen everything, and to have seen it with sailor's eyes. The picture he draws of Dr. Livingstone's experiences up the Zambesi is a very pleasant one. Mr. Devereux comments with droll surprise on the very moderate degree of Sabbatarian strictness which prevailed on board the *Pioneer*, Dr. Livingstone's vessel. "Whether I am considered uncharitable or not," he writes, "I think Dr. Livingstone's feelings have undergone a change, and his fame as a traveller has eclipsed that as a missionary." With equal freedom he pronounces Livingstone a practical, hard-working pioneer, not edifying or amusing on any subject but Africa. The speciality of the book is the breezy life and frankness with which it unpretentiously recalls scenes that have necessarily to home-keeping readers considerable novelty.

Memoir of John Grey of Dilston. By his Daughter, JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 7s. 6d.

MRS. BUTLER makes no apology for this book, and when the reader has progressed a little way in reading it, he finds that it needs none. John Grey was a member of the great governing family, and though out of Northumberland he did not occupy a very prominent public position, his correspondence and intercourse with Lord Grey and Lord Durham brought him very near the heart of politics during the exciting and changeful times before and after the Reform Bill. Mr. Grey appears to have been a man of pure heart, and unfettered, though not venturesome, intelligence. He discussed and formed opinions upon Reform, the Corn Laws, Agricultural Customs, Canadian troubles, and all the other subjects of the day in which a Grey, if worthy of the name, was sure to be interested; and his opportunities enabled him to appreciate, and to help others to appreciate, more eminent men. Full of pleasant personal and family traits, the book is chiefly valuable for the placid side-lights which it throws on some of the most interesting political events of this century.

Dottings on the Roadside in Panama, Nicaragua, and Mosquito. By BEDFORD PIM, Captain R.N., and BERTHOLD SEEMAN, Ph.D., &c. London: Chapman and Hall. 18s.

ANYONE who is interested in the authors of these "dottings" will be somewhat puzzled by the irregularity of person and number with which it is written; but it may be generally assumed that Captain Pim's personality is revealed when negroes are abused, and the United States, "that gigantic Trades-Union," spoken of in terms of opprobrium. Captain Pim takes a deep interest in the Mosquito question, and is anxious to see Central America opened up for English emigration. The object to which he is now immediately devoted is to remove the difficulty of access to the Nicaragua gold-fields. Both the gold-fields and these difficulties of access are explained in this book; the most valuable portion of which is a record of Dr. Seeman's experience in 1866, when pursuing his investigations of the mineral features of New Segovia and Matagalpa. This account has already appeared in instalments in the *Athenæum*, and is of permanent utility. Captain Pim's part of the book deals with the livelier aspects of the subject, and is rendered doubly lively by the vigour of his antipathies, and his genuine knowledge of the country.

The Trades-Unions of England. By M. LE COMTE DE PARIS. Translated under the Author's direction by NASSAU J. SENIOR, M.A. Edited by THOMAS HUGHES, M.P. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 7s. 6d.

THE Comte de Paris has studied with great minuteness the trade organisations of this country. To a large extent he has been indebted to the evidence before the Commission; but he has also made supplementary personal inquiries. His conclusions are generally in favour of the Unions, and always in favour of the utmost liberty being extended towards them. The essay gives a very neat and sufficient digest of the evidence before the Commission, and formulates the conclusions at which pretty nearly all candid Englishmen, many of them to their own considerable surprise, have arrived upon that evidence. The Count goes beyond average opinion in expecting the Trades-Unions to eventually solve the labour question, not by the successful enforcement of their views, or the establishment and maintenance of satisfactory tribunals, but by becoming "a new element of productive power, and an earnest pledge of peace," as the centre of co-operative associations.

Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers, embracing a Narrative of Events from the Death of James V. in 1542, until the Death of the Regent Murray in 1570. By JOHN HOSACK, Barrister-at-law. Edinburgh and London: Blackwoods. 15s.

MR. HOSACK's book, which is not a small one, is a contribution to what may be called the forensic department of history. It probably includes all that ever was said of the fair queen, for or against whom almost every Englishman and Scotchman is somewhat of a partisan. The new interest of the book arises from its containing some hitherto unpublished documents. One is the "Book of Articles" produced by the accusers of Mary on her trial before the Commissioners in 1568. This is found amongst the Hopetown manuscripts, and is now in the custody of Sir William Gibson Craig. Mr. Hosack argues its genuineness at some length in his preface. The form of the present work is that of argumentative narrative. Mr. Hosack admits very little that makes against the queen, and turns to prettiness almost all the doubtful incidents of his client's life, while he finds the key to her worst troubles in the persistent designs of Elizabeth to interfere in Scotch politics. The volume is illustrated with several very interesting *fac similes*.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXXIII. NEW SERIES.—SEPTEMBER 1, 1869.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE HISTORICAL CREDIBILITY OF THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY.

SINCE the publication of Mr. Gladstone's work on "Homer and the Homeric Age," much has been said on the historical character of our Iliad and Odyssey, as well by conservative critics as by their opponents. But instead of noting the purpose of these writers, and measuring their failure or success, Mr. Gladstone has chosen the simpler, and perhaps easier, task of bringing before us again his own conclusions as drawn from the poems to which we are accustomed to give the name of Homer, and of asserting that to himself these conclusions are thoroughly satisfactory. His conjectures and his convictions, which are substantially what they were ten years ago, fit in with one another, and on all important points he believes himself to be in possession of evidence overwhelming in its amount and its cogency. Homer is with him undoubtedly a historical person, and the Iliad and Odyssey are emphatically historical poems. This assertion is not to be regarded as a mere statement that the poems had some author or authors, and that the local colouring of the myths related was more or less true to scenes and events which passed before the eyes of the poet or poets. Mr. Gladstone lays much stress on the scrupulous accuracy of Homeric portraiture in all that relates to the persons of his heroes and the features of the society in which they moved; but the authority of the poet is not to be repressed within these limits. He conjectures, "without pretending to do more, that Homer may well have been born before or during the [Trojan] war; and that he probably was familiar, during the years of his maturity, with those who had fought in it" (p. 6). Hence, "there are very strong presumptions that Homer is also historical with respect to his chief events and persons" (p. 7). These conjectures or convictions are supported by a series of propositions, which certainly prove his point if they are suffered to pass unchallenged,

but of most of which it may be fairly said that they are mere assertion or hypothesis, for which no evidence whatever is adduced.

The ambiguity of much of Mr. Gladstone's language introduces a further element of difficulty into the discussion. When, for instance, he says that "a cardinal argument for placing the date of the poet near that of his subject is, that he describes manners from first to last with the easy, natural, and intimate knowledge of a contemporary observer," there is a sense in which the most sceptical critics may agree with him. No one doubts that the Homeric poet (or poets) throw over his (or their) narrative a colour borrowed from the society in which he (or they) lived. Here there was every motive for the poet to be truthful, none to depart from the truth; and the exactness with which all customs of peace and war, of arts and games, of public and private life, of debate and action, were reproduced in the poem, would inevitably impart an air of reality to the events related, whatever these might be. This is probably true of the genuine epic poetry of all nations; but for the historical character of the incidents which they record, it obviously proves nothing. The society of the age in which the poet lives may be described with indefinite accuracy, though the house which he builds may be raised on sand. In this sense, we need not hesitate to say with Mr. Gladstone, "It cannot be too strongly affirmed that the song of Homer is historic song. Indeed, he has probably told us more about the world and its inhabitants at his own epoch than any historian that ever lived" (p. 7). But unless, with Mr. Gladstone, we are prepared to infer facts from the "tone and feeling" of a poet, or from his knowledge of human nature generally, and of his own countrymen in particular, we are bound to say plainly that we speak only of his pictures of life and manners. We may allow that the rules and practice of debate are given with scrupulous precision, without attributing on this account a historical character to the particular Agamemnon, Menelaos, and Odysseus whose exploits are related in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

But this interpretation will not satisfy Mr. Gladstone. With him the "subject" of Homer is not so much the picture of society existing in his own time, as the war of which he relates some of the most important incidents. Here, then, we are brought face to face with the question of facts, in which no amount of conjecture or presumption can be allowed to stand in the place of evidence; and we feel that we have a legitimate ground of complaint against Mr. Gladstone for not telling us what the "chief events and persons" are with regard to which we are to look upon "Homer" as "historical." He is doubtless aware that critics as conservative as himself have, since the publication of his "*Homeric Studies*," attempted to answer this question, and that the controversy now turns chiefly on the sufficiency or inadequacy of their answers. It is impossible that the discussion

can ever be brought to an end, or the truth ascertained, by asserting the general historical accuracy of any given narrative. If it contains any genuine history, we must be able to lay our hands upon it: if we cannot do this, then for us it has practically no existence. But Mr. Gladstone, ignoring all that has been recently said, contents himself with reiterating the general statement, and then modifying it in a way which leaves the extent of his own faith in the narrative a matter of mere conjecture. The discussion has, in fact, advanced beyond the point at which Mr. Gladstone takes it up; and hence it becomes necessary to repeat objections to arguments which might have been left to themselves but for the weight which they receive from his name and authority.

The first reason urged by Mr. Gladstone for believing the "chief events" of our *Iliad* and *Odyssey* (for he is careful to say, p. 12, that by "Homer" he means these poems and none others) is that "it is the chief business of the poet or bard, as such, in early times to record facts, while he records them in the forms of beauty supplied by his art." If we write with the sole aim and hope of discovering the truth—if truth, and truth alone, is our single object—we are bound to refuse any leap which must be taken in the dark. Mr. Gladstone's reason is a mere assumption, and to grant it is to place in his hands a weapon as forcible as that which Dr. Newman professes to wield against those who grant to him his "great aboriginal catastrophe." Why are we to believe that the recording of facts (if by this we mean a veracious chronicle of real events) was the business of the poet or bard in early times, until we know what their ideas of a fact were, and, indeed, until we have proved what is here merely asserted? Is it so clear that genuine and truthful history excited in them the interest of which Thucydides deplores the absence amongst the vast mass of his own contemporaries? Is it not at the least as reasonable to assert, with Mr. Grote, that the early poets and bards dealt with "the entire intellectual stock of the age to which they belonged," and that the value of this stock was measured by its power of satisfying that "craving for adventure and appetite for the marvellous, which has in modern times become the province of fiction proper"?¹ Whatever, again, be the historical value of our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, it must be allowed that the so-called Homeric Hymns were composed by some one or more; and these poets relate their story with a conviction as undoubting as any that was ever felt by Mr. Gladstone's Homer. If, then, the chief business of these poets was to record facts, how comes it to pass that the history of every tribe and country reproduced itself in an almost infinite series? How came it about that the Athenians were accepting the story of Theseus as real history, and the Argives regarding those of Herakles and of Perseus in the

(1) History of Greece, Part I. ch. xvi.

same light, while all the three stories were in substance identical? How comes it, further, to pass that the "chief events" in a large majority, if not in all, the Aryan epic poems are the same? How is it that in all we have a woman or a treasure, sometimes both, stolen away, and a struggle for its recovery? ¹ How is it that the names, as well as the actions, of some of the most important persons in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* are found in the earliest literature of the Hindoos?

When Mr. Gladstone gives as his second reason that the truthful recording of events is especially the business "of the bard who lives near the events of which he professes to sing," we can but reply that two points must here be determined: (1) what were the particular events in his own conception of them, and in that of Mr. Gladstone; and (2) whether he lived near to them or not. Mr. Gladstone asserts, without much proof, that he did. Thucydides is equally positive that he did not. Why should the deliberate judgment of the Athenian historian, a judgment which may have reflected the general opinion of thinking men at the time, be of less weight?

Mr. Gladstone's fourth reason (the third is a mere inference from the first and second) is that "the poems were always viewed as historical by the Greeks" (p. 8). It must be remembered that by "the poems" Mr. Gladstone means exclusively our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; and the question thus raised is certainly of supreme importance, for this proposition not only attributes a certain opinion to the Greeks, but also affirms that the Greeks of the times of Perikles were familiar with the poems to which we give the name of Homer. Mr. Gladstone elsewhere urges this reason in other words, when he says that "at the dawn of trustworthy tradition we find them holding a position of honour and authority among the Greeks, for which, with respect to works professedly secular, history affords no parallel" (p. 12). This, it is manifest, is precisely the same as Colonel Mure's opinion, that "the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were the acknowledged standard or digest, as it were, of early national history, geography, and mythology;" an opinion shared by Bunsen, who holds that "the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, especially the former, are the canon regulating the Hellenic mental development in all things spiritual, in faith and custom, worship and religion, civil and domestic life, poetry, art, science," and adds that "the *Iliad* is the sacred groundwork of lyrical poetry no less than of the drama." On this point I must maintain with all earnestness that it was the duty of every Homeric critic who deals with this portion of the subject to examine and accept or refute the evidence of alleged facts, of which I gave a

(1) This resemblance, or rather, identity of framework, will scarcely be disputed. In any case, the point must be settled before the counter-proposition can be asserted. But it is unnecessary to repeat here what I have already urged in the number of this Review for April 1, 1868, p. 427, &c.

summary in a previous number of this Review.¹ The mere statement of an opinion ought to carry no more weight on one side than on another; but Mr. Paley took his stand wholly on facts, which proved, or seemed to prove, that the Greek lyric, tragic, and comic poets either knew nothing or next to nothing of our *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, or if they did, deliberately preferred to them certain other poems to which they resorted for their materials. He further stated that Greek art down to a time later than that of Perikles exhibits precisely the same phenomena. In either case the assertions of Mr. Gladstone, Colonel Mure, and Baron Bunsen fall to the ground; and for such assertions a hearing cannot reasonably be expected, until this evidence has been met and refuted.

Mr. Gladstone not only takes no notice of it, but apparently even contradicts himself, for, having stated that from the earliest times we find these poems holding continuously (the word is necessary, if the opinion is to have any force) a position of honour and authority among the Greeks paralleled in no other literature, he asserts that "the antiquity of the present text is not overthrown by the fact that the later poets in many instances have followed other forms of legend in regard to the Troica, for they would necessarily consult the state of popular feeling from time to time; and tradition, which, as to religion, altered so greatly after the time of Homer, would, as to facts and persons, it is evident, vary materially according to the sympathies of blood, and otherwise at different periods of Greek history" (p. 19). Even if we concede (and it is not necessary that we should concede) that this may possibly account for the choice of the later poets in a very few instances, perhaps five or six, Mr. Gladstone's admission is in complete conflict with the position of unparalleled honour and authority which he attributes to our *Iliad* and *Odyssey* throughout the historical ages. But no political sympathies or antipathies could render necessary that systematic degradation of characters like Odysseus, Aias, Hektor, to say nothing of Helen, to account for which Mr. Gladstone felt himself driven to devise a theory in his "*Homeric Studies*." Nor can they explain the fact that two Greek plays only are taken directly from (in other words, are in accordance with) our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, or that Pindar speaks of the madness of Aias and his attack on the herds as incidents related in Homer, or that he and the tragic poets should always choose the less beautiful of two traditions, with both of which, on Mr. Gladstone's hypothesis, they were perfectly familiar. The fact is, indeed, patent that Pindar speaks of a multitude of subjects as Homeric which are not to be found in our poems at all, and Herodotus rejects as non-Homeric a certain poem, because it does not narrate events which his *Iliad* gave in detail, but of

(1) April 1, 1868, p. 433, &c.

which in our *Iliad* we can find no trace. Mr. Gladstone feels himself compelled to admit that Thucydides speaks of the Hymn to Apollon as Homeric, and that "doubtless he represents a tradition of his day." But these hymns are, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, very inferior to Homer, and, therefore, Thucydides and his contemporaries were mistaken; and thus the unparalleled honour and authority of our *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are modified into the statement that no other poems were regarded as Homeric "by the general and unhesitating opinion of the Greeks." We do not know enough of this general opinion to warrant any very positive statements with regard to it; but until it can be proved that the lyric and tragic poets were acquainted with our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, it can scarcely be affirmed that the general opinion of the Greeks regarded those poems as Homeric at all. When Mr. Gladstone says that "the lyric poems, which aimed at completing the circle of events with which they deal, never attained to an equal or competing fame, and have long ago perished" (p. 11), he makes assertions for which there is the same lack of evidence as for the rest, or which, at the least, cannot fairly be made without a previous examination of the arguments or alleged facts by which Mr. Paley seeks to prove that some of these poems were the more popular, while others, less popular, contained all, or almost all, the materials of which our *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are composed.

But further, what is the actual evidence that the poems to which alone Mr. Gladstone will give the name of Homer were "always viewed as historical by the Greeks?" Were they so regarded by Herodotus or Thucydides (supposing for a moment that they were speaking of our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*)? All that they leave of the story is the mere fact of a war which lasted ten years; but if they reject its motives and its incidents, the hinges on which the whole action turns, in what sense can it be said that they believed the Homeric Tale of Troy? If the special business of Homer was to record facts, then Herodotus and Thucydides were most unreasonable sceptics, and treated a veracious historian as one deserving of little honour or ceremony and possessed of very scanty authority. I do not hesitate to say that the incidents which I enumerated in a former paper¹ will be regarded by all fair-judging men as of the very essence of the narrative, and all these incidents, with scarcely a single exception, are either ignored or rejected by the two Greek historians. Thucydides gets rid of Helen altogether, attributes the war to the political views and ambition of the Argive king, and will have it that it was extended through ten years not from the will of Zeus or in accordance with any sign of the snake and the sparrows, but solely from lack of troops, which made it needful for

(1) FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, May, 1867, p. 569.

one half of the forces to take to farming while the other half carried on the siege. Herodotus cannot for a moment believe that Helen was ever at Troy; she is therefore detained in the court of the King of Egypt, in order to acquit the Trojans of an infatuation which to him is altogether incredible. The fact is, that neither of these great historians could receive that tangled skein of marvels, miracles, and prodigies which are inextricably intertwined in the supernatural machinery of those mythical tales. Hence they summarily rejected the whole, having thus "judged on its own grounds" Homer's "intermixture of supernatural agency with human events," although Mr. Gladstone insists that this intermixture "cannot by the laws of historical criticism be held of itself to overthrow his general credit" (p. 9). Mr. Gladstone does not tell us what are the laws of historical criticism; but his conception of them appears to differ widely from that of Bishop Thirlwall, on whose judgment I must lay the greatest stress, as depriving, or at the least tending to deprive, Mr. Gladstone's conjectures and presumptions of all weight. Such presumptions, indeed, can have weight only so long as they are allowed to pass unchallenged, and the dictum that Homer's special business was to record the truth of facts ceases of itself to have any authority when it is confronted with Bishop Thirlwall's deliberate statement that "the kind of history for which Homer invoked the aid of the Muses to strengthen his memory was not chiefly valued as a recital of real events," and that "if in detached passages the poet sometimes appears to be relating with the naked simplicity of truth, we cannot ascribe any higher authority to these episodes than to the rest of the poem."¹ In other words, the narratives given in full detail are distinctly deprived of all credibility on account of their supernatural colouring and machinery, while those which are merely sketched appear more credible only because they are not narrated at length, and, as Bishop Thirlwall adds, "were transferred to it (the *Iliad*) from other legends, in which, occupying a different place, they were exhibited in a more marvellous and poetical shape." Hence, according to Dr. Thirlwall, whether there was a Trojan war or not, the whole Homeric narrative of that war is untrustworthy from beginning to end.

But when we ask what amount of credence Mr. Gladstone himself gives to that narrative, we get no more definite answer than that "we must not attempt to define with rigour the limits within which these poems are to be considered historical" (p. 9). It must be admitted that the condition is highly favourable, if not to scientific precision, yet to the mingled faith or credulity and scepticism which is pleased to accept a statement or to reject it just as may, for the

(1) For some further remarks on these most important sentences, I may refer to my former article, April 1, 1868, pp. 422—4.

time being, be most convenient. From Mr. Gladstone, then, we cannot hope to learn the precise amount of history contained in the *Iliad*. Mr. Blackie was less reticent or less cautious; but we have seen already¹ how the confidence with which he first enunciates the result of his analysis is modified, until the supposed substance vanishes into thin air; how in one place he asserted that "there was a real Achilles, chief of a warlike clan in the Thessalian Phthiotis, and a real quarrel between him and the general-in-chief of the Hellenic armament," and admits in another not only that there may have been no Paris and no Helen, but that it makes no difference to the history "whether we suppose Agamemnon and Achilles the representatives of Southern and Northern Greece, to have set out together on the same expedition, or to be the distinct captains of two separate armaments confounded in the popular imagination." On what principle can we be said either to believe or to disbelieve, or to apply our minds in any way to a narrative which, like a piece of gutta percha, may be twisted into a thousand forms? How is it possible for any one who professes to have truth, the truth of facts, for his only object, to acquiesce in a process which, if applied to judicial matters, would destroy at once all security for life and property? What should we think of an English history which should tell us that it made no difference to the essential character of the narrative, whether we suppose that Laud and Strafford were joint conspirators against the common liberties of England, or the leaders in two several attempts made in successive centuries? We must be pardoned if we refuse altogether to admit the historical character of narratives to which the champions of their veracity obviously give no real credit.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that all the reasons adduced by Mr. Gladstone for regarding the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as a narrative of real events are of the same shadowy and intangible kind. We are told that the singular correspondence of the genealogies in these poems strongly attests the trustworthiness of Homer; but although the lowest links may possibly, in any given case, represent real persons, these lists all run up to some god or deified hero; and Mr. Grote has long since asked by what method we are to determine the point at which history ends and fable begins in the links between the real Hekataios and his divine progenitor. In the same spirit the prophecy of Poseidon (p. 4) is taken as proving, not that a family calling themselves Aineiadaï were reigning in Troas at the time when this portion of the *Iliad* was composed or recited, but that the ruling chief was the actual grandson of the child of Anchises and Aphrodite, who visibly interferes to rescue her son on the field of battle. The gravity with which Mr. Gladstone assures us

(1) FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, May 1, 1867, pp. 568—574.

that "Homer often introduces curious legends of genealogy, and in a manner which is palpably inopportune for the purposes of poetry, and which is, on the other hand, fully accounted for by the historic aim," may almost raise a smile. It is enough to say that these episodes and digressions may be as legitimately used to prove the composite character of the poems as to uphold their historical authority.

Into the questions relating to the personality of Homer, and the purity or preservation of our Homeric text, I do not enter. On the former Mr. Gladstone admits that "nothing is known of his person" (p. 2), nothing of the time of his birth, or his place of abode, or of any event in his life (p. 6, &c.). The most determined of the separatists could scarcely desire a thicker darkness; but to the historical critic the point, as I have said before, is one of supreme indifference. Of the text, Mr. Gladstone still thinks that "we may, as a general rule, proceed to handle it with a reasonable confidence that the ground is firm under our feet," in spite of the facts adduced by Mr. Paley for questioning that it was known to the great lyric and tragic poets of Hellas. Its integrity was guaranteed by "the intense love of the song of Homer felt by every Greek" (p. 23), although the evidence is unfortunately scanty on which to rest the conclusion, that their Homer was our Homer, neither less nor more.

In short, after an interval of more than ten years, during which the phase of the controversy has been wholly changed, Mr. Gladstone has thought fit to repeat the confession of his Homeric faith. Of the earnestness, and ingenuity, and learning with which he has set it forth, I need say nothing; but, doubtless, his appeal is not to the credulity, but to the judgment of his countrymen, and if I say that his criticism is as fatal to the historical character of our Homeric poems as that of Mr. Blackie, I do so because the evidence of facts seems to me to prevent any other conclusion.

GEORGE W. COX.

ANCIENT AND MODERN RUSSIA.

"TARTAR ROME!" was the astonished outcry of Madame de Staël on first beholding Moscow. The witty word brings strikingly before the mind's eye the strange, half-Asiatic build of Russia's old capital; its Kreml; its glittering cupolas; its "Chinese town;" its Eastern traits of mixed glare and shabbiness; before all, the yearnings after world-wide rule that are embodied in the statecraft of the Pope-Czars.

"Tartar Rome!" Even as in a good picture, there is greater depth of meaning in that than the writer consciously threw into it. The same applies to the well-known "Scratch the Russian, and you will find the Tartar!"—a jest attributed to Napoleon I., who, moreover, showed his deep understanding of St. Petersburg court cunningness by likening Alexander I. to "a Greek of the Lower Empire." Perhaps the Corsican conqueror's wit was quickened because he himself had so much of the Gengis Khan as well as of the Byzantine in him. Proof of it that remarkable *corpus delicti* of a despotism at once brutal and artful, which might be designated "*Napoléon peint par lui-même*"—I mean his private and confidential correspondence, which the present ruler of the name of Bonaparte has, in rather a mischievous vein, published as a sort of lateral self-defence.

Virtually, the epigrams quoted are at present the cue of many a one who fights with literary weapon against the spirit of encroachment which threatens Europe from the Muscovite quarter. Those especially who go to the root in matters of race, dwell almost with fierce delight upon the original Mongol character of the Russians. Napoleon I. had surely no closer knowledge of Muscovite history and national descent. His general education was too neglected for that,—a neglect which becomes painfully apparent from his famous autographs, some of which, ill-shapen in contents, make by their style and spelling a true Frenchman's hair stand on end. Yet, what he jokingly said about "scratching the Russian and finding a Tartar," a laborious research, historical and linguistic, has latterly put into a system. The part of a champion of the "Pan-Sclavonian Idea," which the Northern colossus arrogates to himself, is denied to him on the ground of his non-Sclavonian, non-European, Asiatic, "Turanian" nature. Sclavonism is declared to be his lacquer, Mongolism his body. He is said to be a Turk—or rather worse than a Turk: only bound in Russian leather.

The real Sclavonians, together with the great Latin, Germanic,

and Celtic races, are claimed by common consent for the Aryan stock. But Russia—European Russia—in its immense majority, is assigned to the Tshudish, Finnish, “Uralian,” Mongol—nay, to make matters worse, the “Finno-Turkish” stem! It looks like a squib. But as truth is often stranger than fiction, so fact, in this instance, is more pointed than the sharpest satire. The painstaking student of history, at least—he who by dint of difficult labour has unlearned almost everything once taught by standard writers on Russia,—cannot but confess that, in the case before us, the seeming caricature is a tolerably correct draft.

And let it not be thought that it is exclusively the foes of an overgrown Russian Empire who lay stress on the non-Sclavonian, non-European, Tartar, Turanian origin of the vast bulk of its people on this side of the Ural. A host of unexpected witnesses hold up their hands in favour of the same view. German, Polish, Czechian, even Russian writers; opponents as well as favourers of the Pan-Sclavonian movement; men of impartial investigation, who would not dream of bending a fact for a theory, have contributed to the clearing up of that ethnological point. There have been Pan-Sclavist poets who in their semi-barbarian, and by no means fine, frenzy, would fain see the Cossack steed once more watering in the Seine. These were the worthy brethren of men who traced the wanderings of their race as far as the western shores of France, even into the English county of Wiltshire, whose name they derived from the Sclavonian Wiltzes! But having thus enough Sclavonians, and to spare, some of these enthusiasts readily acknowledged that, what to-day appears to be the bulk of the Sclavonian race, is only a varnished Tartar wedge reaching into our part of the world.

“Reaching into it improperly!” add others who go to the extreme length in the Aryan theory—that is to say, those who believe with a recent French writer, that “our forefathers, in emigrating from their primitive home, took with them our titles of nobility, which they have left to us as a legacy.” Strange language indeed! What a sad result of modern discoveries in matters of race and speech, if they were to land us again in the doctrine of noble castes and predestined pariahs!

Perhaps truth would, however, be served better if that scientific war were carried on with a little less bitterness. Human progress (and after all we believe in the perfectibility of mankind) can only suffer if the natural history of the “featherless biped” is too much dogmatised upon. There are gifted races, no doubt, leaders in the intellectual strife. There are others less endowed, or differently minded. All history proves it; there is no gainsaying. Still, why overlook facts which give a tremendous shock to the best-regulated theory? We have in the midst of our European community, irre-

spectively of large parts of Russia, three clearly-traceable branches of the Finnish, Ugrian, Tartar stock; and a good word may be said of each of them. For, have not the "little folk" of Finland, the border-people of the mythic Hrimthursi, powerfully impressed the sagas of our Northern kin? and does not their Kalewala point to an ancient poetic genius of their own? Did not the slashing Magyars, those twin-brothers of the Turks, after having spurred their way into Europe, establish parliamentary government on the banks of the Danube, as if they were to the British manner born? Ay, the Turks themselves, who are said to be merely "encamped" in Europe, —need Byron's testimony be quoted to make their character stand out favourably among Easterners?

"They are of Asia!" the cry is with some; "to Asia back they must go!" As if we, too, were not of Asia!—older comers only; and as if Herodotus, and Plinius, and Strabo did not speak already of the "Iurkai" (Ἰურκαί),¹ and the "Turcae," dwelling in Europe, somewhere in the present neighbourhood of the city of Kieff, where in clear historical times the Khazars were found. The Khazars themselves—were they not in all probability a Tartar or Turkish steppe tribe by origin? and had they not turned their attention to Greek culture and refinement, acting as pioneers of progress in what at present is Southern Russia? In the very tracts of land where the Cossack, Kalmuk, and Khirgiz pulks now swarm, the Khazars had created wealthy towns and fruitful fields. The highway from Derbent to Suir was adorned by them with parks and gardens. The country between the Wolga and the Don was covered, under their rule, with flourishing cities, the plans of most of which had been traced out, and the chief buildings executed, by Byzantine architects. Khazar fleets traded up the Don, along the Black Sea, and in the Mediterranean, as far as France and Spain. Strange to say, this wonderful people, of probably non-Aryan stock, combined Hellenic aspirations with a preference for a Semitic creed, having made the Mosaic religion their own. Unfortunately, the progress they had achieved in ameliorating the savage habits of the Sclavonians of the Dniepr was soon stopped by Russo-Warangian invasion, and afterwards the Khazar nation was wholly overpowered by nomadic inroads. Thus those Eastern countries were pushed back into darkness and barbarism.

When the Turk—also a Turanian—broke into Europe, he could not be reckoned a "barbarian," being in State-forming power, as well as in various arts, at that time the superior of some races in the East. He has, however, remained stationary since. In point of descent, the Turkish invasion was but as a second or third wave of a national tide that had previously flown from similar sources into Eastern

(1) *Yürük* the Turks are called even now in Asia Minor.

Europe. Again, if we turn back our glance to the earliest ages of which we have at least a dim perception, is there not good ground to believe that in parts of Southern and Western Europe there were, in pre-historic times, some populations of the Mongol, Turanian stock, whose cast of mind may yet be studied in the fragments of Etrurian civilisation?

If that be so, let us not set up, by the words "Aryan" and "Turanian," a new shibboleth, which is to be the war-cry of deadly feud. We may be, as Aryans, the "excellent," the "rising ones," the "sirs," or, as others more modestly explain it, the tillers of the soil, the steady settlers, in distinction from the wandering Turans, the homeless rovers. But is it to be conceded, in the face of that culture which has made China proper a garden, that the Turanian bears with him, in all eternity, the badge—some might say the curse—of his alleged original frame and impulse? Are our learned inquiries to lead us back to mere Calvinism?

I only state this in the desire not to be supposed to fall in with what Heine untranslatably calls "*die Racen-Mäkelei*." If there are, without question, strong marks of race, there are points also of striking identity among the apparently most divergent, and this in matters in which resemblance would be least expected. The characteristics will be brought most into relief where for a long lapse of time a people has had little contact with others, running exclusively in its own groove. But to any one who does not date the rise of mankind from the Jewish reckoning, it must seem idle to speak of race characteristics immutably ingrained in this and that set of men. What wanderings hither and thither—not only from east to west, which is sometimes erroneously said to be the natural inclination of men, but in all possible directions—may not have taken place in ages lying beyond our present ken! What intermixtures may not have resulted therefrom! What transformations in physical structure, in the intellectual drift; hence in the nature of speech, and in the ideas that are so strangely interwoven with the utterances in which they must needs be embodied!

There are moments, I know, when a strange tug is felt—a tendency of reversion to "original types;" perhaps in spirit and speech as well as in the building of the body. But through ages a certain constancy within the gradually-acquired type is observable—among some nations more, among others less. The whole history of the component parts of mankind thus presents a series of images: some fleeting, confused, or merging into each other; others standing stock-still—stony, one would almost say; staring at us, from antiquity down to our days, with a strange fixity of gaze. I say this as a "foreword" to what follows, so that my remarks may not be misunderstood as implying an assent to theories

founded on the notion of everlasting political and intellectual damnation, or of pre-ordained leadership.

"Tartar," then, Russia is said to be—not Slavonian at all. And historically speaking, there can certainly, after recent investigations, be no doubt that the main seat of the Slave tribes, when they first emerged into notoriety, was by no means in what now is the bulk of European Russia proper, but rather more westwards, on the Vistula, and partly on the upper Dniepr and Dniestr; some Slavonian colonies being scattered also along the Danube. The vast territory between the Finnish Gulf, the rise of the Don, and the Ural range, was occupied by Ugrian, Finnish, Mongol races. The impression hitherto prevailing was, that when the Germanic Warangians came in the ninth century as conquerors from the North, they found mainly a Slavonian people in the great "Scytho-Sarmatian" plain. That opinion is no longer tenable. Some Slave tribes they found, and subjected. But so little was the present European Russia filled with populations of that kind, either in the south, or in the east, or in the north, or even in the centre, nay, even in parts of the west, that it is, on the contrary, established now beyond cavil that the Slavonian language only obtained the upper hand in the provinces of Kurak, Orel, Kaluga, Moscow, Vladimir, Yaroslavl, Kostroma, Tver, and the northern parts of Novgorod, so late as the thirteenth century!

Let the reader look at the map. These are the central parts of European Russia, even if Poland be reckoned Russian, which would certainly be a bold grouping of facts under a common head.

As to that part of what is now European Russia, which had not yet been annexed to the Rurik realm at the moment of the invasion of the hordes of Gengis Khan and Batu, it became, as it were, double Tartar through the rule of the Golden Horde. That rule lasted for nearly two centuries and a half: from the thirteenth to the sixteenth. It had, therefore, time to stamp its features upon the subject people. The Slavonisation of this latter portion of the "Muscovites" (so we must call them in default of a better name) began, therefore, only in the sixteenth century, when they were united to Russia through the overthrow of the Kaptchak. Even now, the process of Slavonisation is far from complete in that European zone of the Empire. It is necessary to mention this in presence of the fictitious ethnographical maps that are published in the interest of St. Petersburg policy. A far greater number of European subjects of the Czar than is generally assumed are yet totally foreign to an even superficial Slavonic gloss, and live still a life as of Asia.¹ Their looks are turned China-wards—towards those barbarous tribes which surround the Flowery Empire on the north-west.

(1) A map and statistical survey, appended to the work of Mr. F. H. Duchinski, and which is founded on the labours of Slavonian writers, gives the following distribution of races in European Russia:—

"A kind of Chinese we, then, are? It is pretended that we have a Finnish origin, with a later Mongolisation?" the champions of Russian Pan-Sclavonism wrathfully exclaim.

And Poles, in despair of being able to hit the Muscovite ogre by harder blows, answer: "Ay, so it is; and we will convince you out of your own mouth! Was not, in a work dedicated by learned men of Kieff to Peter I., the very province of Tula, which touches that of Moscow, described, so late as last century, as 'the country where Asia begins'? And is there not a history of the Russian Empire, published under Catherine II., in which the Finnish, or Tshudish, *i.e.* Mongol, character of the Muscovites is acknowledged? Had not that Czarina, when a German writer (Stritter) maintained the Finnish origin of the Muscovites, to issue a decree in order to vindicate the European character of the Muscovites; and does not that very decree contain the fatal admission that, 'though the *Muscovites are of different origin from the Sclavonians*, there is yet no repulsion between them'? Nay, do not Russian monarchs to this day, when

I. Sclavonians	21,296,900
II. Uralians:	35,642,700
namely, (a) Fins	14,662,800
" (b) Finno-Turks	20,979,900
III. Various nationalities, such as Germans, Swedes, Moldo-Wallachians, and Jews	3,182,400
	<hr/> 60,122,000

In the "Sclavonians" the Lithuanians are included, originally a different stock. Of Sclavonians proper there are reckoned to be 19,481,000; of Lithuanians, 1,815,000; together, 21,296,900. Even more important is the special mapping-out as regards the several parts of the Empire. In "Great Russia," containing nineteen provinces, there are about 20,000,000; of whom, according to Mr. Duchinski's table, there are 11,162,800 Fins, and 7,750,000 Finno-Tartars; the small remainder only Sclavonians. In "Little Russia," containing four provinces, there are 6,046,000; of whom the vast majority, 5,302,000, are Sclavonians. In "Southern Russia," containing six provinces, there are 4,234,000; of whom but 1,910,000 are Sclavonians; 1,642,000 Fins and Finno-Turks. In "Western Russia," containing eight provinces, there are 8,022,000; of whom 6,212,800 are Sclavonians. In the "Baltic Provinces," containing four provinces, there are 2,217,000; of whom but 239,900 Sclavonians; the remainder Fins, Letts, and Germans. In the "Grand Duchy of Finland," containing eight provinces, there are 1,661,000; almost the totality, 1,400,000, being Fins. In the "Czarate of Astrakhan," containing five provinces, there are 5,400,000; of whom but 150,000 Sclavonians; the bulk being Finno-Tartars. In the "Czarate of Kasan," containing five provinces, there are 6,990,000; of whom but 100,000 Sclavonians. In the "Kingdom of Poland," containing five provinces, there are 4,852,000; of whom 3,791,000 are Sclavonians; the remainder Fins, Lithuanians, and Germans.

This is certainly different from the ethnographical statements of Russian Government writers. Now, as Western Russia, Little Russia, and the Kingdom of Poland, in which the Sclavonian race of the present empire appears mainly congregated, formerly constituted the bulk of the Polish Commonwealth, it will be easily seen, assuming the correctness of the above statistics, that the bulk of Muscovy proper, with its Finnish and Tartar appendages in the North, East, and South, does not present a Sclavonian character, though the official "Russian" ticket is stamped upon the several provinces.

(1) "Life of the Saints."

speaking more familiarly to their own people, generally drop the designation of 'Russian,' and only use the 'Muscovite' name?"

"To the very name of 'Russian' we are, then, not entitled?" ejaculate the irate Pan-Sclavists of Moscow.

"No," reply their Polish antagonists; "no, certainly not! The word 'Russian' signifies neither a nation nor a race. It is merely an empire name, imported by a foreign conquering clan. Sclavonians we know in the empire of the Czar; they are of the Polish and the Ruthenian branch. Muscovites we also know; they are of the Tartar stem, and are only covered with a Sclavonian mask. Russo-Warangians we lastly know, when we look back into history—Russo-Warangians who only fused themselves in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries with the Slaves of Novgorod and the Uralian Muscovites. But a Russian nationality is non-existent. A Russian history, in the sense of the continuous record of the doings of a particular race, is equally impossible. The real Russians are the now-despised Ruthenes. The so-called Russians are Tartars in disguise. If the history of the Czarate is to be written honestly, it is to be split up into a history of the four nations—the Poles, the Muscovites, the Lithuanians, and the Ruthenes."

It seems a quarrel of words. It is not. I would not, however, for my part, accept without qualification some of the statements which the most ardent upholders of the new view have put forward. M. Henri Martin, the French historian, who propounds the "Federation of the Aryan Races of Europe," is one of the most thorough-going. He places in opposition the principles of despotic unity, such as represented by the Turanian (Tartar, Chinese) bend of mind; and of federative latitude, as contained in the American Republic. The Muscovites he throws into the former category, and—for he is an out-and-out Federalist—thus places them for ever into the political nether regions. In a letter to Mr. F. H. Duchinski¹ he writes:—

"It is very necessary to define at last clearly the present European society and the future European Federation, in an ethnographical and geographical sense. The real Europe does by no means reach so far as the Ural Mountains; it stops at the basin of the Dniepr. The Muscovites (for, let us drop at last that name of Russian which is only a double-meaning, and neither designates a nation nor a race)—the Muscovites, Turanians by descent and genius, are not of the European society; they disturb and disorganise it; they will never be a harmonious element of it. They must remain in certain relations with it; but it ought to be only from the outside (*'ils doivent traiter avec elle, mais du dehors'*). Their legitimate part is in Asia, and there it may attain to some greatness. But until they are forced to resign themselves to that rôle—until that Testament of Peter I., which is so fatal to humanity, be for ever torn to shreds, there will be no peace, no security, no order in Europe."

(1) Printed in Mr. Duchinski's "*Nécessité des Réformes dans l'Exposition des Peuples Aryâs, Européens, et Tourans, particulièrement des Slaves et des Muscovites.*" Paris. 1864.

Now, the so-called Testament of Peter I., I may remark in passing, is simply a forgery. One may wonder that it is still treated as genuine in the above letter of an erudite historian; so true is it, that "a lie once born lives for ever." The precepts of Peter's alleged last will have, however, been followed out as if that fabrication had been the text-book of governmental statecraft.

That Europe would do well, if it established a Federation, to shut out Russia from it for the nonce, I fully admit under present circumstances. At the same time, there are perhaps more urgent things to be done than to create "United States of Europe" only in name and outward form, whilst in internal development some of them are yet at opposite poles. The scheme might prove more dangerous than fruitful to the progress of democracy. Switzerland would not benefit by it. Advanced countries would only have a drag-chain put on their wheels by such an interlacing of political concerns. With regard to the "federative" principle, an understanding as to the meaning to be attributed to that word is, moreover, necessary in almost every particular case. Different nations have different wants. It will not do to "shear them all over the same comb." Peculiar circumstances, sometimes arising from the physical configuration of a country, must be taken into consideration; upon them it will depend whether a larger or a smaller amount of provincial autonomy is possible and desirable. There are nations so given to individualism that wise political counsellors will rather suggest a somewhat stricter form of union, lest the commonwealth should fall into atoms. There are other nations furiously given to centralisation, to whom it would do a world of good if, against their present grain, they could be induced to relax the tight grip in which the community is held. By some, the federative principle is understood as meaning State sovereignties within the State—a doctrine often apt to endanger the cohesion of the commonwealth and to provoke internecine feuds. Switzerland, in 1847, and the United States of America during the late war, have seen it to their cost. They are now both rid of that sort of federalism.

To others, however, the federative principle means simply communal self-government—at most also a subdued kind of provincial autonomy, within an indivisible national union; and this system would most probably tally with the requirements of the majority of European nations. An absolute theory, one way or the other, will, however, fail; and to me it seems preferable not to quarrel over words, but simply to concert wise measures according to the peculiarity of circumstances.

"Despotic unity," to the destruction of all local self-government, could scarcely be carried further than it has been in France. It is an "Aryan" country! Its noblest intellects have seen the error of that

mechanical, bureaucratic centralisation, and are eager for a healthy change. On the other hand, the "Turanian" mind is not absolutely rebellious to the federative principle, such as I suppose it to be understood by M. Henri Martin. Witness Magyar Hungary, with its *comitats* and its largely-developed structure of local autonomy rising from the groundwork of the realm. With these qualifications, much of what the French historian says merits great attention.

Among recent writers on Russian affairs, some pamphlets by M. Casimir Delamarre¹ have created rather a stir. In two ways he has attacked the Pan-Sclavonian Idea: first, by denying that very unity of race, speech, and literature which seemed to be implied by the existence, in France, of a university chair for the "Sclavonian Language and Literature." Through his exertions that chair was rebaptised into one for "Sclavonian Languages and Literatures." For the moment, this demonstration fits into the foreign policy of the French Government. But, in point of fact, M. Delamarre is right. One might with greater propriety speak of a chair for the "Germanic Language and Literature," throwing into it the idioms and writings of Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Holland, the Flemish provinces of Belgium and France, England, America, and so forth, than of a chair for the Sclavonian Language and Literature, which, as such, is non-existent.

Another pamphlet by M. Delamarre, composed of but a few pages, has also been much talked of. It is, like the other I have quoted, somewhat ponderously entitled—"Un Peuple Européen de Quinze Millions, Oublié par l'Histoire." That forgotten people of 15,000,000 are the Ruthenes. In these he finds the real Russian stock. It is the contrary of what the Russians themselves pretend. The Muscovites, to him also, are a Finno-Tartar people, Sclavonised at the outside. In the manner above described, he, too, wishes ancient Russian history to be divided into the history of the Muscovites, the Ruthenes, the Lithuanians, and the Poles; and he sketches a corresponding plan of study. As his pamphlet is addressed to the Senate of France, the suggestion may, as in a former case, prove successful. Were it adopted, it might have its effect in shaping the political views of the French nation in regard to Russian affairs. Hence these feathered arrows that are aimed at the Muscovite Empire have greater importance than would at first sight appear. Their stinging force comes out even now in the daily press of France.

For my part, I believe M. Delamarre's new plan of studies has some defects. No mention is made in it, as far as I can see from his sketch, of the important fact of the early attacks of the Russo-Warangians against Constantinople—attacks which lasted through

(1) "Un Pluriel pour un Singulier, et le Panславisme est détruit dans son principe." Paris. 1868.

centuries. Nor does the author seem to connect the aggressive tendencies, such as they have appeared—I should say re-appeared—since Peter I., with the similar attempts that can be traced back, in spite of occasional interruptions, through a space of nearly ten centuries. He fails to read the thought that runs through the history of the Russian empire—if “thought” is at all the word applicable to that “hell of angry dreams” which flashes up ever and anon, from the ninth to the nineteenth century, in the policy of northern autocrats. M. Delamarre’s main aim is to make out the Muscovites a baser breed, strangers to Europe. In that endeavour he, here and there, falls short of historical accuracy, or gives doubtful guesses without a word of caution. As it is desirable to remove all untrustworthy elements from the ethnological controversy, I think it but right to point to these specks. Their removal will help to get a sounder judgment on the real question narrowed to its proper limits.

Thus, in tracing the origin of the word “Czar,” which after all is uncertain, M. Delamarre calls it, as some others have done, unhesitatingly “a Tartaric, Turanian, consequently Asiatic title, signifying Lord of the Steppes;” and he says that “that title finally remained to the rulers of Muscovy after Ivan the Terrible had conquered the three czarates of Siberia, Kazan, and Astrakhan.” Now, the title of Czar is traceable beyond the time mentioned by M. Delamarre. The “czarates” alluded to were, properly speaking, khanates. The first title of the Russian monarchs was *Weliki Knjäs*, Grand Princes. After the overthrow of the dominion of the Golden Horde, and the marriage of Ivan I., Wassiljewitch, with a niece of the last Byzantine emperor, the designation of “Czar” begins to be used. At that time also, so it is stated, the Byzantine double-eagle was placed in the Russian escutcheon. It was soon after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. From the torpor in which Russia had lain during her subjection to the Mongols, she once more faintly awoke at that epoch, and a gleam of the traditional ambition of her rulers again flashed up over the East.

Indeed, however debateable the derivation of the word “Czar” may be—whether it be a Tartaric, or a Slavonic word, or neither of them—there can be no question that the idea of playing the *Cæsar Imperator* in the East revived at that period among Russian princes. This much can also be proved, that the imperialist tendency not only, but even the imperial name, is to be found in Russia at least a hundred years before Peter I.

I know I assert here that which clashes with the universal statement of historians. They all say that Peter, called the Great, was the first who received the imperial title. Delamarre, too, writes, “As the Ruthenian countries (*les Ruthénies*), which formerly alone bore the name of Russia (*les Russies*), were Slavonian, the title of

'Emperor of Russia' is absolutely European. It was for the first time adopted by Peter I., in 1721."

Yet, a clear proof to the contrary is before me in a curious book, interesting for the clearing up of various points of the more ancient history of Russia, and which has narrowly escaped being lost. It is of the year 1607, printed at Paris, at the desire of Henry IV. of France. Its full title is, "State of the Empire of Russia and Grand Duchy of Muscovy; with all the most memorable and tragic events, during the reign of four emperors—viz., from the year 1590 to September, 1606. By Captain Margeret."¹

The memorable and tragic events alluded to are the Muscovite wars of succession, known as the seditions of the pseudo-Demetrii. The writer of the "State of Russia" had personally played a conspicuous part in them. His was a chequered life, of fantastic diversity. A descendant of an old family of Auxonne, adventurous Captain Margeret at first sided, in the wars of the League, with the cause of the King of Navarre. But after the triumph of Henry IV. had become a matter of certainty, the unruly lansquenet found the then-probable piping times of peace but little to his taste; so he departed for other lands, offering a better prospect of employment for his sword. The chance of adventure successively led him into the services of the Prince of Transylvania, and of the German Empire. Under the German banner the valiant captain fought against the crescent, then the terror of central Europe. Shortly afterwards we find him in the army of the Polish Republic. He left in 1600, passing over to Moscow at the request of the Russian ambassador, Vlasieff, who offered him, in the name of Czar Boris Godunow, a command in the Muscovite cavalry. From this time the restless soldier was mixed up with all the important events of the Muscovite empire; but even then a consistent adherence to one cause seems not to have been his *forte*. At the death of Czar Boris and the advent to the throne of the first pseudo-Demetrius, Margeret was appointed commander in the Imperial Russian Life Guard; but when, some years after, Sigismund III., of Poland, supported with armed force the pretensions of his own son Wladislas to the crown of the Czars, we find Margeret again serving with the Polish army, in which he distinguished himself at the capture of Moscow. After the withdrawal of the Poles from the soil of Muscovy, Margeret was created, for his great services, counsellor of the Polish king. But unable long to continue a mere hanger-on at court, he left Poland in 1612 for Hamburg, whence he addressed a letter to the Muscovite boyards, at that time assembled for the election of a new dynasty, and begged

(1) "Estat de l'Empire de Russie, et Grande-Duché de Moscovie, avec ce qui s'y est passé de plus mémorable et tragique, pendant le règne de quatre Empereurs: à sçavoir depuis l'an 1590, iusques en l'an 1606, en Septembre. Par le Capitaine Margeret."

permission to return to his Russian comrades. This request of the erratic spadassin was, however, not complied with; and henceforward all traces of his career disappear.

It was during a short stay in France, at the end of 1607, that Margeret wrote his remarkable book. Sixty years later, when an embassy of Czar Alexis came to the court of Versailles to intrigue there in favour of the election of a Russian prince to the throne of Poland, Louis XIV. ordered a reprint of Margeret's memoir. Subsequently the work became a rarity; and had it not been for the German Orientalist, Mr. Klaproth, who, in 1821, caused a few copies to be struck off for a select circle of *savans*, it might have disappeared in the limbo of forgotten things. An impression on a larger scale was brought out in France a few years ago.

The very title of Margeret's book—"State of the Empire of Russia and Grand Duchy of Muscovy"—seems to bear out the difference between the "Russians" and the "Muscovites," on which so much stress is laid now. The double title is at any rate a proof of a difference and distinction even then strongly felt. In fairness I must say, however, that in the preface ("To the King") Margeret only uses the terms "Russia" and "the Russians" in order to designate the whole country and population; and the work itself begins thus:—"Russia is a country of great extent," tolerably well populated from Narva (*Varue*) to Archangel, and from Smolensk (*Schmolensqui*) to Kasan; but extending even as far as the Caspian Sea and into Siberia. "It borders upon Lithuania, Podolia, Turkey, Tartary, the River Obo, the Caspian Sea, Livonia, Sweden, Norway, Novaja Semlja (*Terre Neufve*), and the Polar Sea."

The Finnic tribes, such as the Tcheremisses, Margeret clearly distinguished from the Russians. He also knows well where the unmistakable Tartar element borders upon the Russian stock. Of the struggles with the Cossacks, the Krim Tartars, and the Tcherkesses, he often speaks. The latter, whom he places between the Caspian and the Black Sea, were in his time called by the Russians "Tcherkassi Petigorski," Tcherkesses of the Five Mountains; and of them he says that they are "an extremely martial people; very agile, very bold; capable of doing great harm to Russia, *if only they were in greater number.*"

To the keen, observing mind of the French warrior the vulnerable heel of the Muscovite Empire was plainly visible. Europe at large has looked stolidly for centuries at the struggles carried on in that Caucasian quarter, until the adamant chain of mountains fell into the hands of the northern conqueror. Yet, were it possible to write the records of those sanguinary contests in all their heroic details; could the pen retrace all the deeds of manly courage which in those dark rifts of rock, on those lonely barren heights, formed, each of

them, unseen and unheeded by Fame, an epic by itself—truly, we would have a “Book of Heroes” before the splendour of which many a well-sung glory would pale.

But I must come to Margeret’s statements as to the “imperial” title. The name which he gives to the Russian sovereigns and their wives is almost always that of *empereurs* and *impératrices*. One might suppose this to be a mere translation of the word “Czar.” It is not so. Margeret makes a distinction between the two titles, and specially mentions which foreign Courts recognise the Czar as an Emperor, and which do not.

“It is believed,” he writes, “that the origin of the Grand-Princes is to be traced to three brethren that came from Denmark, who, according to the Russian annals, conquered Prussia, Lithuania, and Podolia, about 800 years ago; and that Rurik, the eldest of these brothers, had himself called Grand-Prince of Volodimer (Wladimir), of whom all Grand-Princes in the male line descend—down to Johannes Basilius (Ivan Wasseljewitch), who first received the title of ‘Emperor’ from Maximilian, the Roman (German) Emperor, after the conquest of Kasan, Astrakhan, and Siberia.”

Here the assertion is plainly made. What follows will show that no mistake is possible.

“As to the title they bear,” Margeret continues, “they believe there is not a higher one than that which they have, in making themselves called *Zar*. They call the Roman (German) Emperor *Tsisar*—which they derive from Cæsar; all kings they name *Kroll*, after the manner of the Poles. They call the King of Persia *Kisel Basha*. And the Turk *Veliqui Ospodartursk*, which means Grand-Signior of Turkey, in imitation of the title of Grand-Signior that is given him; but this word *Zar*, they say, is to be found in the Holy Scriptures. For, wherever David, or Solomon, or other kings are there spoken of, they are called *Zar* David, *Zar* Solomon, which in our interpretation means King David, King Solomon, &c. And thus they preserve the name of *Zar* as the more authoritative one; with which name, they say, it once pleased God to honour David, Solomon, and the other rulers of the houses of Juda and Israel: whilst the names of *Tsisar* and *Kroll*, they say, are only a human invention, and a title obtained by excellent feats of arms.”

This quaint prattle of the worthy lansquenet, who was not strong in etymology, may make us smile. But the following facts related by him remove all doubt on the question at issue. He continues:—

“Thus, when Theodor Johannes (Fedor Ivanowitch), Zar of Russia, had raised the siege of Narwa, before which he had lain, and when the ambassadors and deputies of both parties were assembled in order to conclude peace between Russia and Sweden, *they wrangled for more than two days about that title of EMPEROR, which Theodore claimed, whilst the Swedes would not acknowledge him as such.* The Russians say that the word ‘Zar’ is even greater than the word ‘Emperor;’ and so an agreement was made that they would always call him Zar and Grand-Prince of Muscovy; each party thinking that it had deceived the other. The King of Poland writes to them (the Russian monarchs) under this designation. *The Roman (German) Emperor gives him the title of EMPEROR; and the late QUEEN ELIZABETH DID THE SAME, as does also the King of Great Britain, the King of Denmark, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the King of Persia; and all those of Asia give him the titles he chooses to assume.* As to

the Turk, seeing that there was between them, at my time, neither correspondence, nor any intercourse by envoys, I do not know what title he gives them."

In the course of his book Margeret, always speaks of the "imperial throne," the "Empire," the "Emperor," and the "Empress." Lest it should be imagined that the author wishes to represent Russia under unduly splendid colours, I will mention that he scourges unmercifully its barbaric condition, and places in favourable contrast Poland, "which is a free country," of "noble and complaisant manners," and where people at least "know what manners are" (*que c'est que du monde*). Of the Russians he says that "they are without industry and extremely lazy; for they do not employ themselves in labour, but are devoted to drunkenness more than to anything else; they are rude and clumsy, without any civility; it is a false nation, without faith or law, or conscience; . . . and stained with an endless number of other vices and bestialities."

Here, then, we have "youthful" Russia of the sixteenth century delineated in a manner not over flattering; certainly not as a companion-picture of Tacitus' "Germania." I would not dwell on the dark tale these early records unfold, were it not for the sickening prophecy that has been dinned into our ears of an impending rejuvenation of the "effete, bloodless, Germano-Romanic world" by the strong-limbed young giant of the North.

Russia is an old empire, and the practices of its rulers have for ages been those of a despotism grown hoary-headed in wickedness. The system of an all-pervading police is often considered the characteristic of the doting despotisms of Europe. But Russia, the alleged "young and vigorous barbarian," had been infested with this cancer of a public and secret police *régime* much earlier and to a much greater extent than the majority of Western States. As early, at least, as the fourteenth century, she was enveloped in so complete a network of frontier guards, police officials, and regular spies, that the very breath of the people seemed to be under the control of the sovereign. The Tartar khans, those hard taskmasters, may have first introduced the loathsome institution. The Muscovite princes afterwards eagerly accepted it. Under Czar Boris Godunow, in Margeret's time, police influence was so universal, that the greater part of the servants in the houses of noblemen were in the secret pay of Government! Fouché and Vidocq, after all, were but copies. Their originals are to be sought for in Russia. So profligate was the Muscovite secret police system that, to quote but one instance from Margeret's book, Boris Godunow, in order to divert public attention from some contemplated political move, caused his agents to set fire secretly to the houses of certain rich merchants and others, "*pour leur tailler de la besogne*;" and when the political acts which had been in contemplation were, during the alarm created, quietly

performed, the Czar, feigning great sorrow, paid the sufferers from the State exchequer, and thus caused himself to be considered the benefactor of the people !

"All the roads," says Margeret, "which lead out of the country are so closed, that it is impossible to leave it without the special permission of the Emperor." When there was any fear of a war with Poland, all strangers were sent to the frontier of Tartary, lest they might enter into an understanding with the enemy; for "this nation is the most suspicious and most mistrusting people in the world."

Upon the subject of military organisation there are many interesting pages in Margeret. In the struggles against the Osmanlee the French warrior had become accustomed to the sight of an imposing war-power. Yet the strength of the armies guarding the territory of the Czar struck him as extraordinary. He enters into minute details, narrating the number of fortresses, castles, governmental and town troops, especially of that part of Russia which then formed a kind of permanently-watched "*Militär-Gränze*" towards the still independent khanates of the Krim and Nogaïan Tartars. Besides the native soldiers, there were then already corps of foreigners—Germans, French, and other lansquenets. It is an error to think that Peter the Great for the first time introduced such European elements into his more than half-Asiatic realm. In this case, also, the shipwright of Saardam was somewhat of a plagiarist. Once for all, the notion must be given up that Russian existence took its rise with a certain Peter, even as mankind was said to have begun with a certain Adam.

In mentioning the irregular horsemen from the Cossack and Caspian districts, Margeret says that the Cossacks "have not much attachment to the Emperor except he allow them to do their worst." Still, the statecraft of the Czars succeeded in later times in using the Cossack race as the means wherewith to fix the sceptred curse of autocracy even more strongly on the North Russian populations. To the wild son of the steppe some freedom was left, so that he might knout the Muscovite into slavery with a savage gusto. But after having helped in "moulding the wretched lot" of the Muscovite mujik, the Cossacks themselves were gradually broken in to the level system of despotic uniformity. They were placed under the same armed heel of tyranny. Afterwards the Cossack and the Baskir together were employed to encroach upon the independence of the Kirgiz; a policy carried out amidst tremendous difficulties with an artfulness and a relentless cruelty often out-Mongolising the Mongol.

The incessant extension of Russia towards Central and Northern Asia has undoubtedly contributed to "Tartarise" her ever afresh.

One feels a strange sensation when reading already in Margeret, who wrote at a time when parts of Siberia had only just fallen into the hands of the Czars, that "it is the chief place to which they exile those who are fallen into disgrace with the prince." The more ancient history of Siberia was evidently unknown to Margeret; otherwise he could not have failed to contrast the despotic policy pursued by the Czars towards that province, with the more enlightened policy of the commercial republic of Novgorod, which had sent out to Western Siberia the first expeditions, as it were, of discovery. The free Russian city of Novgorod, a member of the powerful German Hansa, during several centuries not only swayed large tracts of land in its own immediate vicinity, but also was in intimate connection, political and commercial, with Wiatka, Perm, and other rude commonwealths of hunters and herdsmen near the Ural. The connection thus established naturally led to the opening-up of Siberia, which allured the Novgorodian merchants by the reports of its riches in skins and metals. This peaceful intercourse would have been attended with the greatest benefit for the civilisation of these arctic regions, had the republic of Novgorod succeeded in resisting the hideous tyrants Ivan III. and Ivan IV., who, with the aid of Mongol hordes, and with a perfidy and remorseless cruelty unknown even in the worst periods of Asiatic history, unfortunately laid low the power of the great trading commonwealth. The fall of Novgorod proved a misfortune also for Siberia. Instead of colonisation being established there on a sound basis, the Muscovite autocrats forthwith converted the country into an abode of horror for political "offenders," a place of torment, from the very name of which men turned away in mortal fear.

Upon the subject of absolute monarchy, Margeret has many remarks tending to show that this form of government was rooted in the abject spirit of the Muscovite race. According to him, even the so-called Secret Council, composed of the nearest relatives of imperial blood, was a mere sham :—

"Properly speaking, there is no law or council, and the sole will of the Emperor, be it good or bad, is omnipotent to waste everything with fire and sword, and to strike alike the innocent and the guilty. . . . I think him to be one of the most absolute princes in the world; for all the inhabitants of the country, whether nobles or commoners, and even the own brothers of the Emperor, call themselves '*clops Hospodaro*,' that is, slaves of the sovereign."

What shall we think, after such early testimony, of the new-fangled theories of those pan-Slavistic writers who would fain have made us believe that autocracy in Russia is of recent date, that it represents a "revolutionary dictatorship in the monarchical form," and that the Czars are "northern Robespierres on horseback!"

The free city of Novgorod is the only bright star that gladdens the

eye in the midst of the endless hyperborean night of Russian slavery. Kieff also had some transient flash of a civic liberty that seemed on the point of breaking through the surrounding darkness. But on no point of the Russian territory were the germs of freedom able to preserve their vitality. The Warangians had brought over with them from their Scandinavian forests the elements of a rude Germanic feudalism, which, with all its faults, was at least opposed to the recognition of an unrestricted sovereignty of the prince. But although the Russo-Warangian military clan or autocracy preserved, up to the eleventh century, a few privileges of its own—holding at the same time, it is true, the subject people in strict bondage—monarchical power soon grew so strong, and assumed such thoroughly Asiatic features in the worst sense, that some centuries after the Ruriks had come over to Russia, they resembled rather Mandchoo chieftains than Germanic “kunings.” Even Gengis Khan was kept more within limits by the assembly of his military head men, and by the restrictions laid down in his famous code, than was the case with the Russian rulers of Norman descent!

The last vestiges of aristocratic privilege were destroyed during the Mongol dominion. Before the Khan there was an equality of slavery. While the common peasant bowed humbly to the oppression of the Tartar bailiff and plough-tax gatherer, the boyard, in order to save his own wealth from the cupidity of the Mongol rulers, intermarried with families of the nomadic horde and aped the Asiatic in custom and manner. The Russian princes crouched in the dust before their Tartar masters. When the Khan, or even the Khan's representative, appeared, the descendants of Rurik offered on their knees the cup with mare's milk, and when a drop fell upon the Tartar horse's mane, they showed their reverence by licking the moisture off with their princely tongue. When the image of the Great Mogul was borne abroad, the Russian princes knelt and adored it. At the command of some chieftain of the nomadic horde they wandered from Russia to the sources of the Amoor, deep into Asia, to exhibit themselves as the humble servants of the Khan.

“Robespierres on horseback,” indeed!

No wonder that when the rule of the Kaptchak broke down, the population of Russia, mujiks, citizens, boyards, and all, were in such a state of degradation that they submitted easily to another institution of similar spirit—to Czarism. Czarism only continued the procedures of the khanate. Herberstein, who saw Russia soon after the withdrawal of the Mongols, with astonishment exclaims, “The Grand-Prince speaks, and everything is done; the life, the fortunes of the laymen and the clergy, of the grand-seigneurs and citizens, all depend upon the supreme will. He knows no contradiction, and everything appears in him just as in God; for the Russians are con-

vinced that the Grand-Prince is the fulfiller of the heavenly decisions. 'God and the Prince have willed it,' are the ordinary expressions among them." . . . "I do not know," continues Herberstein, "whether it is the character of the Russian nation which has formed such autocrats, or whether the autocrats have stamped this character upon the nation."¹

It was this slavishness which had already enabled the early Ruriks to attempt vast schemes of dominion. By nature, the inhabitant of the great Russian plain is by no means inclined to adventurous expeditions of conquest. It is a cruel joke to make him out a roving berserker. He hates war. He thirsts not for glory. His thoughts are entwined with the poor hut he was born in. His songs, full of melancholy sound, have nothing of the heroic; but are a strange mixture of child-like simplicity and of a sentimentalism moving in the narrowest circle of a rural *Still-leben*. Unlike the Servian or the Montenegrin, the Russian Slave has rather any other faults than that of an excessive combativeness. The sagas of his heathen forefathers know of no Walhalla, of no Walkyrian Virgins of Battle, of no Hereafter in which the blessed heroes while away the time with bloody fights; nor has he any national epics in which each rhyme gives forth a clangour as of thrust and counter-thrust. Had he the choice, he would prefer to live and die in his homely sheepskin, cultivating the cabbage, sawing the fir-tree, forgetting all little cares in dance and *wodki*.

Yet his rulers, presuming on this very submissiveness—seized, at the sight of so much patience, by a vertigo of ambition—have never ceased to work out plans of universal dominion. In the earliest centuries, as mere barbarian chieftains and worshippers of pagan idols, we find them stretching out their hands towards the sceptre of Byzantium. In the people over which they ruled—whether of Slavonian or Finnic descent—there was no wandering impulse; no

(1) "Rerum Moscovitarum Commentarii." Vienna. 1549. By Sigismund von Herberstein, a Secret Councillor and President of the Board of Revenues of the German Empire, who in 1516 went as envoy extraordinary to Moscow. There exists a whole series of what may be called "voyage literature" about Russia, consisting of travel memoirs, ambassadorial reports, and so forth, out of which much valuable material might yet be extracted. Taking only the two centuries before Peter I., we come to the surprising fact that nearly four hundred years ago Germany had sent her scientific commissions to Moscow with a view of studying the situation of Russia. The reports of these commissions are unfortunately yet hidden in the dust of archives. Of ambassadorial reports, besides the work of Herberstein, the accounts given by George Thun may be mentioned, who had a mission to Russia in 1492, from the German Emperor Maximilian. In the sixteenth century, Russia was travelled through by men of various nations, trades, and stations of life. Some of those who wrote reports may be singled out:—Thomas Aldcocke, factor of an English commercial company, who made the journey from Jaroslavl to Astrakhan, 1565; Thomas Southam, in the service of the Anglo-Russian Company in London, 1566; Thomas Randolfe, ambassador of Queen Elizabeth at the Court of Moscow, 1588; Giles Fletcher, also ambassador at Moscow, 1588, &c.

mystic desire for the Holy Graal of Eastern Rome. The enslaved mass simply served as a drilled army which did the behests of Normannic leadership. In the war council, in the peace negotiations, it had no voice. It was but the dark foil and background on which the figures of its foreign masters stood out in marked relief. The old Byzantine annals which record those early "Russian" attempts at the conquest of Constantinople, have only Germanic names as those of the commanders, clan-leaders, envoys, and treaty-witnesses of the Russians.

The long continuation of these struggles for the possession of Constantinople must be ascribed to the influx of successive Warangian arrivals in Russia during two centuries. For two hundred years, indeed, the Russo-Norman Grand-Princes waged war, in order to unite the golden tiara of Byzantium with their own crown. The annexation of the Balkan peninsula, the dominion over the Black Sea, the subjugation of the Crimea and the Caucasus, were striven for at that period by the Russian despots. It affords a singular sight to behold in the mirror of those ancient events the prototype of modern autocratic yearnings. For it was all a dynastic policy: the mighty plans of a vast monarchy, embracing large parts of Europe and Asia, were but fostered in the mind of the Warangian monarchs.

This long-suffering apathy of the people will explain also why, after overstrained efforts, the empire repeatedly broke down in terrible catastrophes; and this with a suddenness almost unexampled. But from its ruins the same misshapen genius of senseless ambition always rose anew—an ambition which had not its source in any irrepressible sap and vigour of the nation, but in the maddened brains of an unbridled autocracy.

Thus Russia, after having been weakened by feuds among the Rurik family, suddenly collapsed in a few years at the approach of the nomadic hordes. The Tartar flood broke forth from the depths of Asia, sweeping in its stormy course towards the West; and being stayed by the rock of German and Polish valour, settled down over the great Scythian expanse from the Wolga to the Waldai Hills. For two hundred and fifty years there was now a total Russian eclipse. Our Nibelungen-Lied yet speaks of the "Riuzen," and the men from the Kiew country, and of the wild "Petschenäer," that are strong with the bow. But soon afterwards the very name of Russia grows a myth. A line of Kalmuk frontier-wardens drew, so to speak, a Chinese wall round her boundaries, effectually cutting her off from Europe.

Yet, when Mongol sovereignty, on its part, collapsed through quarrels among the wandering tribes, the Muscovite Grand-Princes, taking the titles of Czar and Emperor, again ran riot in greedy ambition. The chief field of their activity this time lay not to the

south, but to the north and the west. Their sword was not pointed to Constantinople, but to Sweden, Poland, and the German provinces of the Baltic. They anticipated, one might say, in thought, the foundation of the modern Russian capital at the Neva. Nor did they wholly lay aside the Byzantine policy of their predecessors, even though the Moslem then stood at the zenith of his power.

This era of renewed ascendancy was, however, of short duration. It ended suddenly with the extinction of the Rurik dynasty. Scarcely had the last powerful tyrant of that race expired when another catastrophe hurled down the Muscovite Empire into the depths of prostration. Poles, Germans of the Baltic countries, Swedes, Tartars of Astrakhan, and other nations who resented the former encroachments of Russia, make a simultaneous attack upon her. The situation is complicated, too, by internal disorders. Pretenders arise on all sides. Wars of succession completely break the strength of Russia. The capital falls into the hands of the Poles, who dispose of the throne of Moscow. Conspiracies are rife all over the country, in the sacristies of the clergy and in the castles of the nobles, until the tumult at last subsides into the election of a new reigning house, that of the Romanoffs. During this state of confusion Russia again became to the West a hyperborean *Ultima Thule*.

Some time afterwards Czar Peter steps on the scene. He combines the schemes of the Russo-Norman Grand Princes Oleg, Igor, Swiatoslaw, Wladimir, and Jaroslaw, with those of the semi-Mongolised Czars, Ivan III. and Ivan IV. His ambition embraces the north and the south, the Black Sea and the Baltic, Asia and Europe. From his time the march of Russian aggression has once more been onward, with the short interruption of the Crimean war, which was followed in its turn by unexpected successes of the Czar in Central Asia, involving great interests of empire and of trade.

But the bold sweep which Russia has made within the last few years into what hitherto was "Independent Tartary," is again suddenly marred by risings on the Khirgiz steppe. In launching forward so audaciously, she "caught a Tartar" in the rear. From the silent dungeon-depths of the great prison-house in which she keeps manacled so many discordant nationalities, a vague cry of rebellion now issues forth, reminding us of races that are yet restive against her armed heel. Herself, in a great measure, Tartar by origin, we see her path crossed by Tartar tribes, few in number, but of a spirit not so easily tamed; tribes whose rude notions of self-government find an echo, however faint, among kindred populations on the Wolga, the Don, and the Dnieper. It is a spectacle full of instruction to a watchful statesmanship—to such a statesmanship, at least, as it might be conceived were Europe, instead of being Cæsar-ridden, mapped out into free commonwealths, with a far-seeing Eastern policy of their own.

KARL BLIND.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

DURING the session which has just closed, the House of Lords has in two different ways entertained the idea of alteration in its own constitution. It has, in fact, actually passed a Bill, originating in the other House, by which an important section of its body has been deprived of seats. Further, it read a second time, with a general assent, though on the third reading it rejected, a Bill, emanating from one of its own members, by which the hereditary principle was to a certain extent surrendered. A year ago the members of the House renounced their privilege of voting by proxy. These facts show that the peers themselves recognise that their House, like the other, must be modified to adapt it to the changes that pass over the nation. Those who are outside the peerage, it need not be said, have long perceived the necessity. When all parties have thus joined in making one change already, and all agree that other changes must follow, it is not too soon to begin to inquire of what nature they should be, and how far they should go.

The first step in the inquiry is to understand the nature of the circumstances which have brought about this concurrence of opinion. These lie on the surface of our current history. The House of Lords has at present no definite place, no actual power in the Constitution. Its theory of existence is in conflict with the facts of its work, and these facts are irreconcilable with each other. The Constitution has created three bodies of nearly equal authority; they are commonly called balances, or checks on each other, and much ingenuity has been shown by commentators in pointing out how they reciprocally operate. But the truth is that they were not purposely thus framed, but that they grew out of the progress of the nation, and the same influence has almost destroyed their separate action. The Sovereign—with the right of deciding on war or peace; with the whole power of the executive; with the means, through the ministers, of initiating legislation; with the privilege of vetoing; and with all the indirect authority derived from being the fountain of honour among a people which has a great reverence for bestowed honour—fills the first place. But the irresistible growth of free institutions, while leaving all these powers resident nominally in the Sovereign, has committed their exercise to the ministers, and by establishing in the House of Commons the right of selecting the ministers, has virtually transferred the whole of these functions to the representatives of the people. Thus, between the Crown and the House of Commons there can, according to our practice, be no dispute, for they are both one.

The House of Lords has nominally co-equal authority with the House of Commons. In everything but money bills, it may initiate, amend, adopt, or reject any measure. Even money bills it may, without amending, adopt or reject. It may censure ministers, or apply to the Sovereign to remove them. But in the practical exercise of its powers there comes in a fatal flaw. The Sovereign need not regard its demands, and the Commons are able to overrule its dissent. Supported by a majority in the Lower House, a minister may defy the Upper. Moreover, the minister who has the favour of the people can insist on the Sovereign giving him the means of overruling the opposition of the Peers. When Lord Grey refused to hold office unless the king consented to create as many peers as might be necessary to secure a vote in his favour—when William IV., however reluctantly, was compelled to consent, and when the Peers, knowing that this concession was made, passed a Bill which they had before thrown out, the principle was irrevocably established that what the people positively demand must be carried into effect by the ministers of the Sovereign, and cannot be resisted by the House of Lords. Since that occasion the threat has never needed to be again made, because it has been always understood. That House has, therefore, no longer any real power in the Constitution, in opposition to the national will; and this has been admitted by all the ablest among the peers themselves, notably by Lord Salisbury, both last year and this.

Yet, as I have said, while the theory of the House of Lords is at variance with the facts, the facts are not reconcilable with each other. Instead of the power of the House—which can no longer be exercised on any great subject of legislation—being, like that of the Sovereign, handed over to some other body, to exercise in conformity with the spirit of the time, it is still occasionally exerted, but in a manner capricious, irregular, and unmeaning. What the House of Commons is determined shall become law, does become law in spite of any objections the Peers may make. But what the House of Commons is of opinion should become law, without expressing a positive determination that it shall, is as often as not rejected by the Peers. All the great measures of the century have been carried either in spite of the hostile vote of the Peers, or at least overruling their known sentiments. The equality of rights given to Catholics, to Dissenters, and to Jews; the repeal of the taxes on food and on knowledge; the extension of political power to the mass of the people; and the disestablishment of the Irish Church, have all been sanctioned by the Lords against their avowed opinions. But some of these great measures were granted at once, others were delayed, and some of no less moment are still retarded by their objections. Their resistance, which in the end they know must be futile, is at the moment measured only by their guess as to the probability of its

being allowed. Their decisions are consequently based on no principle, and cannot be foreseen. It was quite uncertain, till the division took place, whether they would reject or accept the principle of the Irish Church Bill. They first struck out, and then of themselves they restored, the clause disqualifying Irish bishops to sit in their House. They first voted against, and then voted for, concurrent endowment of Catholics with manse and glebes. When their amendments were rejected, they first resolved to insist on them all, and then gave them all up for a compromise which they declared was no equivalent. They threw out the Universities Bill and the Scottish Education Bill, with an equal disregard of the present wishes of the nation, and of the certainty of being obliged very soon to accept much more positive Bills on both subjects. It is needless to go through the examples of their similar action in regard to other questions in former years. No one reviewing recent events can help acknowledging that the rule of the Lords is to act on their own ideas, no matter how much opposed to the ideas of the bulk of the nation, as expressed by the House of Commons; but to act thus so long only as they can do so without arousing indignation against themselves, and to abandon all pretence of resistance the instant that, if continued, it would imperil their own position. Hence it may be said with truth that our present Government is government by an impracticable constitution, made practicable by a perpetual threat of revolution.

It cannot be pretended that such a situation is useful or wholesome for the State. Every argument for the maintenance of a second chamber fails in presence of such action. The Lords cannot be said to ensure deliberation, when they give way precisely on those occasions when the nation, being angry and excited, might be thought most to need time for reflection. They are not a moderating power, when they withdraw from the scene just when moderation is especially needed. What they do achieve is only to compel that every question shall pass through a prolonged period of agitation, and be finally settled by considerations which have nothing to do with its merits. The House of Lords does nothing more, on any great question, than force the country to pass the bill several times in the same shape, with ever-increasing bitterness and exasperation, until at last the debate is turned away from the subject itself, to the entirely different inquiry, whether the House of Lords should be longer suffered to stand in the way of the popular will. Now no one deprecates the careful and mature consideration of principles before legislation takes place; but it is a worse than fruitless waste of time when, after the nation has positively accepted the principles, its legislative machinery is kept at work for a succession of years in doing in vain what it might do effectually at once. Meantime not only is the time of the legislature lost, but the business of the

country is interrupted. It becomes necessary to agitate, to hold great public meetings, to set up societies and other organisations, with the view, not of enlightening the public mind, but of showing to the Lords the strength of its will. How much time and energy, sorely needed for the prosecution of other vital reforms, has been thus wasted, it is impossible to calculate. But certainly it is not good to be always teaching the country that the principles on which it has made up its mind can only be brought into operation by means of a violence imposed on a branch of the legislature which we are still formally told is entitled to respect.

If, indeed, the pleasure of the Peers could be really of any permanent force in our Government, it would be necessary to say much harder things of the constitution of their body than is called for when their actual impotence is considered. The pretension of a number of men, distinguished from their fellow-citizens only by the fact that it was not themselves, but some of their ancestors, that were ennobled, to exercise sway over the nation, would be unendurable if it were effectual. The monstrous absurdity could scarcely be heightened by the additional reflection that in very many cases the cause of original ennobling of the family was some circumstance which truly was its disgrace, or was the mere possession of wealth, no matter how got. The assertion of a right to legislate for the community on the part of a single class was defensible while that class stood above the rest in culture, capacity for organisation, and independence. But it is wholly without apology when other classes become equal in these respects. The privilege, then, rests only on tradition without reason, or at most only on the circumstance that the majority of its members are wealthy men and landowners; though by no means either including, or even entitled to represent, the bulk of these classes. Yet even were the claim to represent wealth or land well founded, it is not now recognised as by itself a qualification for making laws for the whole people. And the plea which has been sometimes urged, that the House of Lords is needed to protect the working classes from the tyranny of employers of labour, or other interests (such as the railway) which are potent in the Lower House, becomes untenable now that these classes have a direct representation in that House which enables them, if they choose, to protect themselves.

The theory of the constitutional equality and independence of the Peers thus wholly breaking down in practice, and their surviving powers being attended with such manifest mischiefs when exercised, the supporters of the institution fall back on two arguments for its defence. Both have been forcibly stated by Lord Salisbury, the ablest and most clear-headed advocate of his order. One is, that the

true function of the Peers is to delay legislation by the House of Commons until it is ascertained that that body correctly expresses the national will. This was Lord Salisbury's excuse for rejecting the Irish Church Suspensory Bill of last year. The other is, that the nation only decides on principles, and does not consider details or methods, in regard to which the judgment of the Lords is entitled to equal weight with that of the members of the House of Commons. This was Lord Salisbury's reason for introducing this session the amendments into the Irish Church Bill, which so vitally changed its character, and which at last were so summarily rejected.

Both arguments rest, in truth, on the assumption that there are in the nation two classes—one the naturally born to govern, some of whom are in the Lords and some in the Commons, and the other the naturally born to be governed, who may have general opinions in favour of Whigs or Tories, but have no capacity and no ideas in reference to practical details of government. In the former character it is permissible to ascertain whether they approve the policy traced out by Whigs or Tories; in the second it is not worth while to ask their opinions, for it is not their part to have any. Both suggestions display a total misappreciation of the nature of free government. It is the essence of freedom that every one thinks for himself, and does not delegate that duty to any representative, and that he sends his representative to shape the expression, but not to alter the substance of his opinions. Now if at any time the representatives of a nation of freemen were to mis-state their wishes, it would certainly not need the intervention of a House of Lords to discover the fact. By meetings, petitions, and letters, the constituencies have ample means of showing whether or not their representatives are fulfilling their desires. If any manifestation of that sort were made, Government would feel compelled to put the inquiry in the only formal and legitimate method—by a dissolution. The idea that, in the absence of any such indications, it is the part of the House of Lords to step in and to protect the constituencies from a misrepresentation of which they seem to be unconscious, is absurd. It is no less absurd to pretend that the members of the two Houses stand in the position of a supreme council, charged with the settling of the details of the policy the nation has dictated. If the details are important, the members of the House of Commons receive instructions on them, as well as on the principles of the measure, directly from those who elect them; and to abandon these in deference to the opinion of a few peers would be treachery to popular government. If the details are unimportant, it is not very likely that the common sense of six hundred selected gentlemen sitting in one room will be of inferior worth to the common sense of four hundred unselected gentlemen (of whom, usually, barely a tenth attend) sitting in another room.

The practical value of the action of the House of Lords in delaying legislation till the opinion of the country, as distinguished from the opinion of the House of Commons, is manifested, may be traced in the history of the last half century. I am not aware of any important question carried through all its stages in the Commons which has not, in longer or shorter time, become law. Thus the delay enforced by the House of Lords has been actually of no effect on legislation whatever. In not one instance has it appeared that the nation has been over hasty, or that its representatives have been mistaken in its opinions. The one instance, cited by Lord Salisbury last year, in which rejection by the Lords led to withdrawal of a proposal for a time—the case of the Appropriation Clause—has ceased this year to be an exception. But while it lasted it was an exception that proved the evils of the delay caused by the peers. The country approved of a modification of the Irish Church, which would have abated, in some slight degree, a great Irish grievance. In the time for reconsideration procured it by the Lords it repented of its generous thoughts, and resolved to allow the grievance to live. It has now come back to its wiser mind, and has extirpated the evil more thoroughly than was then proposed. But is the fact, that the House of Lords procured a quarter of a century of longer life to a flagrant iniquity, a thing upon which its defenders should plume themselves? On the other hand, when the nation, in a moment of mere excitement, rushes into hasty legislation, we do not find the Peers exercise any calming influence. They passed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill without any demur, though it was eminently a case in which a year or two given to reflection would have shown the nation that the offence was not worth the retort.

It must be added to the serious inconveniences of the present arrangements, that they provoke a frequent breach of the law by individual peers themselves. The theory which gives to their House an equal power, which they dare not use, excludes them from any right to interfere with the election of members of the other House. Thus they are forbidden to take a part in the construction of the assembly which represents the nation. But, perfectly conscious that the real power resides in that assembly, individual peers are under constant temptation to interfere with its election. And they do interfere. More or less openly many peers exert their private influence, in all cases of great, in some, of overpowering weight, in favour of a particular candidate. This systematic breach of the letter of the law is of evil example. It tends to bring our constitution into discredit, and exasperates hostility against a class which, endowed with so large privileges, seems to grasp at more, to which the constitution declares it not entitled.

Again, through the operation of the same anomaly, the country

loses the benefit of the service of such peers as could really render it good service. Compelled to sit in a chamber where nothing is done but what is obstructive, their talent for constructive legislation is merely lost. If they attempt anything they are voted down by the inert mass of prejudice around them. Their lives are spent in the Sisyphean labour of trying to persuade men who have no capacity of being persuaded, and whose minds yield only to the influence of self-alarm. Nor is it only that we lose in this way the advantages that we might gain from such intellect as is born into a hereditary House. We lose, also, all that which is elevated to the House as a reward. Every great lawyer, general, diplomatist, historian, or philosopher, who is honoured with a peerage, is removed from the sphere in which his knowledge and ability would have full and direct influence to one in which he acts only as an essay-writer. Genius cannot indeed be thus extinguished, but it is deprived of its practical power. So thoroughly is this recognised by all statesmen that they accept a peerage only when about to retire from active life; and such of them as are elevated by succession, leave the House of Commons with a reluctance which they are at no pains to disguise. A sufficiently plain comment on our policy in maintaining an institution which the best of our politicians shun as political extinction.

Summing up the results of this examination of the function of the House of Lords at the present day, we may describe it as at the best harmless; at the worst, provocative of revolution. Between these two extremes there springs from its action every variety of futile irritation, of useless delay, of interruption to legislation, of distraction of the public mind, of unconstitutional interference with elections, of loss of public ability; while these evils are not redeemed by any real services in checking violence or unreasonable excitement. In dealing with an institution thus condemned by its own conduct and its own members, two courses are possible: the one is, to correct, amend, and strengthen it; the other is, to remove it. Let us examine both.

The former course is that which this year has been recommended by Earl Russell, acceded to by the Duke of Argyll, and not opposed by Lord Derby. The idea on which it is founded, is that the House of Lords lacks weight because it is not representative. This means that its ideas are not in accord with those of any considerable section of the nation. The remedy proposed was to create life peers, limited more or less in number. Thus, it was argued, it would be reinforced with men brought fresh from the outer world, men of ability, who would know what the world wants, and who would not be excluded by the fact that they were too poor to support a hereditary dignity. The obvious remark on this proposal is that it is an absolute condemnation of the principle of a hereditary peerage at all. It confesses that hereditary peers by themselves are, as a body, so stupid that the

ordinary means of enlightenment—books, newspapers, oral discussions, and reflections—fail to affect their minds; and that clever men, who are not born peers, must be brought in to teach them by special demonstration, or, if that fails, to outvote them. But when this was done the question would be immediately suggested, why an element should be retained in the composition of the House which is shown to need such a corrective, by the fact of the corrective being applied? It is clear that as soon as the respective reasons for the existence of the two classes of peers became understood, the country would never endure that a measure, supported by a majority of the life peers, should be rejected by a majority of the hereditary peers; and then the arrangement would be overturned, and in some way or other the life peers would be endowed with the supreme authority. The case of the law lords, who have gradually ousted the other lords of any jurisdiction in legal questions, shows how superior knowledge and ability would force its way to sole predominance, in despite of any constitutional theory of equality. And a further objection to the arrangement would be that it would draw an exceedingly sharp, and to both sides a painful line, between wealth and intellect. The hereditary peers would sit by virtue of honours conferred on an ancestor and transmitted to them because they were rich. The life peers would sit by virtue of honours conferred on themselves, but which they are too poor to transmit. Few self-raised men like to admit that their poverty must still confine them to a lower grade, and few rich men like to admit that they owe their position especially to their riches. Jealousies would be inevitable, and class distinctions, the worst of all distinctions, would become rooted in the constitution of the legislature.

To counterbalance these inherent evils of the plan, what would be gained? If the House of Lords were to be thus made stronger, how is its strength to be exercised? If in concurrence with the opinions of the House of Commons, it would be merely superfluous. If in opposition to the House of Commons, the present perils of the constitution would be aggravated. Supposing the two Houses to come into conflict, a greater degree of strength in that one which, from the nature of the case, must certainly at last give way, would be unmitigatedly mischievous. It would prolong and exacerbate the conflict, it would rouse a fiercer agitation in the country, it would strain more severely all our institutions; yet, in the end, it would be ineffectual. It would not even procure for the judgment of the life peers a shade more of authority than they would otherwise have had. On the contrary, removing them from the House of Commons, it would deprive them of the influence which, as members of that assembly, they would have had in its practical deliberations. So far, indeed, the House of Commons would be weakened by the loss of intellect which it would otherwise comprehend. But it would not

the less remain the supreme power of the nation, whose decisions no intellect outside its limits could practically overturn, except by that process to which the House of Lords could, from its position, never contribute—the slow ripening of public opinion in the nation.

These considerations, brought out more clearly by the discussions on Earl Russell's Bill, must incline us to reject the idea, which at first has much plausibility, of a mixed House of hereditary and life peers. There remains to be considered the question of a House composed solely of members specially appointed for their own merits, whether it be by nomination or by election, and whether for life or for a limited term. This raises the question of the advantage or disadvantage of a second Chamber as a branch of a popular constitution.

In considering this question, it may be interesting to compare the ideas and forms which have been adopted by other countries, and by our own colonies, in framing their constitutions. I have therefore attempted to bring together an outline of the nature of the Upper Houses in the leading States of the world, and thus to show at a glance the ideas which prevail respecting the principles on which such Chambers should be established. It is proper, however, to add that in a few cases the works of reference I have had access to only bring the information down to the last two or three years, and therefore I cannot vouch that changes may not have occurred within that time.

INDEPENDENT STATES.

UPPER HOUSES.

FRANCE—*Senate*. Composed of cardinals, marshals, and admirals of the empire, as *ex-officio* members, and of 150 other members nominated for life by the Emperor, but with power of resigning.

ITALY—*Senate*. Composed solely of members nominated by the King for life, subject to a report by a Committee of the Senate on each nomination, stating the public services or other reason justifying it.

PORTUGAL—*Chamber of Peers*. Composed solely of members nominated by the King for life. Hereditary peerage, which was formerly partly in existence, abolished in 1864.

BELGIUM—*Senate*. Elected directly by the people for eight years, if no dissolution takes place sooner.

HOLLAND—*First Chamber*. Elected by the provincial Diets for nine years, if no dissolution takes place sooner.

DENMARK—*Landsthing*. Composed of 66 members, 12 nominated for life by the King, the remainder elected by indirect universal suffrage for eight years.

NORTH GERMAN UNION—No Upper House proper, a Federal Council composed of 43 representatives nominated by the several

States, is in some respects its equivalent. The members of the Council have the privilege of being present in the Parliament, which is elected by universal suffrage.

PRUSSIA—*House of Lords*. Composed of hereditary members, certain *ex-officio* members, representatives of universities, chapters, towns, and of the provincial landowners, and members nominated (unlimited in number) by the King for life, or for a shorter time.

AUSTRIA—*Upper House*. Composed of hereditary princes, a limited number of nobles, and other members nominated for life by the Emperor for distinguished services.

HUNGARY—*House of Magnates*. Composed of prelates, hereditary peers, and lord-lieutenants of counties, nominated by the Crown.

GREECE—No Upper House.

SWITZERLAND—*State Council*. Composed of representatives of the Cantonal Governments, appointed for three years.

UNITED STATES—*Senate*. Composed of members elected by the State legislatures, for six years.

BRITISH COLONIES.

UPPER HOUSES.

CANADA—*Senate*. Composed of 78 members; one-half nominated by Governor-General for life, the other half to be elected.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—*Legislative Council*. Elected directly by people for ten years. Qualification of members—possession of £2,000 real, or £4,000 personal estate.

NEW ZEALAND—*Legislative Council*. Nominated by Crown for life.

NEW SOUTH WALES—*Legislative Assembly*. Nominated by Crown for twenty-one years.

QUEENSLAND—*Legislative Council*. Nominated by Crown; 13 members for five years, and 10 for life.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA—*Legislative Council*. Composed of 18 members, elected for twelve years, 6 retiring every four years, and not subject to dissolution. No property qualification of members. Qualification of electors—£50 freehold, or £25 rental occupation.

VICTORIA—*Legislative Assembly*. Composed of 30 members, elected for ten years, 6 retiring every two years. Qualification of members—£500 a year; of electors—£100 a year, or membership of a profession.

TASMANIA—*Legislative Council*. Composed of 15 members, elected by owners of £50 freeholds, or members of a profession, or graduates of a university.

There are two points which stand out clearly on reviewing the foregoing abstract. The first is, that though the systems of foreign constitutional monarchies and of our own colonial possessions have

been confessedly moulded in great degree in imitation of our own, there is nowhere in the world to be found the absolute respect which we pay to the pure aristocratic element. In Europe it survives only in some of the German constitutions which are still in the stage of transition, but even there it is greatly less preponderant than with us. In America it does not exist, for our descendants in the New World early saw and recoiled from the danger of bestowing hereditary honours and power as a reward on individuals. In our colonies it is conspicuously absent. The second point is, that the system of nomination of members of an Upper Chamber by the sovereign, whether for life or for a shorter period, exists only in a few countries, and to a limited extent. In our own colonies this characteristic is quite as marked as in foreign States. And the objection to personal nomination is evidently growing in strength. In Italy it is restricted; and in France, where the new constitution proposes to put the authority of the Senate more nearly on a par with that of the Chamber of Deputies than it has been since 1852, there is arising a demand that the senators shall be elected by the provincial councils.

But when we ask whether the existence of a second chamber, with co-equal authority, is a good device for the purposes of legislation, we must admit that the mere prestige of custom which it anywhere enjoys is not sufficient to support it in the present day. It was not originally established from experience of the defects of a single Chamber, nor from a reasoned-out preference of the double form in principle. It grew up in Europe as a necessary consequence of the feudal system, which drew a sharp line between the lords of the land and the burgesses of the towns, and which, when the latter could not be deprived of some rights of freedom, at least maintained the separation of them as an inferior class. To such a class were naturally added the representatives of the poorer inhabitants of the rural districts, when they, too, attained recognition. Pride and privilege were thus embodied in the Upper House; the strength of union found its defence in the Lower. But these circumstances are no longer such as form our open motives for any political arrangement, and it must therefore be on other grounds than those which led to its establishment, that the maintenance of an Upper Chamber can be now supported.

The chief reason is, the belief that a stability, a freedom from rashness and from violence, are thus imparted to the Government. It is thought that a second chamber, composed of perfectly independent persons, may take a calmer, or at least a different view of circumstances that freshly arise, and may thus delay a decision till reconsideration suggests a different course of action. Certainly, it must be admitted that if there be two bodies with equal powers, and one of them dissents from the opinion of the other, delay must

ensue. But it does not follow that delay is necessarily wisdom, or that deliberation cannot be secured in any other way. It has been already pointed out that the delay caused by the objections of the House of Lords has been always, of recent years, purely hurtful, and ultimately vain. The like delay, caused by any other form of the machinery, would have been no less injurious. And when we seek for the reason why this is the case, we find it in the fact that the forms of our Constitution are such as to ensure the most ample deliberation in the Lower House. On every measure of vital importance a direct appeal is, in the first instance, made to the nation by a dissolution. Before a Bill is brought in, the leave of the House must be obtained; it must then be read a first time; afterwards a second time; then committed, and considered clause by clause; then ordered to be reported; then the report must be received; then the bill must be read a third time; and finally it must be directed to pass. On every one of these stages there may be debate and division, besides many other opportunities, such as motions for reporting progress, &c., on which fresh discussions of principle and detail may be raised, and by which a minority may secure even more than enough of delay. After such ample deliberation by the representatives of the nation, who themselves are every day coming more and more under the direct influence of the suggestions of their constituents, it is scarcely reasonable to urge that an entirely extraneous engine must be introduced to interpose a delay which is not needed for consideration, and which can produce no effect in altering the national decision.

On the other side, there must be set down several grave disadvantages arising from the institution of a double chamber. In the first place there is the possibility of a dead-lock occurring from the positive discord of the two Chambers, of which we have seen a recent example in Victoria; while, on a different question, something of the same sort has been displayed in Prussia. It is obvious that, in such a case, the victory must always ultimately be with the representatives of the people; but it may be attained only after extreme inconvenience and perilous convulsions. In the second place, the establishment of an Upper House, by creating a position of higher dignity, deprives the Lower and really powerful House of the services of some of the ablest and probably most moderate men,—and this all the more in proportion as the Upper House is able to exercise a sufficient show of authority to attract them, although in it they may really have far less influence than they would have had in the other Chamber. In the third place, there is the division of responsibility, which is a dangerous principle to introduce. In America the evil of this has been shown in contributing to the growth of demagogism; for every member of the Lower House who desires,

for private ends, to propose an extravagant measure, may do it without risk, and all the members who are disposed to cultivate the favour of a section of the community may support it without alarm, in the confidence that, even if passed, the Senate, on which the responsibility of final decision rests, will reject it. Many instances could be cited from recent American history, showing how this system tends to render the Lower House much more reckless and violent than it would be were no such resource in reserve to prevent its action from taking effect.

Very great weight must, I think, be attributed by unprejudiced minds to each of these considerations. The first shows that one of the leading inconveniences attaching to the House of Lords as at present constituted, would attach in an increased degree to any more powerful Upper Chamber. The second shows that one of the main evils which we have seen to belong to the system of life peerages must arise out of any system which creates a Chamber of eminent men distinct from the Chamber of Representatives. But the third will, it seems to me, be found on examination to be the gravest of all objections to the dual form of government. One of the principles which is becoming most fully recognised as a fundamental condition of good government is, that responsibility shall be clearly defined and precisely fixed. Wherever there is confusion or ambiguity in this respect, we know we have to expect inattention, recklessness, and self-seeking. The axiom is admitted in regard to executive functions, and any popular government must largely exercise and direct such functions. But it is equally true of general legislation. Whoever does not feel that on his shoulders will rest a certain and distinct measure of responsibility for every law for which he votes, is deprived of one of the strongest motives that can act on the mind to fix it to upright and honourable pursuit of the public good. In every case in which legislation is needed, there are always abundance of private motives suggesting a wrong course. Against their influence there are but two principles that can be relied on—intrinsic honesty, and the knowledge that what is done will be by the public and by posterity attributed to the persons who have the power of doing it. It is dangerous in the extreme to depend on the former principle unsustained by the latter. But the latter is fatally impaired when a distinct body is created which may divide the blame or stop the progress of an error. When the concurrence of two Chambers, one of which decides after the decision of the other is pronounced, and each of which is at perfect liberty to act on its own ideas, is made necessary to the enactment of a measure, it is inevitable that the Chamber which decides first—generally the Lower—must feel its responsibility less than that of the Chamber which decides last. The members of the Lower will always feel that they are to a great extent absolved from blame when they are able

to say, "We, indeed, thought honestly that the measure was good, but the Upper Chamber had the benefit of fuller and riper and later consideration, and it is to blame for passing a bad measure." On the other hand the Upper Chamber will be able to say, "We thought the measure open to serious objection, but we could not set aside the opinion of the direct representatives of the people." It is obvious how materially the sense of personal responsibility must be thus divided, and by division weakened. That such a feeling is not shown at present in the House of Commons arises from the fact that the other House is recognised to be really powerless; but it would rapidly arise if, by any change in the constitution of the Upper House, it should come to be a body exercising the actual as well as nominal right of independent decision.

As therefore a people makes progress in enlightenment and self-respect, it is probable that the idea of any advantage accruing from a division of the legislative assembly will disappear. The several classes of the nation will then decide, outside the walls of Parliament, on what they deem best for the commonwealth; arguments, to be effectual, must be addressed to them; and the leaders of the nation will be the men whom they select as the most faithful exponents of the general opinion. When this is the case, it is plain that Parliament will really occupy only the position of giving expression to public opinion already formed, while no doubt itself also contributing to the formation of that opinion by which it is ultimately swayed. But then its division into two Houses will be evidently a clumsy and useless expedient. There can be no benefit from the nation speaking with a double tongue, and none from the nation being addressed by the persons whom it respects from one Chamber rather than from another. When such a time comes, a single Chamber that shall gather into itself the representation of every class, that shall thus ascertain and exhibit the strength of opinion so far as matured in the nation, that shall include the whole ability which the nation is able to obtain for the practical development of its will, will be seen to be at once the simplest, the safest, and the wisest form in which its government can be carried on.

The important question for our consideration at present is whether Great Britain has reached that stage. Most of the evidences of it are apparent to those who can see the facts under the names. It is the nation which decides on our policy in every question of moment. It is public opinion, not parliamentary opinion, which is appealed to by statesmen. It is popular approval rather than parliamentary applause that makes statesmen powerful. We all know that of late years even the House of Commons, being composed to a large extent of persons belonging to a limited class, has held private opinions at variance with those of the nation, but has been obliged,

in deference to the nation, to refrain from acting on them. Had that House been able to vote by ballot, it would have declared for the recognition of the Southern States of America, but it was withheld by the knowledge that the bulk of the nation felt differently. Had it in like manner been tested on the question of Reform—nay, even on that of the Irish Church, still more on that of the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, it would have returned a different response from that which, forced by the pressure of opinion among its constituents, it has declared by its open votes. When the country, in the reaction following on the Free Trade agitation, was indisposed to exertion, the House of Commons indulged itself in doing nothing, and in admiring a leader who taught it how least could be done. When the country decided on action the House had to act, and to accept a leader whom it did not love, but whom the country trusted. When the House of Representatives has thus to follow the country, it is inconceivable that any other House should be able to resist.

Again, in addressing the country, and thus aiding in the formation of the opinion which governs, it is unquestionable that the position of a member of Parliament gives considerable accession of power. But this is chiefly derived from the circumstance that the position shows that the speaker has been already chosen as a leader by a considerable section of the public. Thus let the newspaper reports of speeches at public meetings be observed, and it will be noticed that, as between men of equal personal ability, far the largest space is given to the representatives of the larger constituencies. So we are all conscious that the line taken on any public question by the members for the great towns exercises an appreciable influence in the country, while even great cleverness, not so backed, has often no general influence at all. Mr. Lowe's denunciations of Reform, applauded to the echo in Parliament, had no power to prevent Parliament from voting for Reform the next year; but had Mr. Lowe represented Manchester instead of Calne, the country would have seen that the question must at least be put off. As to the House of Lords we have had very recent occasion to observe that the eloquence of the peers had not the least practical effect on the public. Nor, probably, can any leading question be named in which a speech in the Peers' House has in the remotest degree influenced the mind of the nation. It follows that the national will is determined by the enlightenment of its own reason—a process in which every mind produces an effect proportioned to the weight that is attributed to it, either because of inherent ability, or because of representing the conclusions of many other minds, but in which mere rank or position, if not due to such causes, has hardly any influence. Indeed, the antagonism which is excited by undeserved dignity of position will even operate to a considerable extent in forming a public opinion adverse to conclusions so recommended.

If then this country were to be governed expressly by only one Chamber, the change in its essential procedure would hardly be perceptible. All measures would still, as now, be settled by the general voice. There would be as much deliberation, as much caution, and no greater number of blunders. The country would still choose its own leaders, as it does now, to express its will in action, and would be affected by the same influences as now in forming its decision. The practical difference would only be that needful reforms would be passed as soon as the mind of the country was made up, instead of being kept back for two or three years after that period has arrived.

But it is most important to keep in view that the position of the peers themselves would be very much changed for the better. Under the old Florentine Republic the nobles as a class were, by the wise jealousy of freemen, excluded expressly from participation in politics. But when a noble had deserved peculiarly well of the State, the reward which he coveted, and which was bestowed upon him, was to be degraded from his order that he might be enrolled in the higher class of simple citizens. Such is the boon which abolition of the second Chamber would confer upon the worthier of the peers. It would be, in truth, their enfranchisement. It would relieve them from the dull task of striving to persuade the heavy minds around them that what the nation wills must be done. It would open to them the doors of the House in which their intellect could freely play. It would emancipate them from the rule which forbids them to descend to the electoral arena, and would permit them to appeal to the sympathies, and to obtain the support, of their fellow-countrymen. In so doing their rank would still give them an advantage which need not be grudged. Other things being equal, an English constituency will always return a lord. But a lord who is equal to a commoner has often the peculiar advantage of having more time for study, and of the ennobling traditions of family honour, and generosity. When in spite of these advantages a lord is not equal to a commoner, we may trust to most constituencies to prefer the commoner. Nor need the excessive influence of great families in elections be feared. It must be remembered that simultaneously with this change there would progress that quite independent movement which is tending to the equalisation of constituencies, and their liberation from corrupting influences. As it is, a neighbouring peer exercises an overpowering authority in a small constituency in favour of his nominee. It would hardly be enhanced were he the candidate in person. But amendments in our constitution may speedily be hoped for which will in both cases deprive him of more influence than is due to his personal merit.

Such is the answer which may be made to those who praise the

ability of the peerage as a reason for preservation of its House. There is no reason either to magnify or depreciate it. The peers are a class of men containing just the average amount of mental power of any other class. Sometimes by accident it may be more conspicuous, sometimes it may be more deficient, but, on the whole, it is just the average. If they have advantages from education and tradition, they have the disadvantages of prejudice and idleness. But whatever be their ability the country deserves to have the good of it. Just now that good is practically lost, because the ability is confined to a sphere where it can do no good except argue against obstructiveness. To open to it a sphere of equal influence with the rest of the nation is not degradation, still less revolution, but is enfranchisement and constitutional progress. Those who most frankly admire the ability and courage of individual peers, and who are most desirous of seeing the nation respect and follow its worthiest leaders, ought to be most eager to relieve the peers from a false position, and to abolish a fiction which condemns them to inactivity, and places them, if as a body they act at all, in an untenable position against the body of their fellow-countrymen.

It is plain that public opinion is rapidly ripening in this direction. Before many years are past the constitution of the House of Lords must inevitably be altered in some way. It is out of the question that we can have the time devoted to public business absorbed to so great an extent as it has lately been in repeated conflicts with a House which we all know must yield at last. But it would not be very wise that we should seek to amend the evil by strengthening that House and weakening the other. The easiest way will be the simplest, that we should cease to try by nice mechanical devices to perturb or arrest the steady action of the great motive force of our constitution. The sooner we recognise that an educated people is the sole governing power in the State, the sooner we shall bring the constitution to a permanent adjustment. When we see that truth we shall, instead of our annual disputes with the House of Lords, in which we virtually abolish it many times over, settle once for all that no class shall have predominance, but that all shall have liberty. And when we have thus finally arranged our machinery of legislation, we shall not need to waste more time in pulling it to pieces for rearrangement, but shall be able to devote all our thoughts to the work, still heavy and long enough, which it has to do.

J. BOYD KINNEAR.

HEINRICH HEINE.

THIRTEEN years have now elapsed since the death of Henrich Heine, and it is scarcely yet decided what position he is entitled to occupy in the history of European literature. Those who assign him the rank of a great humorist are unwilling to number him amongst the first poets of Germany, in close proximity to the cycle of Lessing, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe; while those who claim for him the throne vacated by Goethe are apt to overlook the humoristic and political side of his character. Outside Germany he is best known as a critic, a satirist, and a humorous writer. The French admired him as an Apollo, who flayed Marsyas with a grace and dexterity that rendered the operation, if not painless to the sufferer, at least pleasant to the spectator. The Germans, who were best able to appreciate the music and beauty of his singing, are only too willing to forget the bitter things he said of them beyond the Rhine. This is easily intelligible. As a poet he was German; as a humorist he was European. The many visitors who crowded to the sick-chamber at Paris, where he lay shrunk to a skeleton, with a beard that grew long as a woman's hair over the coverlet, carried away stories of satire that conquered pain, and wit whose brightness approaching death could not tarnish. But the songs of the poet spread from the woods and valleys of Germany, where they were first sung, and became intelligible only through translation to those who stood around his bed. An unfortunate misunderstanding between Heine's family and his publisher has hitherto prevented the excellent editor of his works from obtaining access to all the materials for a full biography. In the meanwhile his brother has published a few reminiscences of Heinrich's youth.¹ Such a work could not fail to have a certain interest; in most respects it is a jejune and meagre chronicle of events scarcely worth recording. Until the fuller and promised work appears, the best magazine for the biographer will be the works and letters of Heine published by Messrs. Hoffmann and Campe, and edited by Dr. Strodtsmann.²

Heine was born at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, December 13th, 1799. ✓ He himself dated his birth from the 1st January, 1800, in order that, as he laughingly said, he might be spoken of as one of the first men of the century. His father, Sigismund Heine, belonged, as did his ancestors, to the mercantile class. He was a Jew, but, unlike his

(1) "Erinnerungen an Heinrich Heine und Seine Familie, von seinem Bruder Maximilian Heine." Berlin: Ferd. Dümmler's Verlagsbuchhandlung. 1868.

(2) "Heine's Sammtliche Werke." Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe. 1865.

brother, Solomon Heine, the Hamburg banker, never attained to considerable wealth. He married Elizabeth von Geldern, the daughter of a medical man of some local celebrity. We do not know much of the mother of Heinrich Heine, but we do know that she always retained the affection of her son, for in some of his latest letters to his publisher he is careful that she should be provided with early copies of his works, and that parts, which he believed could not be pleasing to her, should be removed from the copies which she received.

Heinrich had two brothers and a sister, who are still alive. It is to this sister that the well-known poem, "*Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder*," is addressed. Heinrich was entered as pupil in the Düsseldorf Gymnasium. He has given an account of the advantages he derived from that institution:—

"Everything was to be learnt by rote: Greek, History, Geography, Chronology. And yet many benefits have come to me from such study. For if I had not known the Roman kings in order it would have been afterwards perfectly indifferent to me whether Niebuhr had proved or had not proved that they never existed at all. And if I had not known those dates how could I afterwards have found my way about big Berlin, where one house is as like another as two rain-drops, and where you cannot find your friends unless you keep the number of their houses in your head? I used to allot my friends some historical event, whose date coincided with the numbers of their houses, so that I could easily know the number by thinking of the date; and thus it happened that I never saw a friend without his suggesting some historical event. For instance, if I met my tailor, I immediately thought of the battle of Marathon; when I saw the well-dressed banker, Gumpel, the destruction of Jerusalem occurred to me. When I met a certain insolvent Portuguese friend, I thought of the flight of Mahomed; when I saw the University chancellor, a man whose severe integrity is well known, I remembered the death of Haman.

"But as regards Latin, you have no idea how involved it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been first obliged to learn Latin. This happy people knew in their very cradles what nouns have an accusative in *im*. I, on the contrary, must learn them by rote in the sweat of my brow. Still, it is a grand thing that I know them. For instance, if on the 20th July, 1825, when I had to dispute publicly in the hall at Göttingen, I had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, the undergraduates present might have detected it, and that would have been for me an eternal disgrace. *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, cannabis, sinapis*, these words, which have made such a noise in the world, have done so by pretending to belong to a certain class, and yet remaining exceptions. For this reason I esteem them highly; and that I always have them at command, should any unforeseen need come upon me to use them, gives me in many a gloomy hour of life much inward comfort and delight."

From this Gymnasium Heine proceeded to study law at Bonn, which he seems soon to have left, and at Göttingen. Here he began his tragedies, "*Almansor*" and "*Ratcliffe*;" but having violated the university duelling-regulations, he was compelled to leave by a *consilium abeundi*.

He had already won something of the reputation of a poet. He had published, in 1821, a small volume of poems, and these were so successful that Rassmann included him among the celebrities whom

he noticed in his year-book for 1822. The work, small as it was, attracted the attention of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, who wrote a poem and an affectionate letter to Heine.

In 1822 he continued his studies at Berlin. He attended the lectures of Hegel, whose influence upon him was never obliterated; and he further had the good fortune to be admitted to the best literary circles. The friendships formed at this time were the warmest that he made, and doubtless gave the direction to his after-career. These naturally began with the mercantile class, to whom his uncle Solomon could give him an introduction, and especially with a friend of the family, Moses Moser. He was one of those men, not uncommon in Germany, who, though engaged in active business, are enthusiastic students. He was a warm admirer of Hegel, and his friendship with Heine lasted until his own death in 1838.

"I do not like you," said Heine, in a letter to him at this time, "because you are a magazine of virtue, and know Spanish, and Syriac, and Hegelian, English, Arabic, and Hindostani, and have lent me your overcoat, and money, and have worried yourself about me, and so forth. I like you, perhaps, only for a silly trick of manner I have noticed in you, and a few absurd expressions that escape you, and stick in my memory, and haunt me pleasantly when I am in a good temper, or have money, and am sentimental.

"I had a Pole for a friend, for whom I would have drunk myself to death; or rather for whom I would have stood, and would still stand to be shot, and the fellow was not worth a single penny, and was dirty, and had the most abominable principles—but he had a guttural sound, with which he could say the word 'What?' in so astounding a manner that at this very moment I can't think of it without weeping and laughing."

It was perhaps to Moser that Heine owed his introduction to Varnhagen von Ense and his wife—"the mother of young Germany," as she was called. In her drawing-room Heine, whom she had named "the untutored darling of the graces," met the best intellectual society of the capital. All sciences and arts were represented at her reunions. Hegel, the two Humboldts, Rauch, Schleiermacher, Hitzig, and Chamisso met each other there, and contact with such men must have left a certain mark upon the quick and sensitive nature of Heine.

But while admission to this society developed the Hellenistic side of his character, the Hebraism in him was deepened by his close and constant familiarity with another circle which included his intimate friends. Most of the members of this society were Jews, and if their names are not so well known as those that clustered around Hegel and Von Ense, they had certainly no less influence upon the young poet. They met every Thursday evening in the house of Philipp Veit, and it was to this society that some of Heine's early pieces, such as the "North Sea Poems," were first submitted. Among them were, Moser; Professor Gans, the Jurist, author of a work on the "Development of Hereditary Right;" Lessman Lehrman; better known under

the name of *Anselmi*, a critic and life-long friend of Heine; Dr. Zung, the Orientalist; and Mendelssohn, the father of Felix, the musician, who was then a boy "with large dreamy poetical eyes."

The two years Heine spent at Berlin seem to have been his happiest. Reckless, joyous, keen in the pursuit of pleasure, he yet found time to write letters which reflect the careless happiness of his nature to the Rhenish journals, reviews of Rossmann's, Rousseau's, Smets', Beer's, and Henzel's works, and to bring out his own tragedies. But as yet he was untouched by the terrible nervous disease, to the inheritance of which he so soon succeeded.

After leaving Berlin, he resided for some time with his family at Lüneburg and Hamburg. Owing to the illness of his father they seem to have been in a measure dependent upon the generosity of the rich Solomon Heine; and the proud nature of Heinrich, who hated the bounty that his position compelled him to take, embittered the relationship between himself and his uncle's family. His letters to Moser show how eagerly he looked forward to a position of independence, which, alas! he never entirely reached. It was, perhaps, the feeling of unwilling dependence that gave rise to much of the cynicism which marked and marred his best works. On leaving the society of Moser, too, a strong reaction in his mind set in against the Jews, and he was already beginning to reap the consequences of his free and out-spoken criticisms. "How I despise this pack of men," he writes, "the uncircumcised with the circumcised!" Perhaps at this time he despised the circumcised most. While at Berlin he had joined the Jewish Union for Culture and Science, and had promised to write for a magazine which had been planned. But the early numbers offended his delicate literary taste. "I have read it," he wrote to the editor, Dr. Zung, "but I must candidly confess that the greatest part, yes, three parts of the third number, is unpleasant on account of the negligent style. I don't want Goethe's style, but an intelligible one. I have studied all forms of German—Saxon German, Swabian German, and Franconian German—but our Magazine German gives me more difficulty than any. Impress, I implore you, upon your colleagues in the magazine the importance of culture in style, without which the other culture cannot be advanced."

This advice may not have been without effect. The fourth number never appeared.

An arrangement with his uncle was shortly made by which he was enabled to proceed again to Göttingen to read finally for his degree. It was also deemed advisable for his subsequent employment under the Prussian Government that he should be baptized. In this matter he was opposed to the wishes of his family. Not that his objections were upon religious grounds. "You can easily infer," he says, "that baptism has no meaning for me, and that even as a symbol I

esteem it of little importance, and that under the circumstances and in the manner in which it would be performed in my case, it would have for others but little significance. Me, indeed, it might influence to devote myself still more to battle for the rights of my unhappy race, but I think it beneath my dignity, and a blot upon my honour, that I should be baptized in order to gain a civil appointment in Prussia."

He yielded, however, to the solicitations of his family, and was baptized before setting out for Göttingen. His uncle allowed him a year for study, and during this period he worked hard; so hard that the nervous headaches to which he was now subject seriously affected his health. Meanwhile his uncle appears to have pursued an illiberal policy towards him. Perhaps we can hardly judge the circumstances fairly. Ordinarily Solomon Heine was a man of strict justice, occasionally of great generosity, and several charitable institutions at Hamburg still testify at once to his commercial success and his munificence. But Heine always complained bitterly that his cousins poisoned the mind of his uncle towards him. This is quite possible; but the pride and impetuosity of the poet may have tended more to breed misunderstandings between them than Heine himself would have admitted. For long periods of time he did not write to his uncle lest he should be supposed by the family at Hamburg to be attacking him with *captationes benevolentie*. But his health failed him so much that he was compelled to ask for another half-year to complete his studies, which he had been obliged to suspend for some time during the first year. In this interval of rest he undertook a walking tour over the Harz district. It is this journey which he describes in the now celebrated "Harzreise." Upon his return he wrote to Moser about it thus:—

"It did me a great deal of good, and I feel myself much stronger through the journey. I went on foot, and mostly alone, wandered over the whole Harz, passed by fair hills and valleys, and breathed fresh air once more. I saw much that was beautiful and lovely, and if jurisprudence had not followed me spectre-like, I should have found the world very beautiful. I could tell you much about this Harz journey, but I have already begun to write it down, and shall have it quite ready this winter. There will also appear verses in it, which will please you—fair and noble feelings, and such-like sentimental rubbish. What can one do? Of a truth the opposition to effete conventionalism is a thankless business."

But the "Harzreise," originally intended for a magazine, and written for pecuniary reasons, did not appear until after Heine had taken his degree, in July, 1825. Later some of his literary opponents averred that he had purchased his diploma, and he used to say that he could bear any attack except that upon his academical honours. It is curious to read the name of that "most high and puissant monarch George IV., King of Great Britain and Hanover," upon Heine's diploma.

Of Hugo, Prorector of the University, Heine spoke warmly, and the recognition of his talent, which he obtained from him, was of a nature to fill the poet with gratitude. For some time after this he lived at Hamburg. As might have been expected from the nature of the man, he was now bitter against the Christians. "I assure you," he says to Moser, "had the laws allowed me to steal silver spoons, I would never have been baptized."

In 1826 appeared the "*Buch le Grand*," and the second volume of the "*Reisebilder*," and in the following year Heine visited England. Much has been said of his dislike to this country, a dislike which culminated with his personal experience of us. He disliked the people, he disliked their mode of life, he disliked most of all the climate, "nothing but fog, coal-smoke, porter, and Canning."

It is perhaps well we should learn what a man like Heine thought of our country forty-two years ago, especially as we may hope that our faults are not the same now as they were then. It is, at least, not true of us now that our most frequented amusements are boxing, cock-fighting, and public executions, though, alas! we still bring our "simple vegetables to table, boiled in water, exactly as God made them." But it was especially the hard mechanical nature of the English mind that Heine could not tolerate; our lack of mental flexibility seemed to him a melancholy born of unwholesome air and unjustifiable pride. Not only the iron, but the cold, unvarying regularity of our machinery, had entered into our souls and chilled and imprisoned all intellectual life. We sometimes ask with no little self-satisfaction, What would be the feelings of a Greek, could he be transported from ancient Athens to one of our commercial centres? Perhaps we may have a sufficiently correct answer in the words of Heine:—

"The perfection of the machinery which is everywhere employed, and which has superseded so much of human effort, seemed to me something wrong; this artificial motion of wheels, bars, cylinders, the myriad little hooks, pegs, and teeth which circle in almost passionate revolution, filled me with horror. The accuracy, correctness, rigour, and punctuality in the life of the English troubled me in an equal degree. For as in England the machines seem human, so too the men appear machines. Wood, and iron, and brass seem there to have arrogated to themselves the intellect, and to have gone mad through excess of it, whilst the demented man, like a hollow spectre, performs mechanically his customary business, and at the fixed minute devours beef-steaks, speaks in Parliament, brushes his nails, mounts the stage-coach, or hangs himself."

Again:—

"It is when we meet them in foreign countries," he says of the English, "that their defects are so unpleasantly prominent. They are the divinities of dulness, who hurry at full speed through all lands in brightly-lacquered chariots, and leave behind them everywhere a grey dust-cloud of gloom. To this may be added their curiosity without interest, their elaborate awkwardness, their insolent stiffness, their narrow selfishness, and their dreary delight in all melancholy circumstances."

Heine's journey to England was under unfavourable circumstances. At that time, at least, he could not speak English, and, though here, he viewed things from the outside. His opinion of English society was in some measure derived from his unfavourable notions of the young Hanoverian nobles whom he met at Göttingen and Nordeney. These outdid the English aristocracy in their exclusiveness and pride of pedigree, and we may reasonably hope that it was some mistaken memory that prompted him to tell the verger of Westminster Abbey, as he handed him his fee, that he would willingly have given him more if the collection had been complete.

At the close of this year appeared the first edition of the "Buch der Lieder." All the poems had appeared before; some, to which reference has already been made, when he was very young. He did not anticipate a long life for the book. "It will sail away," he said, "like a harmless merchant-ship under the protection of the second volume of the 'Reisebilder' quietly into the sea of oblivion." But the war-spirit was on him, and he was now ready to do battle with the whole world. "The third volume shall be a man-of-war, far more fearfully equipped; the cannons shall be of greater calibre, and I have discovered quite a new powder for them. Neither shall it carry so much ballast as the second volume."

To fit out this vessel with its cannon and ammunition, Heine travelled through Italy, where he spent a great part of the following year. The volume proved to be all that he had promised, and exhibited the characteristics of its author in a remarkable degree. He had now taken up the line of opposition to all restraint. The new wine was beginning to crack the old bottles. Heine declared his mission to be the liberation of humanity. He meant to fight for uncompromising freedom in religion and politics. He resigned the poet's laurels for the warrior's sword, which he prayed might be laid upon his coffin. That sword he wielded fearlessly, indeed recklessly, in this volume. And yet the movement of later and present thought has demonstrated how much farther than his contemporaries he saw. The following passage shows, too, how tenderly, and yet how boldly, he could speak upon religious subjects:—

"Only so long as religions have to compete with one another, and are far more persecuted than persecuting, are they noble and honourable; for then alone are inspiration, sacrifice, martyrs, and palms possible. How beautiful, how serenely fair, how unutterably sweet was the Christianity of the early centuries, whilst it still resembled its divine founder in the heroism of suffering! There lingered yet the beautiful story of an undeclared divinity, who wandered in the fair form of youth under the palms of Palestine, who preached love, and revealed the doctrines of freedom and equality, which the reason of the greatest thinkers has since recognised as true. Compare with that religion of Christ the several Christianities that have been established in the several countries as state-religions—the Roman Catholic Church, or that Catholicism without poetry which we see prevailing in England as High Church—that decaying skeleton of belief, from which all bloom and life have passed away."

The great blot which disfigures this work is the attack made upon Count von Platen. Nowhere is Heine's style so masterly in invective, so glittering and incisive, as in this unjust and unwarrantable criticism. The Count von Platen is an admirable writer. He was a profound scholar in Greek, Oriental and modern literature, and a true poet. By his studies and tastes he belonged to the Classical School, and his poems take their colour, and often their form, from the antique models. Heine at this time chose to consider himself as belonging to the Romantic School, and had, it may be, a right, on this ground, to deem Von Platen his opponent. That he had any other cause is now difficult to discover; but he attacks the poetry, the poverty, the person of his rival, with a virulence which no dissimilarity of tastes, no opposition of artistic creed could palliate. He gave his enemies—and they were many—just reason of complaint; he alienated some of his warmest and oldest friends; he displeased all. This defection of friends, and general rising of foes, rather than any imminent political danger, determined Heine to take up his residence in Paris, amongst the joyous, light-hearted people who contrasted so favourably with the "Philistine faces" of his own land.

From 1831, then, Heine seldom left Paris, except to make short visits to the French watering-places. He began at once a series of political letters to the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, some of which he collected and published with his name in the following year. To these he prefixed a bold preface, which could not fail to displease the Prussian Government. The German edition was much mutilated by the censor, and henceforth Heine fought for the liberty of the press in Germany with zeal, and not without success. His letters to his publisher for many years are a history of the long war between himself as the head of the "Young Germany" party on the one hand, and the literary censorship of the authorities on the other. "If I wish to insert," he says, "in the Hamburg journal a notice under the births: my wife 'has been safely delivered of a daughter, beautiful as liberty,' there comes the censor with his red-pencil, and *beautiful as liberty* is crossed out. How long is this to be possible? I know not."

Of his political letters little need now be said. The significance of a newspaper correspondence written in the heat of events is necessarily transient. In 1833, however, appeared the most important of the prose works he had yet published: it was a critical history of modern German literature, and appeared pretty nearly at the same time in France and Germany. In both countries it attracted immense attention. Nor was it unnoticed in England. The *Quarterly Review* criticised it, and spoke of the new luminary that had risen upon its horizon as "a star malign in its influence, wavering in

its orbit, and unsteady in its light.”¹ The first volume contains a history of religion and philosophy from Luther, through Kant, to Hegel. The design of the work is to show how the idea of Christianity and the idea of Protestantism had to free themselves from the encumbrances that grew around them, and must eventually result in Pantheism. The idea itself suffers no loss, cannot be injured:—

“Voltaire could injure only the body of Christianity. All his jests drawn from ecclesiastical history; all his pleasantries directed against dogma and cult; against the Bible, the most sacred book of humanity; against the Virgin Mary, the fairest flower of poesy; the entire lexicon of philosophical arrows which he discharged against the priestcraft of the clergy, touched only the perishable body of Christianity, not its inner reality, nor its deeper spirit—not its unassailable soul. For Christianity is an idea, and, as such, inviolable and immortal.”

It was Luther who first broke open the prison-house of thought, and set Protestantism free. But Protestantism had already begun to act upon Europe. Even Leo X. was a Protestant, in virtue of his sunny artistic nature against the cold melancholy spiritual doctrines of Catholicism.

“As they protested at Wittenburg in Latin prose, so they protested at Rome in colour, in stone, and *ottave rime*. Or do not the powerful marble figures of Michael Angelo, the laughing faces of Giulio Romano's nymphs, and the intoxicated delight in life of Ludovico's verses, make a Protestant antithesis to the languishing melancholy of Catholicism? The painters of Italy engaged in far more effective polemics than did the Saxon theologians. The blooming flesh-tints upon the paintings of Titian are all Protestantism. The graces of his Venus are more real theses than those which the German monk fixed on the church door of Wittenburg.”

Yet Heine is far from underrating the genius and influence of Luther.

“Renown,” he says, “eternal renown to the dear man to whom we owe the preservation of our noblest goods, and by whose merits we live to-day. It becomes us little to complain of the narrowness of his views. The dwarf who stands upon the shoulders of a giant can indeed see farther than the giant himself, especially if he puts on spectacles; but to the higher position are lacking the lofty feeling and the giant heart, which we cannot make our own. It becomes us still less to pass a harsh judgment upon his failings. These failings have benefited us more than the virtues of a thousand others. The subtlety of Erasmus, the gentleness of Melancthon, would never have carried us so far as did often the divine brutality of Brother Martin.”

He traces the rough revolutionary character of the Protestant outburst still farther:—

“A battle-song was that defiant hymn with which he and his companions entered Worms. The old cathedral shook with these new echoes, and the ravens were terrified in their dark nests in the towers. That song, the *Marseillaise* of the Reformation, has kept its power of inspiration to the present day, and it may be we shall use yet again for similar contests the old martial strain:—

“‘Ein’ feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein’ gute Wehr und Waffen.’”

(1) *Quarterly Review*, No. cv., 1835.

Heine maintained that the only faith that allowed the complete emancipation of man was Pantheism, and the remainder of the first volume is occupied in marking the growth of this under the philosophers who have been named. Deity was in everything—in the unconscious life of plants, and in the dream-like semi-conscious existence of animals. In man alone the Deity rose to self-consciousness. And this Pantheism beautified matter, whilst it elevated spirit. In a complete manhood, for instance, as in Luther's, both spirit and matter, spiritualism and sensualism, held their proper positions. Deism, as exemplified in Judaism on the one hand, and on the other in certain forms of Christianity, as Catholicism, wronged matter; whilst materialism, as it became (for example) a crowned incarnation in Frederick the Great, annulled spirit.

"You know this royal materialist," he said in the French edition; "you know that he wrote French verses, played the flute well, that he won the battle of Rossbach, took vast quantities of snuff, and believed only in artillery. Some of you have surely visited Sansouci, and the old pensioner who is in charge of the castle has shown you in the library the French novels which Frederick, when Prince Royal, read in church, and which he got bound in black morocco, that his father might believe he was perusing the Lutheran hymn-book. You know this royal man of the world, whom you call the Solomon of the North. France was the Ophir of this Northern Solomon, and it was hence that he imported his poets and philosophers. For these he cherished a great partiality, like the Solomon of the South, who (as you may read in the Book of Kings, chap. x.) shipped from Ophir, with the assistance of his friend Hiram, whole cargoes of gold, and silver, and ivory, *poets and philosophers*."

The Pantheism in which Heine finds religion is the Pantheism of Spinoza.

"The mathematical form," he says, "gives Spinoza a harsh expression. But this is like the bitter shell of the almond, the kernel is the sweeter. In reading Spinoza there seizes us a feeling as when we behold nature in vital repose. A forest of towering thoughts, whose green summits are in wavelike motion whilst the immovable trunks are rooted in the everlasting earth. There comes a certain breeze from his writings which is inexplicable. We feel, as it were, the light breath of the future. The spirit of the Hebrew prophets rested perhaps upon the last of their descendants."

But Kant, and Fichte, and Schelling were not true, Heine thinks, to the principles they initiated and advanced, and shrank away from the cause of Pantheism. How complete Heine's own apostasy was we shall see later. Goethe, too, the great Pantheistic poet, never took a decided part with regard to that philosophy. Wrapped in the serene indifference of art, he let the stormy enthusiasm of philosophy blow past him, and looked but coldly upon the ardour of Christianity. By thus remaining apart in the tranquillity of conscious power, he became the greatest artist of his time, and the least valuable partisan.

Yet Heine never doubted that the time would come for a great revolution, and that the stage would be Germany.

"The old stone gods will arise from their forgotten tombs and rub the secular

dust from their eyes, and Thor with gigantic hammer shall smite to pieces the cathedral domes of the Goths. The thought precedes the deed, as the lightning the thunder. Our thunder is German, too, is not very lithe, and comes but slowly rolling on; but come it will, and when you hear it peal as it has never pealed in the world's history before, then know that the German thunder has at length rolled home."

The second volume dealt more especially with the Romantic School of poets. Lessing, Herder, and Goethe are the objects of criticism. But the chiefs of this school at this time were the two Schlegels, and Jena was their head-quarters. As Jena was close to Weimar, and Goethe was prime-minister of the duchy, there came about a half-alliance between him and the Romantic School. Schelling was their philosopher, and though he never actually belonged to the party, his personal influence was great. But Schelling became a convert to Catholicism, and therefore lost favour with Heine, and Goethe was too great to be a party-man.

The most remarkable part of the volume is Heine's attack upon the two Schlegels. In abuse, as we have had occasion to see before, he was not moderate. He spared no personality, and his language almost recalls the venomous eloquence which Æschines and Demosthenes poured upon each other. Both Schlegels, with whom he was apparently once on good terms, are abused and inveighed against in all the relations of life. Frederick, the Austrian diplomatist, author of the "Philosophy of History," seemed to him to be more important than his brother. "But he died," says Heine, with no apparent ground for his assertion, "in consequence of gastronomic excesses, after having carried off the wife of his host, and living upon the alms of the insulted husband." For A. W. Schlegel he reserves his choicest abuse. This was the great critic, rival, and literary opponent of Niebuhr. Besides his historical criticisms, A. W. Schlegel had translated Shakespeare, and with his brother was the initiator of Sanscrit research. In metric power Heine allows him to be second to Von Platen alone, after which covert sneer, he denies all his farther pretensions as critic or linguist.

"It is difficult to determine," he says, "what may be his rank as a poet. The violinist, Solomons, who gave lessons to the King of England, George III., said once to his illustrious pupil: 'Violinists are divided into three classes. The first class comprises those who play very badly; the second, those who cannot play at all; to the third belong those who play well. Your most gracious Majesty has already advanced to the second class.' Now does Herr August Wilhelm Schlegel belong to the first or second class? Some say he is no poet, others say he is a very bad one, I am quite certain he is no Paganini."

In 1834 appeared the third and last volume on Germany. In the previous volumes Heine had endeavoured to show that Pantheism was the true religion of Germany. It was a return, he urged, to the old mythology, which peopled the woods and "piny mountains" with gods, and made the elements their dwelling-places.

The stories of fairies, pixies, demons, and devils which Luther believed in, though he denied the spiritual power of the Pope, were traces of the former religion: they were the crumbling fragments of the northern Pantheon. The love of the Romanticists for the middle ages, and their preference of mediæval subjects, were in reality the result of a secret, half-conscious love of primeval Pantheism, whose relics were much more abundant in mediæval times. They were preserved in the stories of magic and witchcraft, and in many of the otherwise inexplicable customs and sayings of the people. The spell of the buried gods, dead, despised, but not altogether forgotten by the true children of the soil, and some day to come back and reign again, was strong upon the poetic imagination of Heine:—

“There is surely something more than a mere fable in the belief that Kaiser Friederich, the old Barbarossa, is not dead, but that he fled, when the hosts of priests pressed him, to a mountain called Kyffhäuser. They say he lies concealed there with his whole court, until the day shall come when he will once more appear in the world to make the German people happy. This mountain is in Thuringia, not far from Nordhausen. I have often passed it, and one fair winter night I remained there for more than an hour, and cried again and again, ‘Come, Barbarossa, come,’ and my heart burned like fire in my breast, and tears rolled down my cheeks. But he came not, the beloved Kaiser Friederich, and I could only embrace the rock in which he dwells.”

This third volume is occupied with the history of popular belief connected with these superstitions. Kobolds, dwarfs, elves, trolls, pixies, and fairies meet with a loving historian. And it is extraordinary that these airy creatures still retain such vitality in Germany. With us the migration of the fairies took place long ago, and it was not the main body that Shakespeare saw on midsummer-nights by Warwick, but loiterers who hung behind. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that since we are Romance as well as Teutonic, these sensitive folk did not find our composite nature genial. But in some respects the German mythology agrees with ours, and Barbarossa may correspond to our King Arthur, who is to come again from the island of Avillion. We have happily nothing to represent the story of Tannhäuser and the Venusberg, but that belongs to a different cycle of legends, and may be traced rather to classical than old German Paganism. At the close of the volume there is an original poetical version of the story.

Although Heine renounced Pantheism in the last years of his life, the work on Germany must ever remain a remarkable book. Open it where we will, we feel that we are breathing the air of freedom and listening to the words of genius. The air hurtles with the arrows of unsparing satire, but it is for the most part against prejudice and bigotry that they are directed, and everywhere there are the two great blessings of literature—light and air.

In 1841 appeared the book upon Ludwig Börne. It was an unfortunate production. Börne was an able critic, an older man than Heine, and had at one time shown him much kindness. The two men had at first the same political views, and Börne, like Heine, was compelled to quit Germany. The revolution attracted him to Paris, where he welcomed his friend upon his arrival. But they drifted farther and farther apart, and their intimacy was broken off. The fault lay with Heine. He had assumed the position of a democrat and a partisan, a most difficult one for an artist to keep. Already he saw, or thought he saw, that in the democracy of the future beauty must yield to expediency, poetry to commonplace commerce. Consistent communism, the equality and fraternity for which he was fighting, would certainly dispense with the nightingale song of the lyricist and the flower-like beauty of art. And so a reaction in his own mind set in against his party, and their resentment was as natural as it was bitter. After Börne's death Heine published this account of their relationship, in which, of course, Börne is made to figure ridiculously. The book aroused many slumbering hatreds in Germany against the author, and involved him in a duel. Some passages he afterwards voluntarily suppressed. The really valuable part of the volume is a kind of intermezzo written at the time of the revolution in the island of Heligoland, and contains a description of the effect the French news produced even at that distance from the centre of the great struggle.

Before the duel Heine celebrated his marriage with a Parisian lady, Mathilde Crescentia Mirat. She had already lived some years with him as his wife, and remained his greatest consolation in the terrible misfortune of his later years. Their union was childless. Late in the same year was printed the poem of "Atta Troll," and in 1844, "Germany—a Winter Story."

But the fatal disease which during Heine's whole life had been impending was now imminent; and in 1848, in the very crisis of the last revolution, he was laid upon the sick couch, never again to rise whole. His disease was a softening of the spinal marrow. The pain caused him perpetual sleeplessness, and his nerves were so paralysed that he had to raise his eyelid with his hand. For eight years he lay almost without power of motion, and had to be fed like a bird. But the finger of paralysis which rendered his body powerless failed to touch his mind or daunt his spirit. When no longer able to write, he dictated letters and poems which had lost nothing of the old daring. In the course of these eight years he published his "Romancero," "Hebrew Melodies," and "Last Poems," and overlooked the issuing of a complete edition of his works. However ill he was, and however much he had suffered during the night, each morning at a fixed time he dictated to his secretary. Afterwards

came some one to read to him, and then he was ready to receive visitors; and these were many. It was in these last helpless years that he enjoyed the reputation he had made. The distinguished men of France and of Germany grudged him his glory no longer, and people from many nations paid their homage in his sick-chamber to a dying poet. After the 17th of February, 1856, they came no more.

Just thirty years before, in Germany, he had drawn a picture of what his old age should be, and how he would sing his dying song:—

“At last the day will come when the fervour in my veins is extinguished, when Winter reigns in my heart, and his white flakes fall but sparingly upon my heart, and his mist is as a veil before my eyes. My friends have long lain in their weather-beaten tombs; I alone am left behind like a lonely halm which the reaper forgets. A new race has sprung up, with new wishes and new thoughts; with wonder I hear new names and new songs. The old names have died away, and I myself am heard no more; honoured still perhaps by few, by many despised, and loved by none. And boys with rosy cheeks come to me, and put the old harp in my trembling hand, and laughingly say, ‘Thou hast long been silent, thou lazy greybeard, sing us again songs of the dreams of thy youth.’

“Then I take the harp, and the old joys and sorrows awake, the mists dissolve, tears bloom again from my dead eyes, there is spring again in my heart, tears of sweet regret tremble in the strings of my harp; I see once more the blue river, and the marble palaces, and the fair faces of women and maidens, and I sing a song of the flowers of Brenta.

“It will be my last lay. The stars will gaze upon me as in the nights of my youth, the enamoured moonlight kisses once more my cheeks, the spirit choirs of dead nightingales are heard in the distance, my eyes close themselves in the intoxication of sleep, my soul dies away like the music of my harp—there is a perfume of the flowers of Brenta.

“A tree shall hang over my tombstone. I should prefer a palm; but this thrives not in the North. It shall be a linden, and lovers shall sit there of a summer evening and caress. The greenfinch who listens and rocks himself in the branches is silent, and my linden sighs sadly above the heads of the happy ones, who are so happy that they find not time to read what is written upon the white headstone. But, afterwards, when the lover has lost his beloved, he will come again to the well-remembered linden and sigh, and weep, and look long and often at the headstone, where he will read the inscription: ‘He loved the flowers of Brenta.’”

But it was not to be. The eight years of agony which he suffered, though they did not quench the fire of his spirit, brought many things before his mind in a different light from that in which he had seen them in happier days. The change which came over his political views some years before has already been referred to. But besides this, there came another, a change in his religious opinions. In the preface to his last volume of poems he makes his recantation. The whole passage is touching; it is Heine’s *apologia pro vitâ suâ*:—

“When we lie on our deathbed we become very gentle and tender-hearted, and would willingly make peace with God and man. I confess I have scratched many, and bitten many, and been no lamb. But since I have stood in need of

God's mercy I have made a truce with all my foes; many beautiful poems, which were directed against very high and very low persons, are for that reason excluded from the present collection. Poems which contained in any degree personalities against Almighty God I have committed to the flames with the zeal of fear. It is better that the verses should burn than the versifier. Yes, I have made peace with the Creator as well as with the creature, to the great displeasure of my enlightened friends, who reproach me for my relapse into the old superstition, as they are pleased to call my return to God. Others express themselves with still bitterer intolerance. Atheism's convocation has pronounced its anathema over me, and there are certain fanatical priests of unbelief who would willingly place me on the rack to make me renounce my heterodoxy. Happily they have no instruments of torture at command except their writings. But I will confess everything without torture. I have really returned to God like the prodigal son, after feeding swine with the Hegelians for many years. The divine home-sickness came upon me, and drove me forth, through woods and vales, over the dizziest mountain pathways of dialectic. On my way I found the god of the Pantheists, but I could make nothing of him. This poor visionary creature is interwoven with and grown into the world. Indeed, he is almost imprisoned in it, and yawns at you, without voice, without power. To have will one must have personality, and to manifest oneself one must have elbow room.

"In religion I admit my backsliding, but I must expressly contradict the report that it has brought me to the bosom or the threshold of any church whatever. No, my religious convictions and belief have remained free from all ecclesiastical prejudice. No music of church bells has seduced me, no splendour of altar candles has dazzled me. I have toyed with no symbolism, nor have I altogether renounced my reason. I have abjured nothing, not even my Pagan gods, from whom it is true I have parted, but only in friendship and love."

Whatever fame Heine has won, or is still to win, as a prose writer, it is by his poetry that he has gained the heart and the love of Germany. Few German poets, except perhaps Uhland, have won so wide and popular a renown. The boatmen as they pass down the Rhine sing his Loreley song, and every boy in Germany is acquainted with some or other song of his. These poems it is difficult to characterise, not more on account of their wide range of subject than because of the sparkle and evanescence of the sentiment. Being in the true sense lyrical, they have little or no connection with each other. "*L'auteur a retiré le fil du collier, mais aucune perle ne lui manque.*" But they have two characteristics which are sometimes thought incompatible—pathos and humour; and these so blended together that it is almost impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends. Ordinary minds separate the two, and fail to appreciate them in combination. Rain is frequent, sunshine is not rare, but a rainbow is always unusual. Heine's poetry is never without something of this double nature. It is the tear and the smile together, and the reader scarcely knows whether laughter or tears will prevail. In his gayest and most careless verses there is an undertone of sorrow and regret, whilst with the saddest songs is mingled something of humour and subtle delight. "*Ce n'est pas un vain cliquetis d'antithèses de dire jérémaïquement d'Henri Heine qu'il est cruel et*

tendre, naïf et perfide, sceptique et crédule, lyrique et prosaïque, sentimental et railleur, passionné et glacial, spirituel et pittoresque, antique et moderne, *moyen-âge* et révolutionnaire.”¹ And it is so with his songs.

Yet, properly speaking, he never wrote a volume of lyrical poetry. His mind caught some sudden flash of light, and a poem sprang into existence. Thus they came, and were mostly printed, one by one. It was only later that he collected these fugitive leaves into a book. The first was the “*Buch der Lieder*.” Its success was immediate. All classes accepted it, with its Hebrew mystery, its Greek beauty, its German tenderness and simplicity. The contradiction and inexplicable inconsistency of its music found nothing like itself except human passion and human nature. It is almost impossible to convey into another language the grace and beauty of the original rhythm—it has not been done yet—but the poems have a farther beauty which may perhaps be retained.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

I.

The mother stood at her lattice, the son lay upon his couch. “Wilt thou not arise, Wilhelm, to see the holy procession?”

“I am so ill, my mother, that I cannot see nor hear; I think of my dead Margaret, and my heart is heavy.”

“Arise, we will go to Kevlaar, take book and rose-wreath; the Mother of God will heal thy broken heart.”

The church banners wave. There is chanting of church music. It is at Köln upon the Rhine. The procession is passing.

The mother follows the crowd, she leads her son. They both join in the chanting. Blessed be thou, Maria!

II.

The Mother of God at Kevlaar wears to-day her best robe. To-day she has much to do, there come many sick folk.

The sick people bring her as offerings limbs fashioned out of wax, many waxen feet and hands.

And whoso offers her a waxen hand, his hand is straight healed of its wound, and whoso offers her a waxen foot, his foot becomes whole.

To Kevlaar has gone many an one on crutches, who now dances in the dance, and many an one plays the viol now who took thither a withered hand.

The mother took a wax-light, and fashioned a heart thereof. “Take thou that to the Mother of God, and she will heal thy pain.”

The son sighed and took the waxen heart; he sighed and went to the holy image. The tears broke from his eyes, the prayer broke from his heart.

“O thou blessed one, O thou holy one, O thou Virgin Queen of heaven, let my sorrow be known unto thee.

“I dwelt with my mother at Köln in the city, the city that has many hundred churches and chapels.

(1) *Revue des Deux Mondes*, July, 1848.

"And near us dwelt Margaret, but now she is dead. Maria, I bring thee a waxen heart, heal thou my wounded heart.

"Heal thou my broken heart. Late and early I will pray and sing fervently: Blessed be thou, Maria!"

III.

The sick son and his mother slumber in the little chamber, Then stepped in lightly the Mother of God.

She bent over the sick man, and laid her hand lightly upon his heart, and smiled and vanished.

The mother saw it all in a dream; she saw more; she awoke from her slumber; the dogs in the court were barking.

There lay her son stretched out, and he was dead; the light of morning fell upon his pale cheeks.

The mother folded her hands; she knew not how she felt. She whispered low, devoutly: "Blessed be thou, Maria!"

Heine preserves the characteristics to which we have referred in all his poems, even in the satiric stanzas of "Atta Troll" and the "Winter Story." As in reading Aristophanes we come upon passages where we are surprised by a beauty alien to comedy, so in these satires we find a wealth of poetry lavished upon an epigram and adorning a jest.

But the poems which show the most sustained power are those which were written during his last illness—those which are found in the "Romancero." The story of the discovery of the body of King Harold by Edith of the Swan-neck is an illustration of this. The "Hebrew Melodies" are equally powerful.

The "Lazarus" poems are the last of the series. Even yet the smile has not vanished from the face of the poet, but the tears are the tears of pain and of unrest to which death alone can bring relief. We will give no specimen of these. The rest has been found now. Heine lies in the cemetery of Montmartre.

To much of the apparent inconsistency in Heine's opinions the key is to be sought in his peculiar position. At the time he was born his father had already renounced Judaism, without having adopted Christianity; and although he himself was educated at a Roman Catholic seminary, and was formally baptized, yet the mythology of Greece and Rome exercised a stronger influence upon him than any Christian teaching. His mind was the perpetual battle-field of opposing forms of thought. He was swayed alternately by Judaism and Hellenism; he wavered between the Romantic and the Classical schools; he could not decide for the democracy of science or the aristocracy of art. That from these conflicting principles he failed to evolve a clear and consistent system, should be no matter of wonder, far less of reprobation. His efforts have made ours easier.

J. D. LESTER.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH MR. LEONARD REPORTS PROGRESS, AND FURTHER
MEASURES ARE CONCERTED.

BOILING with impatience, maddened by her husband's defeat, Mrs. Upjohn sat in her bower, expecting Mr. Leonard's second visit. The doors had been carefully hung with a thick crimson cloth, and the little octagon was now a retreat as convenient as could be desired for any clandestine use, whether conspiracy, intrigue, or secret negotiation. Mr. Upjohn had not yet returned to town—very probably in no hurry to confront his wife without giving her time to digest his discomfiture.

Mr. Leonard was punctual, and came in nodding approbation at the crimson curtains and the perfection of all the arrangements. Knowing what had happened as well as Mrs. Upjohn herself, for the newspapers had informed him of the result of the election, he was prepared to find her in a more determined mood than on the former day, and more ready for strong measures; but he was not the less resolved to apply the goad, if it was only for his own amusement.

"Nothing else was to be expected, madam," he said, as he took his seat, "when two such planets meet as an unscrupulous woman and an unprincipled attorney."

"Isn't she a monster, Mr. Leonard?"

"It's a bad business, ma'am—that's all that's to be said."

"Now, sir, what is to be done?"

"We must talk of that," he replied coolly; "but first, madam, it is my duty to report what we have done in obedience to your instructions, including your letter, which I duly received. In the first place, as Mr. Alexander has been down at Penrose, I have no guilty meetings at the Cavendish to report, on the principle that a man cannot be in two places at once, like the celebrated Irish bird you may perhaps have heard of."

"No, really, I never did," said Mrs. Upjohn, a little impatiently. "Is her illness real or pretended? That's what I want to know in the first place."

"On that point, madam, I am in a position to report that a doctor's carriage has been twice seen at the door; and as on the last occasion the doctor came out laughing, I think, madam, there can be no doubt as to the inference to be drawn."

"Not much, Mr. Leonard—I thought so."

"But the game, madam, is very well played, I must say. The apothecary's boy came regularly with the medicines, as if it was the most serious case. There have been pills twice, saline draughts three times, and two—I think three—sleeping draughts. I mention these particulars to show you how carefully our officers do their duty."

"Very well indeed," said Mrs. Upjohn; "and now as to the lady I wished you to have your eye on."

"I was coming to her. We have seen her, madam, and come to the conclusion that she is a very dangerous sort of person."

"She is a base wretch, Mr. Leonard."

"I can assure you, madam, that she is as corrupt a creature as any elector of Penrose; she is capable of receiving the paltriest bribes."

"Oh, I know it—I have long known it, Mr. Leonard; she is just as corrupt as she can be."

"You only do your fair friend justice, madam. I have a list here of the bribes she has actually pocketed—or, I should rather say, put in a neat little basket—in the course of two days at the Cavendish."

"Oh, do tell me!" cried Mrs. Upjohn eagerly. "I know that little basket of hers so well."

"In the first place," he replied, giving full reins to his fancy, "a gooseberry tart, with only a small bit carved out of it, which I suppose Mrs. Rowley had; next, a lobster, all but one claw, with a bag of Naples biscuits; thirdly, some as fine strawberries as ever you saw. And what do you think was under the strawberries?" he added, with a wink and a chuckle at his own invention—"one of the boxes of pills, ma'am, as sure as God's in Gloucester."

"And what inference do you draw from that?" said Mrs. Upjohn.

"That the lobster had disagreed with her the night before," replied the ready Mr. Leonard, "and that the pills were not taken by Mrs. Rowley, because she is as well as you are."

"Really, you do your business wonderfully," said Mrs. Upjohn.

"Oh, ma'am! the lobster and the pills are nothing to what I have now to tell you. The serious matter is, that Miss Cateran has been despatched to Paris."

"To Paris! You amaze me."

"She left town this morning, ma'am, by the early train, to catch the first packet to Dover."

Mrs. Upjohn trembled with rage, her lips were white, and her fingers quivered with agitation.

"You have active foes to deal with, madam," said Mr. Leonard, with his customary professional gravity, from which he seldom deviated for any long time.

"And what do you suppose she has been sent to Paris for?" said Mrs. Upjohn.

"We don't pretend to omniscience," said Mr. Leonard, "but it occurs to me that she is not sent to do you any service; and I think, madam, you would do well to follow her by the next boat."

"Oh, that's quite out of the question, Mr. Leonard. You can hardly be serious."

"Perfectly serious, madam, I assure you; but as you say it is impossible, I say no more. Only I thought, after your husband's defeat—excuse the liberty I take—but I fancied you were a lady who would not tamely put up with humiliation."

"In heaven's name, sir, tell me what's to be done; but be practical, I implore you."

"Nothing, madam, as far as I can see," he replied, falling back in his chair with the air of a man who has got no more to add to what he has already said.

"Nothing, sir?"

"At least, I don't see what better you can do than make it up with Mrs. Rowley, instead of quarrelling with her."

"Mr. Leonard!"

"She is a very important personage—in fact, a great lady, ma'am; and suppose the worst, that Mr. Rowley should die, and she should marry Mr. Alexander, she would probably keep a fine house, give grand entertainments, no end of dinners and balls, to bring out her daughters; in short, live in a splendid style; and the splendour would all be reflected on yourself, my dear madam, and your family."

"Mr. Leonard, you are too insolent; you want to offend me."

"Besides, who knows but she might be induced to reinstate your husband in the management of her property? which would be a very nice thing for him."

"I can't stand this, sir; you forget yourself. I have not employed you that you should come here and insult me," gasped Mrs. Upjohn, almost inarticulate with anger.

"And, moreover," continued Mr. Leonard, with the same unrelenting coolness, "Mrs. Rowley, her husband being in Parliament, would naturally go to Court, where, from all I hear, she is so well calculated to shine; and you would naturally have the advantage of being presented yourself, should you desire it."

Mrs. Upjohn could stand no more. For a moment she was speechless with wrath; then started up, and waving her hand with tremendous action, she commanded Mr. Leonard to begone.

He sat perfectly unmoved both by her passion and her orders; and merely said in the quietest way—

"I have offered you terms of peace, my dear madam;—if you prefer war, say so."

"Have I not said so? Have I spoken of anything else? You misunderstand me wilfully; for what purpose I don't know. I only want you to advise me what to do."

"Do!—since you ask me the question point-blank, and I see that you are really in earnest, I'll answer you in a very few words. Make use of the facts you already possess, instead of losing time in collecting more, which you can do very well without."

"I don't take you."

"Surely, madam, we possess sufficient information to open Mr. Rowley's eyes, as you call it, wide enough for all practical purposes."

"What purposes do you mean?"

"The punishment of his wife?"

"And how?"

"Madam, I am astonished at a lady of your rare abilities asking such a question. Why do you think that clever friend of yours has been sent to Paris?"

"With some bad design, certainly; but I really have no distinct idea what it can be."

"Then, madam, I see it as clearly as I see you. Mrs. Rowley fears that, as her husband is displeased with her, and is in a very bad way, he may possibly make some change in his will, to her disadvantage. Miss Cateran's mission is to prevent that. Now, ought this move to be met on your part or not? If Mr. Rowley is in a frame of mind to change his will, it is for you to consider whether he ought not to be encouraged to do so; and change it to some purpose, which he would infallibly do if the facts of his wife's conduct were fully and clearly presented to his mind by a competent person."

"That would involve your going over to Paris."

"Why, ma'am, did I not tell you that Paris was my head-quarters? There you must play the game, or throw up the cards."

"I *will* play the game, Mr. Leonard," cried Mrs. Upjohn, with desperate energy, rising and stamping the floor. "Consider that settled. Are you in a position to leave London?"

"To-day, or, at furthest, to-morrow."

"I place myself, Mr. Leonard, entirely in your hands."

"Just so, madam, you have only to give me *carte blanche*, and if I don't redress every wrong and insult you ever received from that vile woman, your sister-in-law, my name is not Nicholas Leonard. But I must draw on you before I leave England."

"How much shall you want?"

"Two hundred, madam, for the present."

"Oh dear, Mr. Leonard, how shall I ever raise two hundred pounds?—hereafter, of course."

"You have a husband, ma'am, and your husband, I have no doubt, has always a handsome balance at his banker's."

"But my husband must know nothing of all this. Besides, he is not come to town. I think I could let you have twenty at once."

"Two hundred, madam, not a penny less—it is only my retaining fee. You might as well offer an eminent barrister half a guinea. I must have two hundred before I stir a foot; and as to raising it, I must only leave that to your financial genius, which will rise, I have no doubt, to the level of the situation."

When it came to the money question, no man could be more sternly serious than Mr. Leonard. There was no help for it. She sighed deeply, but undertook to have the money ready for a messenger to be sent for it in the course of the evening. Mr. Leonard now rose, but as he was not to see her again before starting for the Continent, he said he had some advice to give her, which he prefaced by inquiring what kind of man her consort was.

"A simple, good-natured, easy man," was Mrs. Upjohn's rapid sketch of her husband. "For example, all the world wouldn't persuade him that Mrs. Rowley is not an angel of purity."

"He never opens your letters by any chance?"

"Open my letters! I should like to see him."

"Do you ever open his by any chance?"

"Often, and read them too, when I choose to take the trouble."

"You had better see any letters he may receive from his brother just now. 'By your leave, gentle wax,' as immortal Billy has it. It is just possible Mr. Rowley might wish to see him. That would never do. You must not allow that."

"He shall stay at home, Mr. Leonard, you may depend on it."

"All right, madam. I shall always instruct you where to write, and what precautions to take in writing to me. Sometimes I may have occasion to employ a cipher, of which I shall provide you with a key. Occasionally my brother will call on you. Confide in him as you do in me. And now, my dear madam, only one word more in parting. Talk of every subject in the world just now but what is uppermost in your mind. Remember what the great Frenchman called the true use of language—use it only to conceal your thoughts; and if you can find a good word now and then for people who least deserve it from you, it would be the wisest tone to take. As I have more than once said to my lady clients, 'Be you the innocent flower,' leave me to perform 'the serpent under it.'"

"Two hundred pounds!" thought Mrs. Upjohn, when Leonard had disappeared, like a meteor leaving a flashy train behind it, represented by his usual scrap of declamation—"two hundred pounds! How am I to get it? And before six o'clock this very evening! My husband absent too! It is a great deal of money certainly, but that's not the question. It must be had, that's the long and the short of it. After all, I know no law against a wife

writing her husband's name on a slip of paper, and I suppose what's not illegal can't be very wrong."

That she actually soliloquised in these exact words, it would be rash to assert, but they probably represent pretty nearly what passed through her mind, both premises and conclusion. She went straight down to her husband's study, first rummaged his desks and drawers in hopes of finding his cheque-book, which she had often seen even lying about on his table, as if it was of no more consequence than a Bradshaw; then, not finding it, she took half a sheet of note-paper, scratched a cheque for the sum she wanted as like her husband's rambling hand as she could scrawl, and taking it to Messrs. Gold-hammers', his bankers, where she was well known, received a Bank-of-England note in exchange, without a remark made, except a useful one which she made herself on the facility with which, after all, a hundred pounds or so may be raised when one has the wit to go the right way about it.

How wonderfully calming are great undertakings! How the mind grows tranquil under the influence of deep and large projects such as now occupied the faculties of Mrs. Upjohn! No doubt the parting advice of her new ally helped; but whether the very magnitude and seriousness of her designs had stilled the passions which inspired them, or Mr. Leonard's prudent counsels had produced the desired effect, never was man so agreeably surprised as her husband was at the amiable reception he got on returning home, as he did that same evening. To himself personally his defeat was a very slight disappointment; so when he found that his wife was able to bear it with resignation, and that the storm was so unexpectedly gone down, when he expected to find it raging worse than ever, he felt more comfortable than he had done for many a long day; and even ventured to compliment Mr. Alexander upon his handsome conduct in the business, and congratulate himself on having made his acquaintance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. ROWLEY ARRIVES IN PARIS—A REMARKABLE EVENING AT MR. WOODVILLE'S, AND WHO MADE THE GREATEST FIGURE ON THE OCCASION.

MRS. ROWLEY'S journey to Paris was broken only by a night's rest at Dover. The third day saw them all in the French capital, where the reader already has had an inkling of the miserable state of things that awaited them.

Fortunately, her journey in fine weather, and the air of the sea,

had made such an improvement in Mrs. Rowley, as to enable her to meet the shock she received on arriving at her old apartments. Pushing the servants aside, thinking of nothing but her husband, she rushed to his chamber, and only discovered what had happened when she saw the bed vacant, and the room in all the alarming desolation of perfect order. There had been no time to apprise her of Mr. Rowley's flight, nor indeed anybody to do it; for the blow had been too much for Fanny, and she was taken dangerously ill on the night when we left Mr. Woodville doing what he could to comfort her.

"Where is he?—where is my husband?" cried Mrs. Rowley, rushing out again. In the corridor she met Miss Ceteran, who knew not what to answer. "Where is he, Letitia? Tell me at once—don't dare to deceive me," she cried again, with the energy of terror.

Two thoughts, both dreadful, had in a moment occurred to Mrs. Rowley—one that he was dead, the other that he had been put into confinement.

Those extreme apprehensions were soon dispelled, but it was in vain that Miss Ceteran attempted to restrain her from flying to his new apartments. There again she rushed past Thomson, and would have made her way over all obstacles to her husband's side, had not Dr. Lawrence met her, coming opportunely out of the bed-room, and using gentle violence, pressed her back, while by his gestures he imposed silence.

Yielding at once to the medical authority, Mrs. Rowley allowed herself to be led through the *salon* to the ante-chamber, where no conversation that took place could be overheard in her husband's room.

"Mrs. Rowley," said Lawrence, when they were alone, "you have always reposed confidence in me, and I expect you to repose it still. You must not see your husband as long as the present crisis lasts. In fact——"

"He has removed here to avoid me. Is it not so? I read the answer in your looks."

One or two more pointed questions, and one or two answers, more or less explicit, enabled a woman of Mrs. Rowley's apprehension to understand her situation perfectly. She had only to inquire what suggestions Lawrence had to make as to any possible means of allaying his patient's mental irritation, and gradually recalling him to reason.

"Would he allow Susan to come to him, do you think?"

Lawrence shook his head.

"Good God!" cried Mrs. Rowley, "what can his daughters have done to offend him?"

"Nothing, of course; yet when he first came here he gave positive

directions that Miss Fanny was not to follow him. At the same time," he added, "there ought to be a lady here to superintend his servants, manage everything, and see that my instructions are carried out, and if she were also a person whom he would not object to see and talk with, she might have opportunities of being useful in more ways than one, and to his family as well as to himself. What of the lady who came over to stay with your daughter?"

"She is just the sort of person you describe. My husband used to like her, which was the very reason I sent her over before me."

"He must know nothing of that; he must think she has dropped from the sky. Leave that to me. I will take an opportunity of mentioning her name, and if he expresses a wish to see her, she might then take up her quarters here, with or without his knowledge, according to circumstances. Or there is a *quatrième* to be let opposite to Mr. Woodville, if Miss Cateran should have any scruple about sharing Mr. Rowley's apartments."

At another time Mrs. Rowley would have smiled at the notion of Letitia scrupling to establish herself in such comfortable quarters.

"I fear you have travelled too soon; you are far from well yourself," continued Lawrence, observing how pale she looked and worn; for in an hour Mrs. Rowley seemed to have lost all the little she had gained on the journey.

"No, no," she replied, rising and summoning back, with a fine effort, all her spirit, and with it even a little of her complexion; "I am well enough—a crazy husband and a sick daughter are illness enough in the family—don't talk to me about myself—tell me what you think of my poor Fanny, before I see her."

"She is greatly shattered," said the doctor; "she has gone through a great deal too much for her; she will require the greatest care; and, fortunately, my dear Mrs. Rowley, you can devote yourself entirely to her, as here you can do absolutely nothing."

Dr. Lawrence walked back with Mrs. Rowley to the other house; and as they passed out of the gate he asked the *concierge* whether the *quatrième* was still *à louer*.

"Non, monsieur."

"Et le nouveau locataire?"

"Encore un Anglais, monsieur."

Mr. Woodville had been anxious about the letting of the chambers opposite his own; an agreeable neighbour is so pleasant, and there are so many little ways in which a disagreeable one may be troublesome. As he was going out the same evening to call on Mrs. Rowley, he saw the new-comer for the first time. They met on the stairs, Woodville going down, the other going up; and the stranger made so good an impression that the artist congratulated himself upon having at least a quiet, gentlemanlike man for his neighbour. There

was hardly light to make very particular observations, but he seemed to be a grave man, about fifty, of the middle size, head rather round, hair black, and turning grey, complexion pale, dress plain and quiet. He had some books in his hand, which made Woodville conclude that he was literary or studious. For a day or two he saw no more of Mr. Sandford, for that was his name; but one night, just as he was preparing for bed, somebody knocked at his door, and when he went to it he found a person at it, who apologised for intruding at so unseasonable an hour, and begged a lucifer-match to light his candle. Woodville asked him to come in, and when the candle was lighted recognised his neighbour, and made the usual civil speech, that no excuses were necessary, it was only a neighbourly office, which he often stood in need of himself. It was no time for further parley, even on a summer night, as Woodville was only half-dressed, so the stranger simply thanked him, and retired; but short a time as the incident took, it gave the artist a still better idea of Mr. Sandford, who was evidently a reading man, for again he had books under his arm, possibly just purchased, or brought from a circulating library.

Mr. Woodville was now so satisfied that he had got a quiet, reading man for a neighbour, that he not merely saluted him, but stopped to talk to him the next day, meeting him on the stairs, and hoped he found his apartments comfortable. The conversation was very short, but there was a serious and melancholy tone in the few words uttered by the stranger, which interested the artist so much that he left his card on him next day. The visit was formally returned in due course. Woodville soon found that Mr. Sandford was nearly as retired in his habits as himself, evidently a bookish man, if not professionally a man of letters. His studious habits accounted for a stoop, which took something from his natural height. Woodville understood stoops, and could distinguish the stoop literary from the stoop official, the stoop mercantile, or the stoop legal. He had no doubt about Mr. Sandford's stoop, and determined to know more of him.

Every Wednesday night for many years Mr. Woodville held a reunion of his artistic and literary friends. They assembled at eight o'clock, and seldom broke up before twelve. There was conversation, and coffee, and smoking, of course, except when there were ladies, which, however, did not often happen. Mrs. Rowley and her daughters had repeatedly favoured him with their company, and Woodville was proud to let his French friends see such good specimens of his countrywomen. It would have been vain now to have asked them to his Wednesdays. They were in too much trouble for that. But the next time he met Mr. Sandford he told him of his reunions, and hoped, whenever he was doing nothing better, he would drop in, though he had no entertainment to offer but talking and tobacco.

“ ‘Chosen leaf of bard and chief,’ ” said Mr. Sandford, with grave facetiousness, graciously accepting the artist’s invitation. Nothing tells so well as a stroke of pleasantry made by a melancholy man. The solitary stranger is a wit, thought Woodville, as well as a scholar. In the course of the day he repeated, what he called Mr. Sandford’s *mot*, to every one he met; and he was impatient for Wednesday to come round to introduce his new star into the firmament.

Indeed, he had two stars to present, for he had made Arnaud’s acquaintance, and felt sure his appearance would make a sensation too; not only as a gigantic Englishman, but as a spiritual knight-errant, who might very well represent St. George himself.

If he had wanted a lady, and a very clever and attractive one, too, to represent the women of England, since the Rowleys were not to be had, there was a lady who wanted only to be asked. Miss Ceteran had heard of Mr. Woodville’s *soirées*, and though she was now settled in Mr. Rowley’s apartment, she had not so much to do that she could not have run up to the top of the house for half an hour to see the French notabilities; and she would not have interrupted the smoking either, for Letitia could now and then smoke a cigarette herself. But though Woodville met her at Mrs. Rowley’s, and piqued her curiosity by mentioning all the great names he expected, above all, the interesting Mr. Sandford, he did not invite her on this occasion; she only hoped he would on another.

Woodville knew very well she was dying to be asked; he told Arnold so, and told him at the same time that he was determined not to ask her, she looked so sharp and had such critical eyes—the very same objections he had made so many years before to Mrs. Rowley. Certainly there was a good deal about Mr. Woodville’s establishment, and especially his studio, on which an ill-natured critic might have made satirical remarks; and before his friends assemble a short description will not be out of place. His apartment had several advantages due to its altitude: it was airy, sunny, and quiet in proportion to its height above the noise of the street. A little too near the pigeons it was certainly, and exposed to the serenadings of amorous grimalkins; but it commanded a charming view for a city, looking down over the spacious gardens of all the numerous hotels in that brilliant *faubourg*. There were four pieces, of which the *salon*, which was also his *studio*, was the largest.

Some readers would probably like an inventory of the upholstery, but the owner had no inventory of it himself; in fact, it was not worth cataloguing, while at the same time nothing could be less common-place. On the contrary, you wondered how so many queer old things were got together, of all sorts of woods and stuffs, fashions and epochs. But there was not a grain of dust on the oldest chair or sofa, thanks to Honorine; and

singular as the *ensemble* was, no room could possibly be more cheerful, particularly when it was lighted up well, and the light of every bougie was reflected by twenty odds and ends of looking-glass, beside two or three pendules and other articles of gilt antiquity. However, who thinks in a studio of anything but works of art? The walls of Woodville's were hung with innumerable fragments, showing both the talent he possessed and the qualities he wanted. Here was a clever landscape, only that some of the trees had not put forth a leaf, while others were in full foliage. Here was a fine head with only one eye, which being a good one, made you regret the more the want of its fellow. Again, there was an orange tree in full fruit, except a single orange which had never ripened, and was not even green. There was a great captain with one leg, and you might have supposed that he had lost the other very properly in battle, only that Woodville had not been so humane as to give him a wooden leg in exchange for it. Yet there was genius in all these *disjecta membra* of the pencil; and though he often got hard hits from some of his company, as his provoking peculiarities well deserved, he received from others, and often from his censors themselves, just compliments on the felicity of an idea or the brilliancy of some of his *morceaux*.

Among the unfinished things which had advanced little beyond the stage of conception were one or two great designs. There was a battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. One of the Centaurs in the foreground was a promising outline, but the head and one hoof only were finished; the horse looked as if it had been cut in twain, like Baron Munchausen's by the fall of the portcullis. The artist may very well have dreaded the admission of such a keen observer as Miss Cateran into an exhibition so open to criticism.

Woodville entertained Arnaud that day at dinner before his friends met. Honorine could send up a little banquet very comfortably. She was, as we have said, cook and housemaid, and butler, and everything, particularly excelling in a *sole au gratin* and an *omelette aux confitures*.

This preliminary dinner was just over about half an hour before the time of assembling came, and Woodville was just talking of Mr. Sandford, and saying that they would probably find out in the course of the evening what his spécial pursuits were, or business in Paris, if any he had, when the door opened, and that gentleman was announced. He had a paper roll in his hand, and after some apology and modest hesitation, said he hoped Mr. Woodville would permit him before his friends arrived to mention the outline of a design in which he had long been engaged, and which he was anxious to take every opportunity of submitting to the consideration of men of studious and artistic tastes. Woodville was delighted, and assured him that

nothing could possibly gratify himself or his friends more than to receive any communication of the kind. The discussion of a literary project was just the sort of thing to make his reunion pleasant.

He then presented Arnaud to Mr. Sandford as a chivalrous enthusiast burning to extend the conquests of Christian civilisation, and threw himself into an attitude of the most respectful attention.

"I am engaged then, gentlemen," said Sandford, "in trying to found a society, which provisionally allow me to call the Swiss Hamlet Voluntary Association, to consist in the first instance of perhaps about a score of members, artists, poets, men of letters, and elegant and refined pursuits in general, such as your own and those of the distinguished gentlemen whom I am to have the honour of meeting presently."

"A club in fact," said Woodville.

"A club you may call it, but of a novel and to some extent romantic and sentimental character. It is, in fact, an expansive realisation of an idea of which the germ is to be found in Shakspeare, the sort of retired and rural community feigned to exist in the forest of Ardennes with the melancholy Jacques, or that in the park of Navarre round the gay and elegant Biron, neither altogether, but something of both."

"It sounds charming," said Woodville; "excuse me, Mr. Sandford, but as you allude to Jacques, I cannot help remarking that there is something in you that irresistibly reminds me of that exquisite character, excuse me for taking the liberty of saying so."

"You only pay me too high a compliment," replied Sandford, with the gravest of smiles; "you will think it curious when I tell you that my friends often call me *Penseroso*. But permit me to resume. I trust my idea is practical, Mr. Woodville, as well as charming. I am essentially a man of practice, who is not in the habit of broaching plans which he has not maturely considered—

'Tis not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripened fruit of long delay.'

"What a beautiful and apt quotation!" said Woodville.

"Thus I argue the matter," pursued Sandford. "What men like ourselves do so often in parties of two or three, what is there to prevent us from doing in greater numbers? If there is nothing easier and nothing more common than for a few sympathising friends to retire for a portion of the year into some enchanting and well-chosen seclusion, and there live as they fancy, or by whatever rules they choose to establish, why may not fifty or a hundred men of harmonious habits and tastes agree to do the same thing? Reflect for a moment, and you will see that even in these prosaic days there is nothing chimerical in what I propose."

"Really, as you put it," said Woodville, greatly interested, "I cannot see that there is. Quite the contrary."

"I see your friend smiles," said Sandford; "but I ask him confidently to point out anything impracticable in it."

"He is engaged himself," said Woodville, "in enterprises ten times as wild."

"My enterprise will not clash with Mr. Sandford's," said Arnaud; "I beg he will proceed with his statement."

"I am quite prepared for the charge of being Utopian," resumed the stranger; "but there is a great deal in Utopia which (excuse the paradox) is not Utopian. An illustration just occurs to me. Observe that grand Centaur of Mr. Woodville's—for a grand work I must call it, unfinished as it is. The Centaur himself is a monster, but not so the head, with its glorious eye—not so the limbs of the horse, or that hoof, which I am afraid of a kick from even at this distance. There is more truth and reality, after all, in the Centaur than mere imagination. So with the conception from which I borrow the scheme of my society. I eliminate the pure romance, and out of the remaining realities I construct a plan to which I have obtained so many adherents that we are already discussing where and when to make our first experiment."

"I can imagine nothing more captivating," cried Woodville, who had been growing more and more excited as Sandford proceeded, as well as very naturally gratified by the way in which he illustrated his ideas; "I think you give yourself needless trouble in defending your project from the imputation of being visionary. Why should not a hundred men have a village as well as one man a villa for the season? Put my name down at all events, my dear sir; and I think there are many of my friends who will be happy to join."

"I shall be proud to explain myself more in detail when they arrive," said Mr. Sandford.

"May I make bold to ask, sir," said Woodville timidly, "what first led you to form a plan of such a seductive nature—such a happy blending of the pleasures of society with the pensiveness of the hermitage?"

Mr. Sandford sighed, faltered, and gravely answered:—

"The old story, Mr. Woodville: disgust with the world; disgust with the commonplaces of life; misfortune to some extent, but taste more; taste for books, for the country, for social enjoyment relieved from fashionable formalities; in short, gentlemen, for nature, art, literature, virtue, and liberty."

The *litterati* now began to drop in, and from the important air with which Woodville presented them successively to his speculative and sentimental countryman, they could not but feel that no slight honour was conferred upon them by the introduction.

It was one of Woodville's most brilliant evenings. There were assembled, amongst others, Florimel and Rosenfleur, painters, whose *paysages* were considered delicious. There was César Legrand, famous for his battle-pieces; and Le Gros-Sauvageon, who excelled in scenes of terror and desolation. His great work was the "Last Day at the North Pole." There was also De la Rue, painter of city life. There was an "Organ-Grinder" of his who made those who saw the picture stop their ears with their fingers. Among the bards was Chevelu, a dithyrambic poet, with a beard like a comet's tail—if there are comets with black tails in any part of the firmament. He looked as if he was always expecting the moment of inspiration, and ready to burst into song. There was Sourniois, a theatrical critic; and La Squelette, whose *mélodrames* were making all Paris shudder. The rest were a miscellaneous group, including an abbé, some journalists, two novelists—one English, one French—an antiquarian, and a professor of entomology.

Woodville was far too ardent and bitten by Mr. Sandford's enterprise to allow any other topic to take precedence, though Chevelu was burning to recite his last ode, and the entomologist had a new theory to explain the *modus operandi* in biting of a flea and its congeners. So the cigars and pipes were no sooner lighted than the Joint-Stock-Swiss-Hamlet-Association was again on the *tapis*, Woodville first giving a short *résumé* of the proposal.

Most of Woodville's friends understood English pretty well, though they did not all speak it; and accordingly the conversation of the evening was mostly in that language, chiefly in consideration of Mr. Sandford and Arnaud. The former, as was natural for so shy a man, had fallen into the background while the company thickened; but being pressed forward by his host, he resumed the explanations of his plan with all the enthusiasm of a projector.

"I have recommended my plan," he said, "to my English friends on the authority of our illustrious Shakspeare; and now I have the honour of presenting it to Frenchmen with the sanction of one of the most renowned names in their literature—I need hardly say that I mean the famous curate of Meudon."

"How universally read he is!" said Woodville aside to the English novelist.

"Oh yes," said one of the Frenchmen, addressing the projector; "I easily recognise the Gargantuan Abbey in your free and joyous community."

"The principle of that institution," said Sandford, "is precisely the principle of mine. The inhabitants of my Swiss village will lead exactly the same tranquil life, removed from the distractions, vulgarities, and rogueries of the world, every one following the bent of his humour. The poets will lie in the shade and rhyme, the geo-

logist will collect specimens, and the entomologist will enlarge his acquaintance with the insect world."

"A Swiss chalet," said M. Sourniois, "is just the place for that."

"Tant mieux!" cried the entomologist; "à propos des puces, messieurs——"

"Qu'il est ennuyant avec ses puces!" muttered M. Chevelu, burning with impatience to recite his stanzas.

It only required the slightest interruption of Mr. Sandford's tedious explanations of his scheme to cut them short altogether. Only one or two, beside Woodville himself, wanted to hear any more of his maunderings.

"A man of one idea," said Dr. Lawrence.

"But what a good one!" said Woodville, displeased with his company for not hearing Mr. Sandford further, which they were determined not to do.

M. Chevelu settled the matter by reciting his ode, which he had no sooner finished, when M. Papillon, the entomologist, seized his opportunity, and cried—

"Maintenant, M. Woodville, attrapez-moi une puce—je vais expliquer——"

"Demandez cela à Honorine," said Woodville, testily; "vous attraperez bien autre chose."

M. Papillon was forced to give up all hopes of occupying attention. The remainder of the soirée passed in the usual way, the company chatting in little knots, and Woodville and Sandford still discussing in a corner the scheme which everybody else was tired of. At the usual hour the party began to break up, and nobody remained but Arnaud, Sandford, and the Doctor. Woodville then asked Lawrence about his patient on the *premier*.

"No change," he replied, "except for the worse. He has been inquiring for a book on the English law of conspiracy."

"That will not be easily got in Paris," said the artist.

"Impossible," said Lawrence; "but to-morrow he will probably have forgotten all about it. In fact, if he continues a week longer in this state, he must be removed to a *maison de santé*."

Mr. Sandford, who seemed not to have been paying any particular attention to this conversation, now rose and retired, bowing in respectful silence to the Doctor and Arnaud.

"An interesting man, is he not?" said Woodville instantly.

"He has a trick of winking which I don't admire," said Arnaud.

"Trick of winking!" said the artist, laughing; "he is suffering with an affection of the upper eyelid, a paralysis of the *levator* muscle, which causes the fall of the lid—we call it *ptosis*, eh, Lawrence?"

"I should rather say it was spasmodic action of the *orbicularis*

palpebrarum, which receives a branch of the seventh or facial nerve," said the Doctor.

Arnaud was too modest to have an opinion of his own after so learned a discussion.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW MISS CATERAN CARRIED HER POINT, AND HOW MR. ROWLEY CHANGED HIS WILL.

By the Doctor's management, Miss Cateran was now installed in Mr. Rowley's apartments, as had been arranged between Lawrence and Mrs. Rowley. Letitia was now in possession of the keys of office, and probably no minister of state had ever a keener appreciation of the profits of place. She had an early taste of its sweets, for in the first of the very few interviews she had with the unfortunate gentleman, he put a bank-note for a thousand francs into her hand, telling her in his feeble treble, that it was a week's expenses, and she would receive the same sum every Monday, whether he was able to see her or not.

"I'll keep a strict account, sir," said Letitia, in genuine agitation, between the impression he made on her with his ghastly physiognomy, and the flattering glimpse she had of inevitable little pickings at the end of the week.

"But I want no account—I will have no account," he replied, with sudden excitement; "I have had too much of accountants."

"Very well, sir," said the poor lady, frightened by his manner, though the prohibition simplified her duties of housekeeping so much and so agreeably.

She sat for awhile, longing to escape, but afraid to stir without his leave, his strange eyes were fixed on her so wildly. At length he suddenly extended his wasted hand to her across the table, to meet hers, which was resting on it; he grasped it hysterically, and said, "Letitia, be faithful to a deserted man!"

The appeal was so unexpected, and so pathetic, that it overpowered her in the nervous state she was already in, and she burst into tears.

"Don't cry, but write a letter for me," he murmured, letting go her hand, "to my brother. I want him near me. Do you think they will allow him to come?"

"Who would prevent him, sir?" said Miss Cateran, recovering herself.

"Everybody; but if he only gets my letter he will come: I say if

he gets my letter. Nobody but you and I must know that I have written."

"I can post the letter myself, sir," said Letitia.

"That's it, that's it," he cried; "write what I bid you."

The writing materials were on the table. The letter he dictated was very short, but the language was so vehemently touching that Letitia was nearly in tears again. It was a great relief to her, after the letter was written and sealed and directed, to be sent off immediately to post it. Before she went, however, he clutched her, hand again, and said she must sometimes come in and sing some of her pretty French romances, which she used to sing for him long ago. But he never thought of it again.

After Miss Cateran had seen Mr. Rowley two or three times, Lawrence saw her, and asked what she thought of his faculties.

"Perfect," said Letitia; "makes his arrangements quite rationally."

"I am not surprised," said the doctor; "the patient in these cases will often be perfectly rational with one person, and quite wild with another."

"Why, dear me," said Miss Cateran, "do you really suspect he is out of his mind?"

Lawrence was in a hurry, and replied that he would rather not speak on that subject at present.

Miss Cateran was placed in a dilemma on this and other similar occasions, between her wish to act right towards Mrs. Rowley, whose distress she really felt, and the feeling that it would be almost dishonourable to betray the confidence which Mr. Rowley had placed in her so pathetically; but at the same time it is not altogether beyond the bounds of possibility that the advantages of her position may have helped to confirm her in the resolution she came to, that if Mr. Rowley was to be confined or treated as a lunatic, it should not be upon her evidence, or by her assistance.

Still, snugly lodged, and well off as she was, she had a solitary life of it, and had many a dull hour on her hands, though up to her knees in clover. She was glad of the company of an Angora kitten, which the last lodgers had left behind them, and very angry with Mr. Woodville, for not so much as paying her a visit, which he might have done, without inviting her to his parties.

But she was nearer her object than she imagined, since she was bent upon getting into the *quatrième*. As soon as she had dined one day (she had her dinners daily from the most eminent restaurant in the faubourg), she trotted off to the Rowleys, and there she found Mr. Woodville in a warm argument with Arnaud about Mr. Sandford's sapient enterprise. Fanny was improving, and they were in better spirits about her that evening.

"We shall now hear Miss Cateran's views," said Susan.

"Of what, dear?" said Letitia.

"Tell her all about it, Mr. Arnaud," said Susan.

Arnaud complied, laughing while he gave the account, and ended by saying,—“Only think of Mr. Woodville taking up gravely such a visionary scheme.”

“But, pray, what is there visionary in it?” said Letitia, with inimitable promptitude. “I think the idea charming, and the mind of the man who conceived it must be of a very high order.”

“So it is,” said Woodville triumphantly. “His very stoop shows it; he is an Atlas, who carries a world of thought on his shoulders.”

“Men of that kind have often very extravagant notions,” said Arnaud.

“But that's begging the question,” said Letitia.

“Precisely so,” said Woodville.

When Woodville rose shortly after, Miss Cateran rose too. The result was inevitable, as both were going not only the same way, but to the same house. They parted at the door of Mr. Rowley's apartment, Mr. Woodville hoping Miss Cateran would favour him with her company on the following Wednesday, when he expected one or two other ladies.

If Letitia was panting to get her nose into the *quatrième*, there was another person in the house who was just as anxious to get his into the *premier*. Indeed, how could Mr. Sandford meet Miss Cateran so often on the staircase going in and going out, without coveting the acquaintance of so pleasing a lady? The more saturnine his humour was, the more likely a girl who was up to fun, and as mercurial as quicksilver, was to tickle his fancy. And Mr. Sandford, like Letitia herself, had not to wait until the return of Wednesday for the gratification of his wishes.

The artist visited Miss Cateran the next day, and she told him she was curious to see his original and interesting neighbour. A thought immediately occurred to Woodville—another little dinner, to which he would invite Mr. Sandford. It was fixed for the next day, and went off very agreeably. Letitia could shine at a small party as well as a large one, and Mr. Sandford, though always sombre, and too much engrossed with his one idea, was extremely amusing.

Sometimes, indeed, he seemed for a moment to forget his melancholy, and broke out into flashes of merriment more in keeping with the character of Biron than of Jacques—like many a man bowed down under misfortunes, thought Woodville, he has once been gay and convivial, and the mirth of his happy days will still break out occasionally under the influence of bright eyes or a bottle. Sandford liked his wine, and drank his Cliquot and his Volnay as freely as an abbot. The guests were thoroughly pleased with one

another; and when dinner was over, the rest of the evening was spent in sipping their coffee, chatting of the fine arts, and admiring the works of Mr. Woodville's pencil. Among other things he showed his guests the old sketch-book which contained his reminiscences of Orta.

"Oh! surely that's Mrs. Rowley!" exclaimed Miss Cateran, when she came to the page where he had sketched Miss Evelyn, and developed her into a full-blown woman.

"And who is the gentleman beside her?—Do you recognise him, too?" inquired the artist. The two drawings were on the same page.

Letitia looked at it with attention. "Yes, really, I think I do—Mr. Alexander, is it not?"

"It was intended for him," replied Woodville; and then he related all the little circumstances, with which the reader is acquainted, of his tour with Alexander, and their meeting with the Evelyns.

"I suppose you don't know either the lady or the gentleman?" he said, turning to Mr. Sandford, who had just had a severe spasm of the *orbicularis palpebrarum*.

"Not at all," he answered gravely; "but, without knowing the parties, one can see what a charming picture it is."

Miss Cateran looked long and earnestly at it, thinking all the time what Mrs. Upjohn would give to know as much as she had learned in the last few minutes.

It was now growing late, and Letitia rose to put on her shawl, and Woodville went to look for Honorine to get it for her. When she returned shawled, Mr. Sandford, whose taste for drawing delighted and flattered his host, was still bent over the sketch-book, as if he found it hard to tear himself from its fascinating leaves. But he made the effort, and after bidding the artist good night, saw Miss Cateran to the door of her apartment. He promised, as they went down-stairs, to lend her a capital novel he had just read, and she in return hoped he would bring it to her himself. He called on her the next day with two books in his hand, one of which was the novel, and they had a long chat together about the dinner, and Mr. Woodville's pictures, and the lions of Paris, hardly any of which poor Miss Cateran had yet seen, she was so much confined.

"Don't you pity me, Mr. Sandford?"

"I hope your patient will soon be better," he said, "and then you will be free to take a little enjoyment."

"He does not get better," said Letitia, "his spirits are so terribly low."

"I was sorry to hear from Mr. Woodville that his doctors are uneasy about the state of his mind."

"Did Mr. Woodville tell you that?" said Miss Cateran. "He

ought to be more careful of what he says, and so ought the doctors too. Besides, I don't agree with them at all."

"These doctors often confound mental anxiety with insanity," said Sandford. "A man in weak health is often uneasy about the disposal of his property. He falls into low spirits, and they pronounce him insane."

"That's not Mr. Rowley's case," said Miss Cateran. "I have always heard that his will has been made years ago."

"I hope he has not forgotten you, Miss Cateran, in the will he has made," said Mr. Sandford pleasantly.

"Indeed I am quite sure he has," said Letitia with a sigh.

"A good reason why he should make another," said Sandford with another pleasant smile as he took his hat and made his bow, leaving a sweet odour behind him with his last words, as if Belinda's box of perfumes had been broken on the carpet, and all Sabæa was scattered about.

He was scarcely gone before the bell rang, and Mr. Sandford entered again. He had forgotten the other book which he had with him, but it was intended for poor Mr. Rowley, not for her; it was a book which he heard Doctor Lawrence say that Mr. Rowley wanted, but which was not to be had in Paris.

"'Law of Conspiracy!'" said Miss Cateran. "Of all subjects in the world!—what can he want with law-books?"

"Impossible to say," said Mr. Sandford, "but it will occupy his mind more than many a less dry subject. I happened to find it among my odds and ends of books, so I brought it to you to give it him if you think proper."

"Of course I'll give it to him," said Letitia; "he will be very much obliged to you, I'm sure."

She sent the book in to Mr. Rowley by Thomson immediately after the recluse went, desiring him to say, should his master ask him from whom it came, that it came from Mr. Sandford, a gentleman who lived in the house, and who knew Doctor Lawrence. Thomson told her when he returned that Mr. Rowley had asked the question, and had repeated over and over again that it was very kind of the gentleman. Twice again that evening Mr. Rowley repeated the same words. The last thing he said when Thomson had undressed him and settled him for the night was, "It was very kind of Mr. Sandford."

Doctor Lawrence visiting his patient, as was his habit, the next morning before he rose, was surprised to see the book on the table, but made no remark to Mr. Rowley. He went to Miss Cateran, however, immediately, and inquired about it.

"He ought not to have had it without my permission," said the doctor, rather sharply.

"Dear me," said Letitia, colouring up, "who could have dreamed of a stupid law-book doing anybody any harm?"

She was so nettled by the doctor's rebuke that she ran up to Woodville to tell him how she was used.

"Don't you think I was right?" said Letitia.

"Of course you were," said Woodville, "and how good and thoughtful it was of Mr. Sandford! Lawrence is a booby. Why, the way to make a man mad is to treat him like a madman."

"Just what I always say," said Miss Cateran,—“oh, dear, but that centaur is wonderful!”

"Oh!" sighed the artist, "if it were but finished!"

"I hope and trust it never will," cried Letitia, with enthusiasm, "finishing would ruin it. Pray forgive me for intruding on you at this sacred hour, but I was so vexed."

And down she tripped again, leaving a sweet incense in her train also as she went.

"How mistaken I was," thought Woodville, "in my first impressions of that girl! I am not so easily deceived in men."

When Letitia went down she found that Mr. Rowley had been wanting her. Going into his room, he told her he wished to see the gentleman who had sent him the book, and made her sit down and write Mr. Sandford a note instantly, with twenty injunctions of secrecy. In ten minutes she had an answer, regretting that he was so occupied that day that he could not possibly come at once, but towards evening he would have the honour of waiting on Mr. Rowley. At a later hour another note came from Mr. Sandford, to invite Miss Cateran to a little *déjeuner* at eleven the next morning, at the Palais Royal, to meet Mr. Woodville and Dr. Lawrence; after which a third note from the lady went up-stairs to ask Mr. Woodville to take her with him to the breakfast, which the artist came down himself to say he would be happy to do.

"I am surprised," quoth Miss Cateran, "to find that the doctor is to be of the party."

"So am I," said Woodville, "he seems so suspicious of poor Mr. Sandford all of a sudden."

"Some people would do anything," said Letitia, "for a breakfast or a dinner."

Miss Cateran was greatly interested in Mr. Sandford's visit to Mr. Rowley, and hoped nothing would interfere to prevent him from coming. Nothing did interfere. She introduced him herself into the sick man's chamber.

The arrangements of the room were pretty much as we have before described them. Mr. Rowley reclined on a sofa, the same ghastly figure, as far as the imperfect light allowed him to be seen. The treatise on conspiracy lay on the table, with slips of paper in it

here and there, marking passages which he probably fancied applied to his own case. It was with difficulty, so feeble was his voice, that Mr. Sandford heard himself thanked for his kind offices.

"It was exceedingly good of you," said Mr. Rowley, tapping the book with quivering hand, "exceedingly good."

Mr. Sandford said such a trifle was not worth mentioning, and drew his chair close to the sofa.

"Yes, but nobody but you would have done it," said Mr. Rowley. "A man in my situation knows the value of such kindnesses."

"I wish, sir," said Mr. Sandford, in a low but distinct and earnest tone, "I knew the way to be of some real service to you. I trust the book has answered your purposes."

"Perfectly, perfectly; it must have given you a great deal of trouble to get it. The doctor said it was not to be had, but he had his orders."

"It was no trouble at all," said Mr. Sandford. "I chanced to have it."

"To have it!—very curious! Are you a lawyer, sir?" said Mr. Rowley, with some eagerness, as if he would have liked a friend the better for being of that profession.

"No," said Sandford, with a deep sigh, and with touching emphasis on his words; "but when a man is a victim of conspiracy himself——"

Mr. Rowley did not wait for the completion of the sentence. He raised himself on his elbow, fixed his gleaming eyes upon his visitor, and repeated, as if he was not sure he had heard him right—

"Conspiracy! Did you say conspiracy?"

"Of the worst kind, Mr. Rowley—domestic conspiracy; but let me say no more on the subject; it would only excite you, and Doctor Lawrence would be displeased. I am only to amuse you, sir, while I stay."

"That scoundrel Lawrence!" cried Mr. Rowley—"that scoundrel Lawrence! He told you only to amuse me, did he? But you are amusing me. I was never so amused before. You said domestic conspiracy, I think. Tell me all about it; it is my own case?"

"Ah! sir," said Mr. Sandford; "God forbid your case was as bad as mine—God forbid you were a man whose happiness has been blasted—whose peace has been destroyed by an unnatural conspiracy of those who were bound to him by all the ties of duty."

"But I am just such a man, sir!" cried Mr. Rowley. "Your case is exactly my own."

"Let me still hope not quite so bad," persisted Mr. Sandford gently.

"I tell you, sir, it is!" cried Mr. Rowley, his voice rising, and making an effort to raise himself on the sofa.

"But you are not married!" said Mr. Sandford, with a thrilling stress on the last word.

"Not married! But I am; so you have no advantage over me," gibbered the wretched man, with a faint, hysterical laugh.

"But your wife is not unfaithful, as mine was—do not tell me that."

"Good God, sir, our cases agree in every particular!" cried Mr. Rowley, standing bolt upright with the strength of his emotion.

"Had you proof of her guilt?"

"Enough to justify me in the sight of God and man in punishing her."

"And how did you do that?"

"Very simply, my dear sir. I made my will."

Mr. Rowley was silent, but he looked into Mr. Sandford's face intently.

"I rather should have said revoked a will I had made, and made a new one," added Mr. Sandford.

"Revoked!" repeated Mr. Rowley, lowering his voice, and approaching his lips to his visitor's ear. "That's the word. I have a will to revoke too; but I am so watched here, and so beset with enemies on all sides, that I may die before I do it."

"You must not do that, whatever you do," said Mr. Sandford.

"Had I been so foolish as to die, I should not have defeated the conspiracy, and punished my wife."

"No, of course," said Mr. Rowley.

"And if I had put it off too long," continued his companion, "I might never have done it either."

"I am helpless, utterly helpless," cried Mr. Rowley, "or I would do it to-day—I would do it this moment."

"Have you considered the new provisions?" inquired Sandford.

"I have them on paper," said Mr. Rowley. "I noted them down one day when they thought I was asleep, and left me to myself for half-an-hour. I am watched as if I was a lunatic."

And from out of a slit in the lining of one of the sleeves of his dressing-gown, where it was cunningly hid, he pulled the paper he had drawn up.

"I heartily wish, sir, I could be of use to you," said Sandford, taking the paper over to a window to look over it.

"But why can't you? There is nobody else but you. I have no other friend in the wide world, except that good girl there, who knows nothing about such matters."

When he returned to his seat, he laid the paper down on the table, and quietly observed that Mr. Rowley had let his wife off much easier than he had done his own.

"But I have no proofs, as you had. I want proofs—proofs—only let me have proofs!"

Mr. Sandford suddenly started, as if a new idea crossed his mind for the first time.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "Can you be the Mr. Rowley who married a Miss Evelyn?"

"I am the very man."

"Then your wife's paramour is Mr. Alexander, the attorney."

"Why, all the world knows it," said Mr. Rowley.

"And you want proofs," said Mr. Sandford, putting his hand in his pocket and producing a paper carefully folded.

"Proofs, proofs!" said Mr. Rowley.

"Do you know Mr. Alexander by sight?" continued the other, producing from the side-pocket of his coat a water-colour sketch.

"No, not at all."

"No matter for that, I know him well," said Mr. Sandford. "Look at this pretty little picture. You will know the lady, and I will swear to the gentleman. Is that your wedded wife or not, Mr. Rowley, eh? Look well at her; be sure of it; don't condemn her rashly. See how they are billing and cooing under the greenwood tree—innocent doves, Mr. Rowley—without thinking of you, Mr. Rowley. Well, if the lady is your wife, as sure as God's in Gloucester or the devil's in hell, the other is Mr. Frederick Alexander, gentleman-attorney."

The unfortunate man grasped the picture maniacally, and grinned over it.

"I dare say you guess the painter. You see his initials in the corner, 'W. W.' He is fond of painting your wife. He painted a large picture of her, eh?"

"And for him—for the same fe-fe-fellow; I know all about it from my sister-in-law."

"And you wanted proofs! Do you want proofs now?" resumed Sandford. "Will you leave her half your estate now, eh, Mr. Rowley?"

"Not an a-a-acre—not an a-a-acre! All my land to my brother. Nothing to her—neither land nor money."

"Now, steady yourself, my dear sir; compose your nerves; collect yourself, and listen to me," said Mr. Sandford, with one of those intense and powerful looks which exert absolute sway over the insane. "I can serve you only on condition of your following my advice implicitly."

"I will," murmured the maniac.

"You must make such a testament as will not only take just vengeance on that false woman, but will also stand against all the efforts which she and her lover will be sure to make to set it aside. For this purpose you must have the appearance of being dispassionate and just. Make a new will, revoking the former, which ought to be destroyed. Where is it?"

"My brother has it."

"It ought to be destroyed, wherever it is. We must look to that afterwards. Now, attend to me. Give your land to your brother, and leave your wife——"

"Nothing, nothing!"

"But you must, to make your will plausible—to make it stand. Leave her five thousand pounds in money, and don't diminish your daughters' fortunes."

"Not my daughter Fanny's, but the other. She joined her mother against me."

"No, it can't be. Leave what you take from your wife to your sister-in-law, or divide it between her and her daughter—except a thousand to Miss Cateran."

"Only a thousand," said Mr. Rowley submissively.

"Oh, a thousand pounds will be enough to make her stand up for your will like a lioness."

Mr. Sandford disposed of everything like a dictator. He had only to fix the victim with his relentless, determined eye, and he might have appropriated the whole property to himself.

The wretched man would have had the business concluded at once, but Mr. Sandford said his visit had been too long protracted already, and suspicion must not be awakened.

"To-morrow, at eleven o'clock," he said, "I will be here again with the will drawn, ready for you to execute. Be ready to receive me, and keep up your strength, sir, for the great act of justice you have to perform. Take food and wine; be strong in body as you are in mind. To-morrow, at eleven!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. SANDFORD GIVES A BREAKFAST, AND MR. ROWLEY GIVES UP THE GHOST.

WHEN a man invites a party of friends to a breakfast or a dinner, he enters into an engagement which, though not legally binding, or such a contract as may be enforced by an action, puts him under a moral obligation, or at least a social one. Mr. Sandford at least considered it in that light, for punctually at eleven o'clock the next day he was at the *Café des Trois Frères* to receive his guests,—if he had any business at the same hour elsewhere, leaving it apparently to mind itself. And he entertained his friends handsomely, like a man who, in his retirement, had not forgotten how things ought to be done on occasions for hospitality. As usual he was gravely

pleasant, talked less than he did at Woodville's table, and perhaps not with as much *abandon*, but performed the part of host exceedingly well. In the conversation that took place there was nothing worth recording, except that Mr. Sandford took the opportunity of asking the doctor, as he was filling his glass, whether he approved of his visits to Mr. Rowley.

"Oh, why not?" said Lawrence, tossing off the glass; "see him as often as you like. Convert him to your scheme, nothing would do him more good."

Lawrence had already taken several glasses of *Cliquot*, and was as complaisant and pleasant as possible.

"You will be a convert yourself one of these days," said Mr. Sandford. "I am going over to England for a few days, and you will see what a list of adherents I shall bring back with me."

"When do you go, sir?" said Woodville.

"Probably to-night," replied Sandford.

"I must give you a letter of introduction to my friend Alexander," said Woodville; "though I don't reckon on his joining our scheme."

"I shall be happy to explain it to him, and, at all events, make his acquaintance," said Mr. Sandford.

The breakfast was so pleasant that it was near two o'clock before the party separated. Doctor Lawrence went on his daily rounds; Mr. Woodville took Miss Cateran to the *Louvre*; Mr. Sandford remained to pass the *quart d'heure* of the wit of Meudon.

It was near four o'clock before Woodville and the fair Letitia returned to their respective abodes. Miss Cateran was admitted by Thomson, and at once read in his face that something extraordinary had happened in her absence.

"What is it, Thomson?"

"My master has made his will, miss."

Letitia could scarcely speak with surprise.

"His will!" she repeated; "but he couldn't have made it without assistance. Who has been with him?"

"Only the gentleman, miss, who was with him yesterday. He came to see my master again this morning, soon after you went out."

"Nonsense—impossible—ridiculous! you must be quite mistaken. I breakfasted with Mr. Sandford at the *Palais Royal*."

"If it was not the gentleman up-stairs, ma'am, it was his double. At all events, he assisted my master to make his will, and the nurse and I witnessed it."

"Does Mrs. Rowley know of it?"

Without waiting for the man's answer, Letitia flew like lightning up to Woodville (whom she found writing the letter of introduction he had promised Mr. Sandford), and told him what had occurred.

He turned white as a sheet, and the first thing he thought of was Mrs. Rowley.

"Thomson ought to have let her know what was going on," said Miss Cateran.

"What could she have done?" said Woodville, "unless she had used actual violence? I see clearly how it all happened; he sent for some attorney or notary whom he knew, and whom Thomson stupidly took for Sandford. No doubt he has had this in his head for some time, and watched his opportunity of doing it when he knew you were out of the way."

"But he knew nothing of my going out this morning, or of my engagement to breakfast."

"It looks very strange," said Woodville; "we must only hope it is no worse. Let us go down together."

They went down. Mr. Rowley had just inquired for Miss Cateran. She went into him immediately, and found him lying exhausted on the sofa, his voice so feeble that she could scarcely hear him. He put a sealed paper into her hands, desired her to take charge of it, and murmured something to the effect that she had not been forgotten. This was all. When she crept out of the room, the tears starting from her eyes, he seemed wholly unconscious of her going.

Meanwhile Thomson had been giving Woodville a detailed account of what had passed. Thomson now began to think that he must have been deceived in taking the stranger for Mr. Sandford, who could not of course have been giving a breakfast in one place and transacting business in another. As to the nurse, she had never seen Mr. Sandford. The notary, as they all now concluded him to have been, after being for some short time in the sick man's chamber, came out and called in the two servants, whom he placed near the door; he took his seat close to Mr. Rowley, and having stated the nature of a paper in his hands, proceeded to read it. The domestics heard little more than the first few formal words distinctly, for the stranger then lowered his voice, they believed at Mr. Rowley's request, but they were not very certain about that; then they were called over to the table; both heard Mr. Rowley declare the paper to be his last will, and both signed it as they were directed by the stranger. On being questioned a little, Thomson thought he heard the words five thousand in connection with Mrs. Rowley's name, and supposed it to mean five thousand a year. The nurse had not heard Mrs. Rowley's name mentioned at all. Between them, there was extremely little to be gathered of the provisions of the will.

Miss Cateran was so thoroughly frightened, not knowing what amount of evil to her patroness might lurk in the sealed paper, and conscious of the construction that might naturally be put on whatever benefit might accrue from it to herself, that Woodville could

not but offer to take upon him the office of informing Mrs. Rowley of what had taken place. He went to her at once. She was not at home, having gone out with Mr. Arnaud nobody knew where. Woodville returned, and concluded the letter for Mr. Sandford in which he had been interrupted; then crossing the lobby, he rang that gentleman's bell, hoping to see him for a moment before he started, and give him the letter. There was no reply to the bell. Woodville went down to give his letter to the *concierger*, when, passing Mr. Rowley's door, it was opened violently, and Thomson rushed out, running for Doctor Lawrence. Mr. Rowley had just had a sudden collapse, and was on the point of death. No doubt all he had gone through between making the will and the previous interview with Mr. Sandford overstrained his feeble powers, and he sank under it. The doctor came in half an hour to find his pulse almost at the last throb, and in less than the same time, when his wife and his daughter Susan hurried to his side, all was over. Her husband's death, and the cruel wrong he did her in the last hours of his wretched existence, were concurrent events to Mrs. Rowley.

Arnaud's return to England had been already fixed for reasons which will hereafter appear, and it was an opportune arrangement; for, as he was able to describe Mr. Sandford's person, he was the fittest messenger to inform Mrs. Rowley's friends and men of business of what had taken place. He left Paris for London the next morning.

In the evening of the same disastrous day, in a private room of a noted restaurant on the Boulevard du Temple, where the *cuisine* and the wines enjoyed a better reputation than the *habitués* of the house, two gentlemen, as like as the Dromios, were at a late *tête-à-tête* dinner, and their merriment was loud enough for a much larger party. Their conversation was an alternate fire of jests, or rather jocular allusions, followed by peals of uproarious laughter. Already two flasks of Epernay stood empty on a side table; a third had just exploded, and Madeira and Burgundy and other wines were flowing also. Their conversation will be quite enough to tell the reader who they were, if he has not already divined it.

"Well done, Nick!"

"Bravo, Archie!"

"What is it worth, Nick?"

"A thousand wouldn't be a bob too much."

"Will it stand, Nick?"

"If it doesn't, it will take ten years to shake it."

"You killed him, Nick."

"Fred may marry the widow now as soon as he likes. I'll give you a toast—Success to the Swiss Village Joint Stock Company! Archie, you must take a share."

Achie roared.

"There was only one thing wrong," said Nick; "you ought to have given the breakfast."

Archie guffawed twice as loud as before.

"Not one of them would have found it out. Do you know what the painter is doing this blessed moment? Writing a letter of introduction for me to Alexander! He's a trump, that painter! I could have sold him a million of green spectacles. I'd give a hundred pounds you could see his pictures. There's one of an undivided moiety of a horse that would make you split your sides."

"That girl must be a trump, too."

"She's sharp enough, but she wasn't sharp enough for Nick Moffat."

"You might have left me something when you were about it, Nick."

"So I should, by all that's beautiful! only I knew it wouldn't be quite convenient to you to apply to the executors for the money."

"Well, by heaven, Nick! we'll have it out of the she-devil at the Marble Arch."

"You didn't see her before you came over?"

"No," said Archie, with hesitation.

"I suspect you did," said his brother, "and got something out of her, too. But no matter; only you know I don't like anything surreptitious."

"What business could I have had with her?" said Archie.

"Well, never mind," said the other. "The business is not quite safe yet. To complete the job, the old will ought to be burnt. That's a bit of knowledge we have got still to sell, and she shan't have it for nothing. We'll bleed her like an Italian doctor, and if the blood won't come freely, we must only bleed her husband."

"There will be the deuce of a hubbub."

"Yes; but not until the news reaches London. Then there will be a row for awhile, and we must keep as quiet as mice. The best thing to be done is for you to dodge about for the present on this side of the water. I'll slip back to England, drive the screw, and correspond with that darling painter about the choice of a site for our village. By all the primrose of Primrose Hill, though I love the shiners as well as you or anybody, I could never go through the drudgery of a business like this, only I have the knack of making a farce of it more than most men. Laugh I must, Archie, if it was a crime to be hanged for; and laughing makes me not quite a bad fellow. By Jove! I'm fond of that artist; and I have a sneaking regard for that girl, too."

CHAPTER XXX.

IN WHICH MR. ALEXANDER USES STRONG LANGUAGE, AND AN OLD LADY IS IN A DILEMMA BETWEEN A BULL AND A SWINDLER.

"The Moffats, by G——!" roared Alexander, as soon as he heard Arnaud's tale. He rang his bell, and sent for Marjoram.

Arnaud went through his story again.

"Moffat in every step, and both the scoundrels at the *finale*," said Alexander. "There is a droll rascality about it, which is Nick Moffat all over."

Marjoram shook his head dubiously. He always maintained that Moffat had done justice on himself in the *Serpentine*.

"Moffat's hair," he said, "was growing grey ten years ago, and ought to be white now. Mr. Sandford's, it appears, is a grizzly black."

"Tut, man," said Alexander; "Moffat's hair is all colours; it would be black and tan to-morrow, if it suited his purpose."

"But surely Mr. Woodville is entitled to be heard," said Mr. Marjoram.

"Woodville is a gander," said Alexander. "But why should the Moffats do it? What interest has either of them in the disposition of the Rowley property?"

"None. Of course they are hirelings."

"But whose?—but whose?"

"Who takes the bulk of the property under this will, suppose it were to stand? The *cui bono* answers the question."

"Mr. Upjohn is, by all accounts, utterly incapable of dishonourable conduct."

"But Upjohn has a wife."

"I should think twice before I imputed such a piece of wickedness even to her. That she is a selfish and worthless woman, I am perfectly ready to believe, on Mr. Cosie's authority; but it's a long way from that to such an atrocious piece of iniquity as this."

"And what explanation occurs to yourself?" said Alexander, calmly, accustomed to receive with respect everything that fell from his partner.

"Simply that Mr. Rowley, sane or insane, made this will under the impulse of animosity to his wife, and the person who assisted him happened accidentally to bear a strong resemblance to this Mr. Sandford."

"Who accidentally bears a prodigious resemblance to the Moffats. The two concurring accidents are unfortunate, Marjoram, for your view of the case."

"Be that as it may," persisted Marjoram, "this will is only to be

shaken by proving the unsoundness of Mr. Rowley's intellect,—a point about which I know nothing; the case will turn on that much more than on Moffat's concern in it."

"But it may be of vast importance," said Alexander, "to show that Mr. Rowley, at the time of making his will, was under the influence of a notorious scoundrel, especially if we can connect him with the people who are to be the gainers."

"I don't deny that," said Marjoram; "it's an ugly business, in whatever light it is viewed. If you are right, it will be impossible to save Mrs. Rowley, except by convicting the Upjohns of the most infamous and criminal conduct."

"She will hardly consent to be saved in that way!" exclaimed Arnaud, who had hitherto been a silent listener.

Marjoram smiled like an experienced old attorney, as he was. Alexander only gravely remarked that he was sure Mrs. Rowley would do whatever duty and prudence and her professional advisers recommended. Arnaud was too modest to make any reply, and he soon left the two solicitors together.

"Cosie," said Alexander, "spoke of a will made some years ago."

"He did. We will have to set it up against the new one; but unless it is in Mrs. Rowley's hands, it may not be very easy to do so. If the Upjohns are at the bottom of this business, they will assuredly give us no assistance."

"No," said Alexander musingly; "we must consider all that."

He transacted some other business, then rang his bell.

"Any one in the waiting-room?"

"Miss Fazakerly, sir"—with the stereotyped simper with which certain lady clients, and Miss Fazakerly in particular, were always named at the office.

Alexander made his escape by the usual sly way out into the park, then round the corner where the cows stand, and back to Cockspur Street, where he took a cab and drove to Cumberland Gate. He was unknown there, and had therefore no doubt of seeing Mr. Upjohn if he was at home. He was at home, and Alexander was shown in. He found poor John Upjohn looking much more like a man who had been ruined than one who had just got a fortune. It was not that he was stupefied and bewildered as men often are by an unexpected stroke of good luck. He had never looked at the sunny side of the question at all; he saw nothing but his brother's miserably sudden death, and the extraordinary ill-usage of his wife, the motives for which were to him inexplicable. Nothing in all this surprised Alexander, so high was the opinion he had formed of the worth of Mr. Upjohn; but he was greatly struck indeed when he found that the little man had been kept in complete ignorance of everything important that had occurred in his brother's family from the day

Mrs. Rowley left England. He had even been under the impression that his brother was getting better; he had never heard of his frantic removal to another house, and he had never received a letter either from him or from Mrs. Rowley.

"My brother and I were always greatly attached," said Upjohn with the greatest feeling. "I always felt sure he would send for me if he was dangerously ill—why he did not, or nobody for him, I cannot understand. He died, it is clear, under some delusion respecting his wife. Good God! Mr. Alexander, had I but seen him, I could have cleared up everything in five minutes, and he would never have made this will."

"Mrs. Rowley wrote to you herself," said Alexander, who had been told this by Arnaud; "and Miss Cateran wrote also, I have reason to know, by your brother's direction."

"I received neither letter," said Mr. Upjohn.

Alexander drew his inferences, but made no remark. It was not, however, with a view to a conversation of this kind that he had called on Mr. Upjohn.

"In short," resumed that gentleman, "you find me in a state of distress and perplexity such as I never was in before in my life. I am very glad to see you and talk with you; you have told me things I never heard before: upon the honour of a gentleman I am unable to throw the least light on what has taken place."

"My dear sir," said Alexander, "I have not called on you because I had any doubt of your honourable conduct, nor should I have been justified in doing so even if I had; I called simply to ask you a question on Mrs. Rowley's part, of which you will at once see the importance. I believe you have in your possession your brother's former will—the will he revoked by this one."

"To be sure I have, though I don't exactly know at this moment where it is; but, wherever it is, you shall have it in a few days."

"I am going out of town," said Alexander; "but pray let my partner have it as soon as you lay your hands on it."

"Certainly; it is Mrs. Rowley's document—it ought to be in your hands. Tell her from me that good fortune could not possibly come to me in a more unwelcome shape than in misfortune to her; tell her that I never coveted an acre of my brother's property, and least of all since I knew her and loved her as a sister. I don't say that this extraordinary will does not gratify the members of my family—it is only natural it should; but it gives me personally nothing but grief. Few would believe me, but Mrs. Rowley will for one."

"There is one believer more I assure you," said Alexander, taking his leave much touched.

Mrs. Upjohn, exulting in her drawing-room, and strutting about like a peacock, while her husband was in trouble in his study, saw

Alexander from the window ; and though she had never seen him before, his fine person left no doubt on her mind that he was the handsome solicitor over whom she had indirectly triumphed.

"There he is—there he is, Harriet ! Alexander !—Alexander !" she called to her daughter, who, throwing down the book she was reading, ran over to get a glimpse of the gentleman of whom she had heard so much. "Doesn't he look down in the mouth ?" said Mrs. Upjohn, whose vocabulary always savoured more of her life before matrimony than after it.

"I scarcely saw his face," said her daughter.

"What consternation they must be in," continued the mother, "to intrude on your papa at such a moment ! No doubt to fish for some information while he is in trouble and off his guard, in hopes of setting aside your poor uncle's will."

Alexander drove from Cumberland Gate to his mother's, to say good-bye before he left town. He found the old lady in an extraordinary state of excitement, but it was not about Mrs. Rowley or events in Paris, of which she knew nothing.

"Now I know you have got something wonderful to tell me," said Frederick.

"Well, now I have, Fred ; so sit down, and promise me you won't laugh or be unbelieving."

"No, no," said Fred ; "I won't laugh at anything you tell me, that's not laughable ; and I promise to believe everything, in reason."

"I suppose I must be content. Well, then, Fred, what I have to say is this—he's not dead after all."

"Who's not dead ?" He thought for a moment she meant Mr. Rowley.

"Who but old Nick—Nick Moffat, I mean. He's alive and merry, Fred, and in London at this moment."

"The last part of the story is news to me, mother," said Alexander, "but the former is not. That the rogue is living still I have too good reason to know."

"Oh, then, you have seen poor Miss Fazakerly."

"On the contrary," said her son, laughing, "I have just escaped from her, or I should not have had time to come to see you."

"Poor thing ! she went expressly to tell you about Moffat, whom she saw this very morning in Oxford Street, and it was nearly the death of her."

"She is sure it was he ?" said Alexander.

"Not a doubt about it. I think I once told you before that the poor thing is always meeting with accidents in the streets. Her great troubles are from the cattle going to Smithfield. She has been horned and tossed ever so many times, owing to the queer rags of things she

wears all hanging and fluttering about her, particularly that old red shawl of hers ; it provokes the cattle, especially the bulls, and they always rush at her."

"It must be very hard, mother, for a bull to resist her, I should think."

"Well now, Fred, it is no laughing matter. She was crossing Oxford Street yesterday, near Tottenham Court Road, and a drove of bullocks was passing by, which frightened the poor thing quite enough ; but while she was trying to escape from them, she got a still greater shock, for she ran into the arms of a man who was close to her, and who should he be but the very fellow who robbed her of the little all she had. Oh, she is sure it was Moffat, and she thinks he knew her ; she was so terrified that she lost the little self-possession she had, and ran right into the midst of the drove. How she escaped she doesn't know. She thinks it must have been by a miracle."

"One of those miracles, mother, that happen every day in the streets to save poor ladies like Miss Fazakerly, else there would be a great mortality amongst them ; but I am not disposed to doubt that she really did see the rascal, and the information is so important that I must act upon it without a moment's delay. So now I will kiss you and bid you good-bye."

From his mother's house he went straight to Scotland Yard, saw the chief police authorities, and concerted measures to arrest the career of one at least of the comical miscreants who, after a ten years' truce, were at war with society again. The same evening he left town, leaving all the Rowley and Upjohn connexion discussing the situation and probable proceedings of the widow.

MARMION SAVAGE.

PUBLIC EDUCATION IN HOLLAND.

THE Dutch have often been called the Chinese of Europe, and the foreigner who visits their country will certainly meet with many things which seem to prove comparative stagnation, or non-proficiency. He, generally, only takes a superficial glance at the country and the people, and, judging from first impressions, naturally disapproves of much that is strange and unknown to him. A longer stay in the country, and better information, would, no doubt, considerably modify his notions; but then his time is limited, and he returns to his country and countrymen, who too often lend an eager ear to his ridiculous misrepresentations. I am not so prejudiced in favour of Holland as to deny that there is still much room for improvement, and that greater activity, energy, enterprise, and, above all, more public spirit, are great desiderata among the inhabitants of that little, but highly interesting country; but I defy any one who has lived for some time among them to charge them with any other Chinese propensities than industry and cautiousness. They are, perhaps, a little too cautious, a little too slow to act; but, at the same time, they are a serious and inquisitive people, which, taking notice of every interesting fact in the political, social, scientific, and moral world, strives to increase its knowledge and to enlarge its intellectual horizon. Such a nation cannot remain behind the age or stay aloof when the whole world is marching on. It must very soon be in the foremost ranks of the soldiers of civilisation, and that their aspirations tend that way is proved by what they have done in the last years, and are still doing, for the education of all classes of society.

Certainly, in whatever points the Dutch may still be deficient, in the important province of education they are equal to any nation of Europe. I will not even except Prussia, because it would be an easy task to prove that the public instruction for all classes in Holland is based on a much broader, sounder, and higher principle, and is carried on in a much more liberal spirit, than in the country where soldiers and policemen still reign all but supreme. It was perhaps a pity that at the Paris Exhibition the Dutch Government neglected to follow the example of Prussia and America, which countries sent models of public schools to the great fair of the world; for in this department Holland would assuredly not have been the last in the lists. But this *en parenthèse*.

I will now give a rapid sketch of what has been done, and is still being done, in the Netherlands for the public instruction, and I hope to convince your readers that there is at this moment no country in

Europe where more care is bestowed on the education of the lower ranks, and where the arrangements for the training of youth for all professions, which do not require the study of the classical languages, are better adapted to the object in view.

THE PUBLIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

The first part of my task will be very easy. The Public Elementary Schools of Holland have been, since the year 1806, the boast of the country, and have excited the admiration of the foreigner. This is so well known in England that it will be useless to enter into any details. It will, therefore, be enough to remind your readers that in 1857 the whole system of elementary instruction was reorganised.

The Government and the municipal boards at that time took over all the private establishments with the consent of the proprietors; they have founded new schools besides, and they now bear all the expenses of the public educational system. All the teachers and assistant teachers are civil servants with fixed salaries. Nobody can act as a professional teacher unless he has passed his examinations. In every parish there are one or more elementary schools, in sufficient number to supply the wants of the population. In these schools the following branches of education are taught as a minimum:—reading, writing, arithmetic, the form of bodies, the principles of the Dutch language, geography, history, natural science, and singing.

At any place where the want is felt, this elementary instruction has been extended, and the following branches added:—the rudiments of modern languages, mathematics and agriculture, calisthenics, drawing (from nature and copy), fancy-work for girls.

A number of private schools for the elementary instruction either continued to exist or were newly established by professional teachers. Some of them are highly appreciated by the public, and, being well supported, have entered into keen competition with the Government schools.

The supervision of the elementary instruction is intrusted to superintendents of education, to inspectors, and to local boards, and it is no small credit to the excellent spirit of the Dutch that all the inspectors and members of the local boards ably and zealously fulfil their often onerous duties without any other remuneration than the reimbursement of their travelling expenses. Every vacancy as head-teacher is filled up by competitive examinations.

I must not forget to mention here a most important principle which has been laid down in founding the public schools. It is that of the "*Neutrale School*," which means that while the law prescribes that all the instruction given in the schools must tend to develop in youth all social and Christian virtues, it strictly prohibits all dogmatic

religious instruction, as being the domain of the Church, so that sectarianism is carefully excluded from the public schools, and they are open to children of all denominations.

There are many practical and able educational men who think that the children of the lower and higher classes leave these schools too early either for a trade or for the technological institutions, where they are admitted, after an easy examination, when twelve years old. They say that till the age of fourteen the pupils should remain at the elementary schools, where the instruction given aims more at the harmonious development of all the human faculties than at the mere inculcation of science. In their opinion both the elementary and technological schools would profit by the change—these by getting riper pupils, those by keeping them two years longer.

Another great improvement in the organisation of the public instruction in the Netherlands would certainly be that it should be made compulsory, especially in the lower classes.

I presume this will be enough to give my readers a pretty correct idea of the present state of the elementary education in Holland, and to claim their sympathy for a system which has had, and still continues to have, the most beneficial influence on the lower and higher classes of that country. Indeed, you would hardly find among the lower orders of any other country people who are better behaved, more sensible, more shifty, comparatively more well-to-do, and even more enlightened in many respects. The mode of instruction at the elementary schools for the higher classes does not differ materially from that of the others. The study of one or more foreign languages is generally added to their programme.

But I must hasten on to the second part of my task, and give the English reader an idea of what has been done for the education of those who desire more than both classes of the elementary school can give, but are not inclined to follow a learned profession. The kind of instruction introduced for this purpose is called in Holland (rather improperly) by a term which can be best translated *Middle-class Education*. It is intended to fill up a gap which hitherto existed in the public instruction, and I shall try to give as brief and as correct a description of it as the importance of the subject permits.

THE MIDDELBARE SCHOLEN.

Since 1863 really grand establishments have been founded for the purpose of remedying this defect in all the large and even smallest towns of the Netherlands. Besides the Agricultural Schools, of which as yet none have been established by Government, there are three other kinds belonging to the *Middelbare Onderwijs*, prescribed by law.¹ In the first place, the *Burgerscholen* (public schools), or schools

(1) The following details we owe to the excellent little pamphlet, "Overzicht van het Middelbaar Onderwijs," by het einde van 1867, door Dr. D. T. Steijn Parvé, Inspekteur.

for tradesmen and the labouring classes, founded with the object of imparting to the working man some knowledge of those sciences which are most useful to him. The *Burgerscholen* are divided into day schools and evening schools. The last are particularly destined for young people who already have chosen a trade. Instruction is given in mathematics, the rudiments of mechanics, physical science, chemistry, natural history, technology (or agriculture), geography, history, and the Dutch language, the first principles of political economy; drawing from nature and copy, linear drawing, calisthenics. Such schools must be erected in all towns with more than 10,000 inhabitants. In 1867 these establishments were visited by 1,569 pupils, of whom 1,196 were following a trade. The instruction at the evening schools is generally given by the teachers at the technological institutions, of which we are now going to speak.

The second class of "Middelbare Scholen" is called *Hoogere Burgerscholen* (higher public schools). We shall be better understood if we call them technological institutions, which they really are. Their object is to benefit those classes which, being able to pay for the education of their children, wish them to cultivate their minds without the study of the ancient languages, and to prepare themselves for any place in the civil service or the mercantile and industrial world. The Government is bound to erect at least fifteen of those schools, and gives a subsidy to such parishes as wish to establish them in their midst.

The Government schools are divided into two classes—viz., those with a five years' course of instruction, and those with one of three years. In the first class of schools the following branches are taught:—*Mathematical and Natural Sciences*—viz., mathematics, mechanics, and technology, physical science, chemistry, natural history, and cosmography. *Political, Mercantile, and Historical Sciences*—viz., knowledge of the constitutions, political economy, geography, history, and the mercantile sciences. *Language and Literature*—viz., Dutch, French, German, and English. *Drawing and Writing*—*Practical Exercises in Physical Science and Chemistry*—*Calisthenics*.—The programme of the technological schools of the second class agrees pretty well with that of the three first years of the schools with a five years' course.

In the third place, the Government founded, in 1864, at Delft, a Polytechnical Institute, for the purpose of training both those who desire to acquire a more extensive technical knowledge than the technological schools can impart, and those who aspire to the professions of civil, architectural, naval, machine, or mining engineer. Instruction is given in all branches required for these professions (technical and administrative) by twelve professors, of whom one is also director, and seven teachers. This institution, which might be

called the university for technical science, was visited in 1867 by 156 young men.

We will now return to the technological schools, which, as new institutions for the improvement of the rising generation, more particularly deserve our attention. There are at present thirty-two of them in operation, of which twelve are established by Government, and nineteen have been erected by different municipal bodies. The Government subsidies for these schools amount altogether to £11,672. According to the Minister for the Interior, the grand total of all the expenses for the *Middelbare Scholen* will be in 1870, and following years, £35,000.

At the end of 1867 the number of the pupils at the thirty-two technological institutions was 2,455, who paid from £2 10s. to £7 10s. each in annual school fees. At the Government schools the average fees are £5.¹

THE TEACHERS.

The professors at these institutions, numbering 351 at the end of 1867, are certainly the flower of what Holland possesses in scientific men, and able and practical teachers. From every learned profession young and able men flock to those establishments; teachers of the greatest talents aspire to an honourable place in this phalanx of civilisation. They are, however, not overpaid generally, even for Holland, their salaries ranging from about £100 to £340 (the last-named sum being the director's salary at Rotterdam and Amsterdam). The superintendence of the "*Middelbare Scholen*" is, under the Minister for the Interior, intrusted to local boards, which are appointed by the local civic authorities, and to superintendents (*Inspektors*), who are appointed by Government.

THE TECHNOLOGICAL SCHOOL AT ROTTERDAM.

I think that a short description of a technological school, such as those which are now established throughout the whole country, will not be unwelcome to all who take an interest in the educational system of Holland. It will still better acquaint them with those excellent institutions. All are built upon pretty nearly the same plan. The style of some is very simple; others, for instance those at Utrecht and Leeuwarden, aspire to greater architectural beauty; but the greater part of them have the same grand dimensions, and their interior arrangements are much alike.

In a new and fine part of the town the traveller sees before him a large oblong building, erected in a simple but tasteful style. It is about 135 feet long, 98 feet broad, and 51 feet high. Approaching to the front, we see at the left the director's dwelling-house; and enter-

(1) This great difference in the school fees, as well as in the salaries of the professors, is explained by the different classes of towns and the number of subjects taught.

ing the building by the school-gate, we come to his room for receiving visitors. Applying to him for admission, we find a most obliging and agreeable gentleman, who offers himself to accompany us, and is indefatigable in his explanations. With the greatest urbanity he leads us through the whole building. On the ground-floor we turn from a long passage which intersects the whole length of the house to the right and left, and enter successively the different apartments devoted to the territory of the natural sciences. The *cabinets* for physical science, chemistry, and natural history are as complete as the wants of the establishment require; the last, owing to peculiar circumstances, is even much richer than is necessary for the schools. The arrangements for the teaching of physical science and chemistry are all but perfect, and many young men, not as pupils but as "visitors" (the institute is also open to those who only wish to attend some of the lessons), avail themselves of this opportunity to enlarge their knowledge by hearing the professors and practising in the laboratory. Besides these rooms on the ground-floor (where we also find a large hall for calisthenics) there are on the second and third floors ten ordinary school apartments, one hall for linear drawing, and one for drawing after nature or copy and for modelling. In every apartment there is ample room for thirty pupils, this being the maximum number for one class. Each form and desk is about five feet long, and only occupied by two pupils. The school hours are from nine to twelve and one to four (in other establishments from two to five); and notwithstanding the great number of subjects, it is confidently asserted that a youth of normal faculties, if he studies three hours a day at home, can easily pass his final examination after attending the five years' course.

This short description may give a general notion, not only of the establishment at Rotterdam, but of all the institutions now spread over the country. Some of those which the Government has erected are perhaps a little grander in appearance, but there is generally very little difference. Of course in more insignificant towns the local civil board cannot be so munificent as, for instance, that of Rotterdam, which pays to the sixteen professors, the director included, £2,350; but all the schools provide for the wants of the localities, and the branches of tuition are the same, although not everywhere equally numerous.

THE RESULTS OF THE TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION.

After attending the course of five years, the pupil has spent about one-third of his time in learning mathematical and physical sciences, one-third in learning his mother tongue and three foreign languages, and one-third in political, mercantile, and historical sciences and drawing. During the five years this proportion is not always the

same; the instruction in the different branches is divided in such a way that it accommodates itself to the aptitude of the pupil at his peculiar age.¹ The final results of the instruction at the technological institutions cannot as yet be ascertained with any degree of certitude. It will be enough to mention that, according to the Minister of the Interior, at the final examination in 1868, 67 pupils were admitted, and only 18 refused.

THE FINAL EXAMINATION.

The spirit which pervades this examination and, as a matter of course, the whole instruction of the technological institutions in the Netherlands, may be best ascertained from the questions proposed to the *examinandi*, and we select therefore some of the subjects laid before them in 1868. Some preliminary remarks will show how the examination takes place. It is public, and extends over twelve days. It is partly oral and partly in writing. The latter part is prepared at the schools under a strict superintendence. Deceit or favouritism is quite impossible. The oral examination takes place after that in writing, and touches more especially upon subjects of natural history, physical sciences, cosmography, geography, Dutch language and literature. The object of the examination is more to ascertain what the candidates really know of the main questions, and what degree of intellectual development their studies enabled them to reach, than to make a search for what they may not know of inferior points. The examination questions are also of such a nature that preparation or "reading up" for the examination is altogether discouraged. Every pupil is recommended to submit himself to the final examination without any extraordinary exertion. We certainly meet here with a sound pedagogic principle: The final examination shall only prove whether the young people have profited by their labour of five years, and *not* whether they have heaped up a mass of undigested science.

Questions proposed to be answered in writing at the final examination of the Technological Institutions in 1866.

ALGEBRA.

(Three questions, time three hours.)

Two bodies start from two points, A and B, of which the distance is $= d$, and move at the same rate towards each other. If the first starts n seconds earlier than the second, they meet each other in the middle between A and B; if both start at the same moment, they are after t seconds at a distance $= b$ from each other. In what time would each of the two bodies make the whole way A B? Explain the answer you get.

(1) Stejn Parvé, in "Overzicht," etc., p. 137.

GONIOMETRY AND TRIGONOMETRY.

(Three questions, time three hours.)

GEOMETRY.

(Two questions, time three hours.)

To calculate the capacity of a cube, inscribed in a straight cone, so that the angle-points of the upper plane lie in the surface of the cone, and the basis of the cube in the basis of the cone. The radius of the basis of the cone is R ; the height = H .

DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY.

(Two questions, time three hours.)

Given a line and a point without. Project the isosceles triangle, of which the given point is the top, of which the basis lies in the given line, and of which the two other sides are = $\frac{1}{2}$ of the height of the triangle.

DUTCH LANGUAGE.

FRENCH do.

ENGLISH do.

GERMAN do.

(Time three hours for each.)

In each language seven subjects are given, from which the pupil may select one for a composition paper. Among the subjects given were the following:—“Le Prisonnier de St. Hélène,” “The Art of Printing,” “Mary Stuart,” “The Advantages of the Telegraph for Society and Science.”

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

(Two questions, time three hours.)

A prism with a refracting angle of 60° gives to a certain ray of light a minimum deviation of 30° . What is, for this ray, the refracting exponent of the matter out of which the prism is made?

(Time three hours.)

To prepare a paper on the induction-streams and their applications.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

(Time three hours.)

The pupils may select the subject for a paper from the following:—1. National wealth; show the injurious consequences of the mercantile system of former days. 2. Speculators, workmen, capitalists; their share in the production. 3. Money; its use; different kinds of money; coining and issue in the Netherlands. 4. Banks.

BOOK-KEEPING.

(Time two hours.)

To enter into the journal six given items from the day-book. We find among them the following:—“Allowed to N. N. a compensation for overcharged commission, £2. (N.B. Not yet paid.)”

HISTORY.

(Time three hours.)

A paper on one of seven given subjects, among them, “The Fall of the Stuarts in England.”

MECHANICS.

(Two questions, time three hours.)

What velocity is given by a force of 30 kilogrammes to a body weighing 600 kilogrammes, when the force acts on it during 10 seconds? What distance has the body gone through after that time? How much working-power has been gathered in the body, and if the force after 10 seconds ceases to act, and is replaced by a resistance of 12 kilogrammes, how long will the motion of the body last, and what distance does it go?

CHEMISTRY.

(Four questions, time three hours.)

Phosphorus. The principal combinations of this element in the three kingdoms of nature. Preparation.

A perusal of these questions will give a better idea of what the Technological Institutions aim at than the most minute description could do. It is clear that the answer to every question must bring out the intellectual standard of the pupils; and the final examination is the best proof that they are thoroughly trained, and not choked with a mass of indigestible stuff.

It would be a great omission not to mention, before finishing this paper, a most important step in the right direction, of which the town of Haarlem has given an example, by erecting, in 1867, a kind of "Middelbare" School for girls of the wealthier classes. If in full operation, this school will embrace the following branches of education:—the Dutch, the French, the English, and German languages and literature; geography; history; the principles of mathematics, of botany; also in reference to the wants of the household; of zoology; also in reference to the structure of the human body, health, and hygiene; the principles of physical science and chemistry, especially in reference to the wants of the household; the first principles of political economy; book-keeping, calligraphy, fancy work, calisthenics, and singing. At present the teachers consist of a directress, two lady teachers, and five professors. The school was visited in 1867 by 34 girls, divided into three classes.

I think that from what precedes your readers will be able to form a tolerable correct notion of the present state of public education in Holland. There is no doubt that when the "Middelbare" instruction is in full operation, and when the question (which is now being agitated) of the reorganisation of the classical studies in Universities and Colleges is settled, the Netherlands will possess a system of national education all but perfect—second to none of any country, and superior to most.

As adverse to the superficiality and frivolity of the French as to the empty speculativeness of the Germans of bygone days, the Dutch approach more to the English in their perseverance, tenacity of purpose, and practical sense, and are not so exclusive. With a little

more energy, enterprise, and public spirit they will be in a few years in the front-ranks of the most civilised, free, and vigorous nations. Like Englishmen, they have their sore trials; their most advanced and enlightened men have, like those in England, to fight their way and to conquer the ground, inch by inch. Even at this very moment a desperate struggle is going on between political and religious freedom and progress on one side, and selfish reaction, prejudice, and mediæval bigotry on the other. A *guerre d'outrance* is raging now in the Netherlands between the men of progress and the combined representatives of strange fanaticism, ignorance, and egotism. It is a desperate struggle between light and darkness, but it would be despairing of humanity and the progress of civilisation if we were discouraged or intimidated by the last furious spasms of the pestilent Spirit of Reaction. The vigorous and substantial seed of religious, classical, and positive science, of intellectual and moral progress, has been richly sown in the fertile Dutch soil, and will bear fruit thirty, sixty, and a hundredfold.

C. K. ALTMANN.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE SENSES AND THE INTELLECT. By A. BAIN, M.A., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Third Edition. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1868. 15s.

THE frequent use of the writings of Aristotle and Plato as a means of instruction in philosophy, suggests a doubt regarding the value of philosophy itself. If philosophy can be learned from Aristotle, as geometry is from Euclid, then it is unprogressive and virtually exhausted. But if, like the sciences of modern date, it admits of expansion; then, apparently, we should no more take our philosophy from the Greeks, than we should look for our electricity to Gilbert on the magnet. Whichever alternative may hold of metaphysics (properly so called), inductive psychology is not open to the reproach of having stopped its growth two thousand years ago. Those who desire to learn the exact contribution made by the Greeks to this subject will obtain full and clear information in a most admirable account of Aristotle's psychology from the pen of Mr. Grote, appended to the third edition of "The Senses and the Intellect." The works of Aristotle have come down to us in so imperfect a state, and his doctrines are dispersed among so many treatises, that a guide, such as is here supplied, becomes almost indispensable. Mr. Grote is understood to be engaged upon a work on Aristotle, similar to that in which he has expounded and criticised the philosophy of Plato. When he accomplishes this great undertaking, he will have rendered—single-handed—a service to the students of Greek philosophy such as we have looked for in vain from the learning and rich endowments of Oxford or Cambridge. In his present instalment Mr. Grote has followed the arrangement of topics in the *De Animâ*, supplying deficiencies and explaining obscurities from the cognate treatises.

The first book of the *De Animâ* is occupied with a discussion on the nature of the soul,—a subject that is now relegated to metaphysics. Aristotle's precursors, with the fecundity of imagination that characterised their epoch, had unusually invented theories of the soul, as well as explanations of the universe. Some declared that the soul was a species of air, or a collection of subtle particles, or a composition of the various elements; while others sagely opined that it was water or blood. But, although differing in the particular substance they assigned to the soul, those philosophers agreed in making it something that could manifest itself to the senses. Until we come down to the decadence of Greek philosophy, to the Neo-Platonists, the notion of an immaterial soul had scarcely arisen. Even Plato, the father of idealism, sought for each of the three parts into which the soul is divided a local habitation in some part of the body. In connecting, therefore, mental with material facts, Aristotle was but following the tradition of Greek philosophy; but peculiar to himself is a subtle view of the relation of soul and body, and a dexterity in applying this view to explain mental phenomenon. Mr. Grote expresses Aristotle's opinion thus:—

"He does not admit that the soul is a separate entity in itself; or that it is composed (as Empedokles and Demokritus had said) of corporeal elements, or (as Plato had said) of elements partly corporeal, partly logical and notional. He rejects the imaginary virtues of number, invoked by the Pythagoreans and Xenokrates; lastly, he keeps be-

fore him not merely man, but all the varieties of animated objects, to which his definition must be adapted. His first capital point is to put aside the alleged identity, or similarity, or sameness of elements, between soul and body; and to put aside equally any separate existence of substantiality of soul. He effects both these purposes by defining them as essentially *relatum* and *correlatum*; the soul, as the *relatum*, is unintelligible and unmeaning without its *correlatum*, upon which accordingly its definition is declared to be founded." (P. 625.)

"The soul (says Aristotle, in a passage translated by Mr. Grote) is not any variety of body, but it cannot be without a body; it is not a body, but is something belonging to or related to a body; and for this reason it is in a body, and in a body of such or such potentialities."

An interesting part of Aristotle's psychology is theory of memory (*μνήμη*) and recollection, or reminiscence (*ἀνάμνησις*). Before him Plato had discriminated those two, defining memory as a retention of sensation (*συντηρία αἰσθησέως*).¹ This may be an obscure anticipation of the distinction elaborated by Sir W. Hamilton between conservation, or the power by which knowledge is retained out of consciousness, and reproduction, or the power by which it is revived in consciousness. Aristotle, although he unwisely made a difference between them, did not fall into that barren subtlety. "By *memory* (says Sir W. Hamilton) Aristotle, in his treatise on that subject, does not simply denote the conservative power of mind—*mere retention*. He there employs it, proximately to designate the faculty of reproduction, in so far as that is direct and immediate—*simple remembrance or recollection*; while, to the process of *mediate or indirect reproduction* of something heretofore in memory, but which we cannot now call up, except through the intervention of something else, he gives the name of *reminiscence*." Even after Sir William Hamilton's very full account of Aristotle's tract on memory, there remains something to glean, at all events in perspicuity. Mr. Grote expresses the distinction as follows:—

"But though some animals have memory, no animal except man has reminiscence. Herein man surpasses them all. Aristotle draws a marked distinction between the two; between the (memorial) retentive and reviving functions, when working unconsciously and instinctively, and the same two functions when stimulated and guided by a deliberate purpose of our own—which he calls reminiscence. This last is like a syllogism, or course of ratiocinative inference, performable only by minds capable of taking counsel and calculating."

According to Sir William Hamilton, Aristotle is the author of the theory of association. Before this can be admitted, two points must be made out—how far did Aristotle follow out the laws of association, and to what extent had his observations been anticipated. It is easy to read into the words of an ancient author much that belongs to subsequent investigation; and it has been shown by Mr. G. H. Lewes, in his excellent monograph on Aristotle, that many of Aristotle's alleged discoveries in natural science are quite illusory. In the present instance, however, the language of Aristotle clearly proves that he understood the fundamental laws of association, and he has distinctly enunciated the three, named by Professor Bain—contiguity, similarity, and contrast. But though he signalised those principles, there is no evidence that he contemplated the vast range of application given to them by modern psychologists, and which now constitutes their chief interest and value. Taking now Aristotle's remarks for what they are worth, did he owe anything to his predecessors? Plato noticed the dependence of reminiscence upon association. He also pointed out one of the most striking effects of the associating principle,

(1) *Philebus*, p. 34, B.

whereby an affection may be transferred from one object to another, and by this means he explained the acquired love of the precious metals.¹ He even makes an attempt, not altogether unsuccessfully, to find out the causes of association. Nearly all his examples are illustrations of the law of contiguity. The presence of Simmias suggests to us Cebes, his intimate friend; and a picture of Simmias reminds us of Simmias himself.² Does not, he asks, relying upon such examples, reminiscence arise partly from likeness, and partly from unlikeness? Generalising upon a few cases, and seeking support to the argument of the dialogue, Plato stumbles on the law of similarity, but grasps it so unsteadily that he mentions as of equal worth a phrase that by half concealing, reveals his failure. Still the remark was suggestive, and it was not lost upon Aristotle. The vague and tentative guess, "partly from things like and partly from things unlike," was superseded by two positive laws—contiguity and contrast. Of the two fundamental laws of association, contiguity and similarity, Plato must be held to have first announced the easier, and Aristotle to have discovered the more difficult and important, —namely, contiguity.

The second and third books of the *De Animâ* might be called Aristotle's treatise on "The Senses and the Intellect." His treatment of the intellect, especially of that highest display of intelligence named nous or reason, has given most trouble to commentators. The perplexity arises in a great degree from a mischievous application of his favourite distinction between matter and form. It is the special weakness of speculative minds to extend some pet logical analogy far beyond the point at which it can shed the faintest gleam of light. This is a chief source of paradox, puzzle, and confusion in our modern speculative geniuses, as well as in their ancient prototypes, in Hegel and Comte no less than in Plato and Aristotle.

Since it was acknowledged on all hands that Aristotle affirmed the morality of the sensitive soul, much importance was attached to the expressions where he speaks of the nous being eternal. Mr. Grote points out that such remarks refer to the active intellect only, and that Aristotle did not ascribe any longer duration to the receptive intellect than he did to the sensitive soul; and, inasmuch as both the active and the receptive intellect were essential to the intelligence of any living being, it follows, upon Aristotle's theory, that there is no life for man beyond the grave.

"The intellectual man is no more immortal than the sentient man." Such is the opinion here delivered by Aristotle. And it follows, indeed, as a distinct corollary from his doctrine respecting animal and vegetable procreation in general. Individuality (the being *unum numero* in a species) and immortality are in his view incompatible facts; the one excludes the other. In assigning (as he so often does) a final cause or purpose to the wide-spread fact of procreation of species by animals and vegetables, he tells us, that every individual living organism, having once attained the advantage of existence, yearns and aspires to prolong this for ever, and to become immortal. But this aspiration cannot be realised: nature has forbidden it, or is inadequate to it; no individual can be immortal. Being precluded from separate immortality, the individual approaches as near to it as possible by generating a new individual like itself, and thus perpetuating the species. Such is the explanation given by Aristotle of the great fact pervading the sublunary organised world; ³ immortal species of plants, animals, and men—through a succession of individuals each essentially perishable. The general doctrine applies to nous as well as to the other functions of the soul. Nous is immortal; but the individual

(1) *Lysis*, pp. 219, 220.

(2) *Phædo*, pp. 73, 74.

(3) *Aristot. De Generat. Animal.*, II., 1, 731, b. 21, *seq.*; *De Animâ*, II., 4, 415, a. 26, *seq.*

Sokrates, considered as noetic or intellectual, can no more be immortal than the same individual considered as sentient or reminiscent." (P. 663.)

The dogma of immortality seems to have been alien from the spirit of Greek philosophy. A few names doubtless may be quoted in favour of it; Pythagoras and Empedocles, among Pre-Socratic philosophers, accepted it, but on what grounds? They borrowed it from the East, along with the prohibition of animal food, both being corollaries from a belief in the transmigration of souls. The opinion of Sokrates is not so easily ascertained. The hope of immortality is not mentioned by Xenophon among the considerations that induced Sokrates to submit himself the first martyr of philosophy. In Plato's *Apology* a future life is dwelt upon, but as an open question. Not until we come to the *Phaedo*, which contains little of Sokrates, and much of Plato, do we find a vindication of immortality. The Epicureans resented the doctrine as an invention to spread the bitterness of death over life, while the Stoics, the natural supporters of the doctrine, received it coldly, and held that the soul perished within a limited time after death. Of the Greeks Plato alone has come down to us as the admired and eloquent champion of a life after death. It was a doctrine that lent itself readily to the purposes of his rich imagination, to his moral preaching, and to the earlier and cruder form of his idealism. Aristotle expresses the view that appears to have been most congenial to the Greek philosophical mind. The belief in a life to come is one that we inherit, not through the Greeks, but through Christianity.

This third edition of the "Senses and the Intellect" contains, besides Mr. Grote's paper, some new matter. The reflex actions are treated at greater length, and the fundamental condition of retentiveness and similarity are set forth more accurately.

WILLIAM A. HUNTER.

KRILOFF AND HIS FABLES. By W. R. S. RALSTON, M.A., of the British Museum. Second Edition. Strahan & Co. 1869. 5s.

MR. RALSTON is entitled to our acknowledgments for performing so well a somewhat thankless task, of a kind which few among us could accomplish, but which it is very important for us to get done. Whatever may be the exact worth of Russian literature and its future promise, the political development of Russia has now reached a point when a knowledge of its people becomes of essential interest to European States, and not least to England. Railways, telegraphs, and steamships, and the progress of both English and Russian conquests in Asia have multiplied our points of contact. We shall have more business to carry on with each other, and more direct and serious diplomacy. But no people can be known except through its literature, and for this knowledge we must depend for a time on interpreters like Mr. Ralston. Perhaps the neglect of Slavonic languages as of things outside the European pale, and containing little that would justify the most occasional study, has been carried much too far even for a period when the relations between Russia and the West were not so close as they are now; but the neglect, whether excusable or not, leaves us no alternative: when more knowledge is wanted about Russia, we must trust for light to those who by fortune or wise choice have thought fit to explore the broad field which all about them were avoiding. A very little insight into Russian literature, it may be predicted, will change the point of view of most of us. Whatever it is, it is found to be not a thing outside the

European pale—a truth well enough known to philologists, though its literary significance is not widely appreciated. What we have to do with is a new European literature, the natural growth of a numerous race with a different history, and exposed to very different influences, from those which have aided the development of the literature of the West, and of sufficient originality and force to receive stimulus from Western culture without being killed in the process. The Slavonic peoples promise to be a new factor in Europe in a variety of ways; and this is another reason for giving that attention to them which they must receive on political and commercial grounds alone. The present translation is of an eminently characteristic product of Russia. If Russia has not yet contributed any considerable share to the thought of the world—for the barrier of language has not been so thick as to prevent any element of that sort leaking through—she has more than one original writer in poetry and fiction, writers who have seen and felt for themselves, and who have depicted humanity in a different dress from any others; and in Kriloff she has a fabulist standing second to none who have succeeded in that rare art in inventiveness and piquancy, while every line he writes shows his fidelity to Russian nature. Not only is this the case with regard to the manners described, and the special political and social vices satirised, but the popular sense and shrewdness, the ideal presented of a contented, not too laborious life, a certain gaiety and expansion according with the light humour which suffuses the writing, have a fresh air about them which confirms very much what we hear of the Russian peasantry, as a genial, light-hearted people, disposed to take life easily if they are only let alone. The writing abounds in epigrammatic touches and “hard hits,” but the author evidently expects his readers to enjoy above all the fun of the thing, even when the evils which gall them most are aimed at. The fables of the great man who went to Paradise for the virtue of not interfering with business, when he had power to do so much harm if he had interfered; of the musicians whose melody frayed the ears a little, but who were of irreproachable behaviour; of the cuckoo and cock whose “mutual admiration” so much resembles the talk of spurious celebrities; of the judges who were like a wooden oracle attended by a clever priest—possessed of great reputation when they kept an able secretary; of the sheep who had so many dogs to protect them that the dogs took to living upon their charge—a hit at the multiplication of plundering officials; of the fox’s sentence upon his associate the pike, charged with stealing, that, to mark his guilt conspicuously, he should be—flung into the river; and many more, are all of this merry sort. There is indeed nowhere a trace of malice or spite, which a popular writer for a merciless and satirical people would have been apt to indulge in; and there is equally no trace of any quarrelling with destiny or of morbid belief in the vanity of life. So far as they go, the fables say a good deal for the health and purity of the Russian nature. Kriloff was of a piece with his fables. The history of his own careless, jovial life, his narrow wants, as well as shrewd indifference to great prizes, his eccentric habits, enables us to comprehend the spirit of his writing; and his popularity makes it evident that in essential defects and excellences he was a thoroughly representative Russian. So much and more may be gathered from the few but valuable pages into which Mr. Ralston has compressed his work, and the capital life of Kriloff he has prefixed. There is incidental evidence enough that his accuracy may be taken on trust; and his fluent, expressive, idiomatic English leaves nothing to be desired to make Kriloff as presentable as possible to the reader.

ROBERT GIFFEN.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXXIV. NEW SERIES.—OCTOBER 1, 1869.

THE MORALITY OF FIELD SPORTS.

Nor very long ago a street boy in a country town was charged before the local magistrates with cruelty to animals in setting two dogs to worry a cat. The offence was proved; a fine was inflicted and paid; but the boy's father added the comment that he thought it hard that his son should be fined for setting dogs on a cat, while gentlemen set dogs on hares and were not fined. The bench, on such an occasion, has the great advantage of being able to keep silence itself and, if need be, to command silence in others; and, as I heard the story, it did not appear that any attempt was made to answer the question. Neither the boy nor his father was likely to have read the *Memoirs of Windham*, but, if they had, they would have found their question forestalled. Windham, a patron of everything that called itself "sport"—"sport" of course commonly meaning the death or torture of some creature—said, manfully and consistently, "No one who condemns bull-baiting can consistently defend fox-hunting." I do not know whether in his day the question of fox-hunting had been seriously raised; the battle which Windham had to fight was on behalf of bull-baiting. In that noble and manly and English sport, as its votaries then called it, Windham, a scholar, a statesman, a man of refined taste, and, on many points, of almost morbid conscientiousness, professed that he "rejoiced." And he at least had the firm standing-ground of thorough consistency. His proposition is essentially true. It will bear turning about and testing in every way. He drew from it one practical inference; I draw from it another. From the admitted right to torture the fox Windham inferred the right to torture the bull. From the admitted sin of torturing the bull I infer the sin of torturing the fox. But Windham's saying supplies a common point from which we may start in opposite directions. He at least went

to the root of the matter; he saw how the case really stood, and neither deceived himself nor tried to deceive others by irrelevant and sophistical distinctions.

I am not going, though I feel strongly on the subject, to preach a sermon on cruelty to animals—a subject, by the way, which those whose business it is to preach sermons might with advantage deal with oftener than they do. Nor am I going to put forth any extreme views on the subject or on the other subjects which, in an historical and philosophical view, cannot be separated from it. If I cannot enrol myself alongside of the Earl of Winchelsea in looking on common humanity as “loathsome sensibility,” neither can I enrol myself alongside of the Marquess Townshend in deeming it unlawful, under any circumstances whatever, to cause pain or inconvenience to any animal. I am neither a vegetarian nor an opponent of capital punishment. I have no scruple as to taking the life either of man or beast when real need calls for it. But I do wish to expose certain popular fallacies and inconsistencies, and to point out some historical and philosophical bearings of the question which might not strike every one at first sight.

In examining, either historically or philosophically, the subject of humanity and cruelty, it is impossible to separate the question of humanity and cruelty to man from that of humanity and cruelty to the lower animals. Between cruelty to man and cruelty to beasts there is doubtless a wide difference, but it is purely a difference of degree. Humanity in either case, cruelty in either case, is essentially the same feeling, arising from the same tendencies in the mind. And, allowing for the inconsistencies and false distinctions of which I shall presently speak, we shall find on the whole, both in individuals and in communities, that a tendency towards humanity or towards cruelty in the one case commonly accompanies a tendency towards humanity or towards cruelty in the other case also.

What is the present state of civilized opinion on the subject? Setting aside extreme views either way, it seems to me to be something like this. Either man or beast may be rightly put to death when need so calls for it, but neither in the infliction of death nor at any other time should any pain be inflicted which real need does not call for. The infliction of death should be in the speediest way without any prolonged torture or mockery. Neither pain nor death should be turned into matter of amusement. These rules seem now, in our present state of society, to be universally accepted in the case of human beings. In the case of the lower animals they are so largely accepted that I may fairly speak of the cases to which they are held not to apply as exceptions—I should add as inconsistencies.

The cases in which human life may lawfully be taken are generally understood to be—1st. In strict personal self-defence; 2nd. In the

lawful operations of a lawful war; 3rd. By sentence of law for heinous and grievous offences. And this last case there is a growing tendency in most civilized countries to confine to the single crime of murder. But the first and second cases are really the same. No war can be just, no war can be lawful in any but a purely technical sense, unless it be waged in strict self-defence on the part of the nation waging it. And the word self-defence in a wide sense, self-defence on the part of society, may perhaps take in the third case also. I need not say that many estimable persons condemn all war and all capital punishments. But such is not the received creed of civilized society. Nor is it my own personal creed either.

Now in all the cases in which it is held to be lawful to inflict death on a human being, it is now generally understood that it must be simple death, inflicted in a grave way and in a speedy way. All needlessly painful or lingering forms of death, all accompanying or preliminary torture or mockery, is held to be forbidden. Be the execution public or private, it is to be a warning to those who look on,—not an amusement. In war the enemy is to be cut or shot down as long as resistance lasts, but slaughter is not to go on when resistance has ceased. Certain kinds of weapons too, likely to inflict wounds of a specially painful or lingering kind, are held to be forbidden in civilized warfare.

With regard to the lower animals the cases in which death may be blamelessly inflicted are far more numerous. Self-defence is taken in a much wider sense than in the case of war. We freely kill beasts, birds, and other animals, not only when they threaten our lives, but when they destroy or damage our property or in any way interfere with our convenience. We also freely kill them for food. We kill them also, some of us at least, for purposes of science and study. And we sometimes kill them out of actual humanity, as the phrase is, "to put them out of their misery." In the case of a man this is held to be unlawful; however great may be the sufferings of a sick or wounded man, however earnestly he may desire death, it is held to be unlawful to put an end to his sufferings. In the case of a suffering animal the same course is held to be the truest mercy.

Now, as far as my private creed goes, I am prepared to accept all these cases as lawful cases. Many of them may be abused, just as war and judicial sentences may be abused; many animal lives may be sacrificed under pretence of any of them, which a little thought or trouble might spare. Killing for scientific objects is especially liable to degenerate into killing and even torturing out of mere wantonness. But I am not disposed to object to any killing of animals which honestly comes under any of these heads. And I may add that the lives of animals seem to me to be of very different degrees of value. Creatures with which we in a manner contract personal

friendships have a special claim on us to be spared both needless death and needless pain in death. But more than this, animals of a higher organization, animals whose life is more truly life, which have a higher capacity for pain and pleasure, seem to have a fair precedence over creatures of a lower kind. As the life of a man is more valuable than that of a horse or a dog, so I hold the life of a horse or a dog to be more valuable than that of an insect or a mollusk. And as I should not scruple to ride a horse to death if there were no other way to save human life or relieve human suffering, so I should not scruple at a large sacrifice of inferior animal life to secure the life or comfort of a dog or a horse.

Now further, it seems generally to be understood that, neither in the infliction of death on any animal, when death is needful, nor at any other time, is any needless suffering to be inflicted on such animal. With the exceptions to be presently spoken of, this seems to be admitted by public opinion and to be enforced by law. Acting on this principle, the combined force of law and opinion has done, and is doing, much to lessen the sufferings of the animals which are killed for our food. By the same means many cruel amusements which were once the delight of noble and royal persons of both sexes are generally proscribed. Some are altogether abolished; others are condemned by society and are practised only by stealth. Bull-baiting, bear-baiting, badger-baiting, cock-fighting, cock-throwing, dog-fighting, all come under one or other of these heads. Some of these have ceased to be heard of at all; others may still linger on, but they are thought unfit for the presence of gentlemen, still more so for that of ladies. Then comes the anomaly that other sports precisely the same in principle, sports which, on any moral theory, must stand or fall together with those which I have just mentioned, are tolerated and honoured. To chase a calf or a donkey either till it is torn in pieces or till it sinks from weariness, would be scouted as a cruel act. Do the same to a deer and it is a noble and royal sport. It is, as we have seen, a legal crime to worry a cat. To worry a hare is a gallant diversion. And men who share Windham's tastes without Windham's consistency, men who would lift up their hands in horror at the wanton torture of a bull or a bear, deem no praises too high for the heroic sport which consists in the wanton torture of a fox.

The causes of this inconsistency I shall presently deal with. But before I come to that point I wish to give a short sketch of the history of opinion and practice on these matters. In this I must take cruelty to man and cruelty to animals together. As I said before, the difference between them is one of degree, not of principle. And historically the two cannot be separated. The retrospect is on the whole an encouraging one. There is something still to be done, but, in our own country at least, it is much less than what has

already been done. And at no time has more been done than in the last generation or two. The principle of humanity is now generally admitted. All that is needed is to carry it out consistently and unflinchingly.

The truth is that humanity, real humanity, whether towards man or towards beasts, is a very modern virtue. I mean that its general recognition is modern, for a chain of individual witnesses against cruelty of either kind can be found even in the darkest times. In most ages of the world men's feelings of humanity have been confined to some particular class, to men bound to them by some special tie, to their own kinsfolk or friends, to men of their own country or their own religion. In some times and places one may almost doubt whether the feeling of humanity, as distinguished from this sort of personal regard, was understood at all. The utter recklessness of human life which has always distinguished the East, the cruel punishments which in all times have been inflicted by Eastern rulers both on criminals and on conquered enemies, seem to have exhausted every form of mockery and lingering death. One instance will serve out of many; it is enough to quote a case in which the tortures inflicted on a prisoner of war were prolonged during a whole year.¹ Yet we may doubt whether the infliction of human suffering as a mere matter of amusement, as distinguished from the gratification of revenge, has ever been so prevalent in the East as it was for ages at Rome. I am not prepared to give a history of the treatment of animals in the East. I believe that tenderness to domestic animals is a virtue of older standing in the East than it is in Christian Europe. Still tenderness to domestic animals is simply tenderness to one's own friends, and it is certain, that public shows, involving a great deal of animal suffering, have been and still are common amusements of Eastern rulers. In Europe I stand on firmer ground. The manners of old Greece, as compared with those either of Rome or of the East, may be called humane, though they certainly depart widely from any ideal standard of humanity. The war-law was harsh; in many states the criminal law was harsh also; the lives of political opponents and of conquered enemies were often sacrificed without mercy. But between Greek and Greek, death was almost always simple death, and punishment seldom went beyond those who were personally guilty or obnoxious. It stands out as something almost without parallel when Greek victors once condemned an oriental enemy, whose cruelty and sacrilege had given special offence, to a death of oriental cruelty.² It strikes us as something equally strange when, in a fit of patriotic fury, the women of Athens stoned to death the wife and children of

(1) Xen. Anab. ii. 6, 16. *Μίνων . . . τιμωρηθεὶς ὑπὸ βασιλείῳ ἀπίθανον, οὐχ ὥστερ Κλίαρχος καὶ οἱ ἄλλοι στρατηγοὶ ἀποτμηθέντες τὰς κεφαλὰς, (ὅσπερ κάλλιστος θανάτῳ ἰδοῦναι), ἀλλὰ ζῶν αἰκισθεὶς ἐν αὐτῷ, ὡς πονηρὸς, λήγεται τελευτῆς τυχεῖν.*

(2) See the story of Artayktēs in Herodotus, ix. 120.

a traitorous councillor.¹ At Athens at least death by sentence of law was always inflicted in the mildest form. Still Athenian humanity had its limit, and it drew a distinction which sounds strange to our ears. It was held to be not only just, but to be strictly conformable to democratic principles, to condemn the slave to torture in the way of judicial inquiry while the citizen was of course exempt. Among Athenian public amusements we read of cock-fights and quail-fights;² but there is no sign of any special devotion to cruel sports, and the great national festivals of Greece are honourably distinguished from those of Rome by the absence of everything of the kind. No Olympic or Pythian festival was defiled by the slaughter of gladiators, nor did Greek taste seek its pleasure either in the wanton massacre of animals or in the fouler guilt of exposing human beings to their rage. The combats of the cestus might inflict incidental suffering, but suffering was not their essence; an Olympic boxing-match, like an Olympic wrestling-match, was in itself an honourable trial of skill between two Greeks, very possibly high in birth and character. It might, and sometimes did, take a baser form,³ but it had not in itself the odious character of a combat of gladiators or of a modern prize-fight. The chariot-race was, save in the honourable absence of anything like gambling, like other races; a race may incidentally involve cruelty; the horses may be savagely lashed or they may be taxed beyond their powers, but such cruelty is not involved in the original idea of a race. On the whole there are but few ages and countries where the public diversions have caused less of suffering to man or beast than those of old Greece. The intellectual lights of the world, if not absolutely free from the stain, at least seem free when compared with their conquerors, in this case not their imitators.

When we turn from Greece to Italy, we reach the darkest part of our subject. Cruelty to man and beast may be fairly said to have reached their height in the corrupt days of Rome. And it is to be borne in mind that humanity did not grow, but rather fell back, with the advance of luxury, of art, of knowledge, of all that forms outward refinement and material civilization. Cruelty advanced along with luxury, and the choicest luxury of all was the spectacle of death and torture. Later legislation indeed abolished the severe punishments of the Twelve Tables; but this was not the work of humanity, but of exclusive and selfish pride. The citizen, however great his crimes, could no longer be condemned to be scourged to death *more majorem*, but the slave and the stranger could still be exposed on the slightest grounds to the lingering pain and mockery of crucifixion. And probably no other people ever carried reckless

(1) See the story of Lykidas in Herodotus, ix. 5.

(2) See the Scholiast on Aristophanes: Knights, 492; Birds, 1297.

(3) See the story of Damoxenos and Kreugas in Pausanias, viii. 40, 3.

cruelty to such a height in their public diversions as the Romans of the later Republic and of the Empire. The butcheries of a Roman holiday are a familiar subject, and in our eyes they are clothed with a special and horrible interest from having been the form in which so many of the early professors of our religion won the crown of martyrdom. But it is possible that this last view of the matter does in some sort cloud over the reality. It is perhaps the same in the case of the punishment of crucifixion. The cross, and the death of the cross, have become in our eyes sacred subjects. We unconsciously connect it in our minds with one occasion, too solemn to be put side by side with any other. We are thus liable to forget the horrible frequency and the horrible recklessness with which this dreadful form of death was inflicted on those who were not protected by the rights of citizenship. The light way in which such phrases as "*pone crucem servo*," "*non pascas in cruce corvos*," abound in Latin literature, show how callous men's hearts had become. We hardly understand a state of things in which the eye might at any moment have lighted on the sight of a fellow-creature dying of lingering pain, hunger, and thirst, and when grave magistrates, sage philosophers, and delicate women passed by such a sight with indifference as a matter of every-day occurrence. So with the games of the circus. Cruelty undoubtedly reached its height in the case of the Christian martyrs. That men and women of stainless lives, against whom no charge could be brought but that of believing and worshipping according to their own consciences, were not only condemned to death, not only condemned to a lingering death, but condemned to a death of the blackest mockery, a death which was a common insult to the whole human race, and this as a spectacle, as an amusement, as the source of the most exquisite pleasure to a gazing multitude, is undoubtedly the blackest of all the wrongs which man has ever done to his fellow-man. Our own burnings of heretics were bad enough, but in England, at least,—in France and Spain the case was somewhat different,—they were not matters of sport, but of solemn warning: the heretic was at least not burned in the theatre or the bear-garden as part of the public diversions. Still, we must remember that Christians were thrown to the lions simply because Roman tastes had already learned to delight in throwing other men to the lions. And in all these cases the progress of cruelty should carefully be studied. The shows of gladiators began in a horrible superstition. Human victims were slaughtered at funerals in honour of the dead. Some lingering feeling of humanity may, as in so many other cases of superstition, have softened the ferocity of the original rite. The mere butchery was changed into a fight, in which some at least of the combatants might escape with life. But a fight soon became a spectacle, a source of

interest and excitement; the gladiatorial shows were transferred from the funeral to the amphitheatre, and the slaughter of man by his fellow-man became a source of pleasure only second to that of seeing a man in the jaws of a devouring beast. So in the case of beasts. The beginning of these cruel shows was no very great matter. A few elephants taken in the first Punic war were driven round the circus, and put to death. They were driven round the circus to make the people familiar with the sight of the animal, and to take away the almost superstitious fear which attached to the "huge earth-shaking beast." They were put to death because they were looked upon as useless, and because the prudent Senate would not maintain either useless beasts or useless men.¹ From this beginning seems to have sprung all those horrible forms of amusement in which the pleasure consisted in the slaughter of beast by its fellow-beast, of beast by man, or of man by beast. And it is worth noticing, that both the gladiatorial combats and the combats of wild beasts were spoken of in exactly the same language with which we are familiar in our own day. Then, as now, "sport" meant the needless slaughter or torture of man or beast. The work of slaughter was "ludus;" the criminal or martyr whose sufferings were to delight the Roman people was "damnatus ad ludum;" when Commodus or Caracalla sat to destroy, in all safety, the animals which were driven before him, and when Ignatius was cast as an unresisting victim to the lion, the show was alike a "hunt," a "venatio." In exactly the same spirit, in Queen Elizabeth's days, the phrase was, "to bait the *game*," that is, the bull, bear, or ape, set aside for her Majesty's pleasure, exactly as in our own day "sport" still means slaughter, and "game" still means its victims. So, too, the gladiatorial shows were defended in language exactly the same as that which is used by the votaries of modern hunting. They were noble and manly sports, fit for a nation of soldiers, sports which led men to despise danger, wounds, and death. The points of difference between the two forms of cruelty I shall presently speak of, but it is important to bear in mind that the language in which the one was spoken of and defended is exactly the same as that which we are accustomed to hear applied to the other.

(1) I had written thus far in my essay before I came across the first volume of Mr. Lecky's "History of European Morals." In pp. 287—308 he gives a very valuable account of the whole history of the gladiatorial shows and of the exhibitions of wild beasts, with an array of references which makes it needless for me to draw on the few which I had begun to collect for myself. Both there and in other parts of his book there are many remarks bearing on my subject which are well worth study. See especially those at pp. 294, 295, and again vol. ii. pp. 184—186, where he gives a sketch of the subject in later times. And the whole cream of the matter, as far as I am concerned with it, lies in Mr. Lecky's words (i. 305). "There are many who would accede without the faintest reluctance to a barbarous custom, but would be quite incapable of an equally barbarous act, which custom had not consecrated."

The horrors of the amphitheatre seem to have reached their height under Constantine. The "Frankish games" (*ludi Francici*) with which he delighted his subjects at Trier are recorded and applauded by his panegyrists in language, which, as M. Amedée Thierry suggests, seems to imply some lurking doubts in the conscience of the prince or of his flatterer, doubts which, as men commonly do, he strove to drown by big words and bluster.¹ The victims of Constantine's "sport," the "game" that were despatched to celebrate his victories, were neither criminals, rebels, nor slaves, but foreign enemies taken in open war and consigned by thousands to the jaws of the wild beasts. This stands out in marked contrast to the treatment which conquered enemies had received at the hands of Aurelian. It seems to show that the difference between the treatment of Vercingetorix and the treatment of Zenobia was due, not to any improvement in public feeling, but to a personal magnanimity on the part of an Illyrian peasant of which the first Cæsar, the divine Julius, was incapable. But the same prince who threw his captives to the lions abolished the punishment of crucifixion. This was no doubt less out of humanity than out of a religious feeling. It was the same feeling which made John Foxe implore Elizabeth that Arian and Anabaptist heretics might not be put to the same form of death under which the true martyrs had suffered in the days of her sister. The exact amount of influence which Christianity has had in abolishing exhibitions of cruelty it is not easy to say. It has, I think, been undervalued by Mr. Lecky. We may perhaps best compare it with the influence of Christianity on such points as slavery and polygamy. The New Testament contains no direct precepts on any of these points, but its general spirit undoubtedly tends to the abolition of all these evil customs. In the case of polygamy the spirit of the Gospel was actually in harmony with both Roman and Teutonic Law; the battle was against general licentiousness and the Roman practice of unlimited divorce. Within the Empire therefore there was hardly any struggle on this point, but among the polygamous nations beyond the Empire, Christianity, presenting itself as a monogamous religion, has never made the same way which it did within the lands subject to Roman Law. In the case of slavery the spirit of the Gospel had to struggle against both Roman and Teutonic Law; the fight has therefore been long and hard, and the victory is not even now complete. But it is certain that in all ages men have been found to protest against slavery on

(1) "Il faut bien que cette nouveauté eut causé parmi les Gallo-Romains une émotion douloureuse, puisqu'on voit les panégyristes, tout en la louant beaucoup, prendre à tâche de la justifier, par des exemples empruntés à l'histoire de Rome républicaine, à ces temps de cruauté sauvage, où l'égorgement des prisonniers figure dans le cérémoniel officiel des triomphes."—A. Thierry, *Histoire de la Gaule sous la Domination Romaine*, ii. 115.

Christian grounds, and its abolition in most European countries has certainly been due to the indirect influence of Christianity. So it has been with regard to cruelty towards man and beast. We must not look for any very direct influence of Christianity on the matter; we must not look for ecclesiastical legislation or for any general ecclesiastical denunciations on such points; but we can find a succession of protests of the same nature as in the other case, and we may surely set it down to the indirect influence of Christianity that we are so far humanized as we are in both points. Christian teaching set itself more directly against the gladiatorial games than against the combats with wild beasts, because the former sinned more directly against the precept, "Thou shalt do no murder." The gladiatorial games therefore did not long survive the establishment of Christianity, and in later days mere wanton murder does not seem to have formed the amusement of any Christian people. There is much to be said against both the tournament and the prize-fight; in both death may easily result, but in neither is death deliberately intended. There is therefore this mark of distinction between either of them and the man-fights of ancient Rome. Judicial sentences, whether of death or of torture, have sometimes been turned into spectacles of public gratification. An English execution has indeed always been designed as a matter of warning not of sport. But Macaulay tells us that in Charles the Second's reign English gentlemen made parties of pleasure to see women whipped in prison. And it is certain that, both in France and in Spain, the burning of heretics sometimes made part of the public spectacles on occasions of public rejoicings. And it is no less certain that, not much more than a hundred years back, all Paris flocked to see, and I suppose, to enjoy the prolonged tortures of Damiens. Still, though assemblies of professing Christians have taken pleasure in very cruel and horrible spectacles, I cannot remember any case of sheer and mere murder being made a public amusement. The heretic or the traitor was doomed to death in any case; the prize-fighter, even when he fights with the sword, at most jeopardises his life. Both spectacles are bad enough, but in neither case are men deliberately slaughtered for the mere purpose of amusement, as was the case when the spectators turned down their thumbs in the Roman amphitheatre.

We may say then that the combats of gladiators, as coming directly under the plain prohibition of murder, were abolished through the direct influence of Christianity, but that other cases of cruelty towards man and beast alike were left to the indirect influence of the religion of mercy. In this, as in many other cases, I believe that the indirect influence has been strongest where the direct influence has been weakest. In the so-called Ages of Faith we hear occasional protests against slavery, against cruelty to man or beast. But

we find little or no systematic struggling against either. The only point which was ever successfully insisted on was the wickedness of enslaving fellow-Christians. But it does not follow that the Ages of Faith did not do the work even in these respects. It seems to me that an age of belief sowed the good seed of which an age of unbelief, an age at least of less fervent belief, reaps the fruits. It strikes me that the moral precepts and moral influences of Christianity needed the dogmatic teaching and the systematic discipline of past times to gain for them a hold in the world. The sower may sometimes have sowed tares along with his wheat, but the wheat has survived the tares. I believe that many a man who has little faith in Christian theology is deeply influenced by Christian morality, and that he is altogether a different man from what he would have been had Christianity never been. Our modern society is certainly very far from an ideal state; still we have got rid of certain vices, of certain forms of cruelty, which claved to the highest stage of heathen civilization. These great blessings I believe that we owe to Christian influences, but to Christian influences which have been mainly indirect. And I do not find any difficulty in so thinking in the fact that the great movements on behalf of humanity, the movement against slavery, the movement against reckless capital punishment, the movement against cruelty to animals, and other righteous crusades of the same kind, have taken place in times when the direct influence of the Church as an institution, and of the creed of the Church as a dogmatic system, was certainly much weaker than it had been in earlier times.

If any one were to write a history of cruelty in England, whether towards men or towards animals, it would be hard to say whether, till within the last two generations, we had advanced or gone forwards. We have many awkward facts which might suggest that in many ages we were growing worse instead of better. The severity of our statute-book went on increasing almost to our own day, till in the end the evil cured itself. Judicial torture, hitherto unknown in England, was brought in as a novelty in the fifteenth century. So too in the political struggles of the eleventh century blood was scarcely ever shed by sentence of law for political offences, while we find a very different state of things in the fifteenth, the sixteenth, and the seventeenth century. We hardly look on William the Conqueror as a specially merciful man, yet it is certain that, in all his long reign in Normandy and England, he only once put a political enemy to death. Edward the Fourth, Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, Charles the Second, could hardly say as much. But on the whole, I believe that, with some fluctuations, manners at least, if not laws, gradually softened. William was on principle sparing of human life, but he inflicted the most horrible mutilations without remorse. Our modern feelings, there can be no doubt, are more

offended at the idea of blinding or otherwise mutilating a man than at that of putting him to death outright. And the return to the same kind of cruelty under Charles the First seems to have offended men more than almost any other of the evil deeds of those days. This shows the gradual growth of at least a sentiment, if not a principle, of humanity. With regard to animals I suspect it to have been the same. We are apt to fancy that bull and bear-baiting was specially characteristic of the reign of Elizabeth. I believe this is simply because the doings and manners of Elizabeth's reign are better known to us than those of most other reigns, and because we are struck with the incongruity of a woman, a queen, a maiden queen, taking special delight in such sights. Bear-baiting and bull-baiting were in common use ages earlier, and I know of no reason to think they were more popular in the sixteenth century than they were in earlier times. William Fitz-Stephen, in a well-known passage, gets eloquent on the doings of the citizens of London in this way in the days of Henry the Second, and the fact recorded in Domesday, that the borough of Norwich, in the reign of Eadward the Confessor, paid yearly, as part of the royal revenue, "a bear and six dogs for the bear" ("*sex canes ad ursum*"), may perhaps throw some further light on the diversions of the saint who, when he had heard mass, loved to hunt all day long. How little animal suffering was regarded at a somewhat later time is shown by a story in Froissart of a knight throwing an ass laden with wood into the fire, which was thought a very good joke. In the days of the "blessed and innocent prince" Edward the Sixth, it was thought a pleasant amusement at a wedding for gentlemen to try in succession which could pull off the head of a live goose hung on a pole. Cock-throwing, a still baser form of cruelty than bear-baiting, was not only habitually practised, but obtained a curious form of recognition. In the statutes of many schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the founders make special regulations for a sport which was so ordered as to combine profit for the master with amusement for his scholars. The sufferings of the helpless cock never seem to have been thought of by the pious bishops and munificent noblemen who legislated to enforce rather than to forbid them. Still I think we may see that humanity was never wholly left without witnesses. It was not so even at Rome. Seneca and Plutarch protested against the cruelties of the amphitheatre; Cicero half defended and half protested. The Roman people itself had moments of mercy.¹ In later times we

(1) Mr. Lecky has quoted the well-known passage in which Cicero faintly blames the gladiatorial shows as they were actually practised, while he maintains that the spectacle would have been in every way edifying if none but criminals had fought. I do not think that he has quoted the still more remarkable passage (Epp. ad Div., vii. 1) in which Cicero expresses his dislike to the "hunting of the amphitheatre." "*Reliquæ*

read many stories of saints practising gentleness towards animals, and especially of the sheltering the hunted beast from its pursuers. One of the most beautiful of these stories, how Saint Anselm saved a hare from her tormentors, I have quoted elsewhere, and I have of course met with some mockery for so doing.¹ I saw only the other day a mediæval picture of "The Folly of Hunting." It was not the cruelty that was attacked, but the waste of time,—a perfectly good argument as far it goes, though not immediately to my purpose. Still it is of importance as showing that there always have been minds which could rise above mere conventionalities on these matters. But I remember perfectly well, though I cannot at this moment lay my hand upon it, a poem of the time of Henry the Eighth in which bear-baiting is vigorously attacked. The poet not only blames the spending on such objects of money which he holds ought to be given to the poor, but he attacks the sport itself; he pronounces, like Cicero, the "terrible tearings" of dog and bear to be a "full ugly sight," and winds up,—

"If you therefore give to see a bear fight,
Be sure Godes curse upon you will light."

In fact, I am by no means clear that one reason why we hear so much about bull and bear-baiting in the sixteenth century may not be because it was then just beginning to give way. The well-known complaints of the bearwards in Elizabeth's time that people neglected their shows to see the plays of Shakespere and other poets, is not to be forgotten. This was not likely to be the effect of any conscious scruple about the cruelty of bear-baiting. But it was the unconscious working of the same feeling; it was the preference of an intellectual to a brutal amusement; it was the feeling of Cicero: "*Quæ potest homini esse politico delectatio?*" So under King James we find a new form of cruelty introduced; the British Solomon seems to have been the first, perhaps the only, prince who caused the lions in the Tower to be baited. Yet a certain inkling of improved feeling appears in his own "Book of Sports," which, while allowing certain "lawful sports" on Sundays, expressly forbids all exhibitions of cruelty. In the sixteenth century Sunday was the special day for bear-baiting, and Queen Elizabeth once went—whether on a Sunday

sunt venationes binæ per dies quinque, magnificæ, nemo negat; sed quæ potest homini esse politico delectatio, quum aut homo imbecillus a valentissimâ bestiâ laniatur aut præclara bestia venabulo transverberatur? Quæ tamen, si videnda sunt, sæpe vidisti, neque nos, qui hæc spectavimus, quidquam novi vidimus. Extremus elephantorum dies fuit, in quo admiratio magna vulgi atque turbæ, delectatio nulla, exstitit. Quinetiam misericordia quædam consequuta est, atque opinio ejusmodi esse quamdam illi belluæ cum genere humano societatem." It was not then thought a princely sport to shoot an elephant out of sheer wantonness, and to sit down to smoke a short pipe on his body.

(1) "Hist. of the Norman Conquest," vol. ii. p. 25. One critic thought that it proved something to say that I must be wrong in speaking against hunting, because the late Prince Albert hunted!

or not I forget—to hear a sermon, accompanied by two white bears in a cart, to be baited when the preacher had done. The next generation, though it did not forswear bear-baiting, yet somehow felt that cruelty and piety were hardly consistent, and proclaimed a kind of Truce of God on behalf of the bears. We see the same kind of feeling in a number of mediæval stories which, without directly condemning hunting, speak with great horror of hunting on Sundays or at other holy seasons. This is a feeling which we must not misunderstand through our modern British notion of forbidding all amusements on Sundays. Amusement, as amusement, on Sundays was not objected to; but men instinctively felt that the torture and death, whether of a bear or of a stag, was not a fit amusement for a day of special holiness. Next came the great Puritan attack on bear-baiting, on which Lord Macaulay had something to say. I do not profess to say how far humanity had anything to do with this movement; but I can hardly think that the question is disposed of in Lord Macaulay's sharp saying that the Puritan reformers "commonly contrived to enjoy the two-fold satisfaction of tormenting both spectators and bear." The bears they commonly killed outright, which is a different thing from tormenting them. And one can hardly understand the special dislike of the Puritans to this particular amusement, if it was simply because, like all other amusements, it "gave pleasure to the spectators."

Mr. Lecky has collected some instances of feeling with regard to these matters from the days of Pepys to our own time. Pepys, for instance, pronounces bull-baiting to be "a nasty pleasure." This is quite in the spirit of Cicero, and it is a step in the right direction. The passages collected by Mr. Lecky point to an earlier feeling against these sports as rough and vulgar, which grew into a more distinct feeling against them as cruel. Mr. Lecky, of course, deals with the matter only incidentally; otherwise he might well have shown how the movement against bull-baiting and cock-fighting was contemporary with, and no doubt connected with, the other movements for the lessening of the harshness of our criminal law and for the removal of the wrongs of the slave, the prisoner, and the lunatic. And, above all, special honour is due to the great moral painter, Hogarth, as one of the earliest, truest, and boldest among the prophets of humanity. His series called the "Progress of Cruelty," in boldly rebuking barbarities some of which are perhaps yet not wholly extinct, places them plainly before our eyes, and he forcibly sets forth the natural connexion between inhumanity towards the lower animals and inhumanity towards man.

And now I shall of course be asked, What is all this to the purpose? "*Quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt?*" What have the confessed barbarities of the amphitheatre, the bear-garden, and the

cock-pit to do with the noble diversions of the preserve, the moor, and the hunting-field? What connexion is there between the savage amusements of ancient heathens or of low ruffians among ourselves and the manly and gallant sports of high-minded and refined English gentlemen? I answer that in all these cases the principle is the same, the difference is simply a difference of conventionality or at most of degree. In cruelty, as in everything else, there are degrees; I by no means say that all instances of cruelty are in themselves the same. I by no means deny that in some cases cruelty is in a manner choked and disguised so as to attract many who would be disgusted by it in its naked form. Still, be the degree greater or less, the stain of cruelty rests upon all alike. This is the plain truth which Windham had the clear-sightedness to look in the face. A fox-hunt is to me a revolting thing, but it is certainly less revolting than a bear-bait or a Spanish bull-fight. Still the principle of all three is the same; in all three pleasure is sought in the needless suffering of some living creature. Those, therefore, who condemn the one, cannot consistently approve of the other.

Again, I shall be asked, Do I condemn all persons who practise amusements of this kind? I answer that I have nothing to do with condemning persons, but only with condemning things. I believe cruelty in all cases to be a sin; but of the degree of sin which is incurred by this or that man, whether in a Roman amphitheatre or in an English hunting-field, I wholly refuse to judge. The amount of sin, in this as in all other matters, must mainly depend on the amount of light sinned against, and of the amount of light sinned against by this or that man no other man can judge. It will always depend largely upon the circumstances of a man's age, country, and position. It is undoubtedly true that many high-minded and cultivated, and in other respects even humane, men indulge now in hunting and shooting. They call hunting and shooting noble and manly sports. But Windham was also a high-minded and cultivated man, and Windham rejoiced in sports which he deemed noble and manly, but from which the modern fox-hunter now turns away in disgust. So were Titus and Trajan high-minded and cultivated men; one was the Delight of Mankind, the other was received as the model of all succeeding rulers. Yet Titus and Trajan were conspicuous even among the Cæsars for their lavish patronage of sports which in their days were deemed noble and manly, but from which Windham would have turned away in disgust. So I do not despair of a day coming when an English gentleman will look with the same disgust on the diversions of the present age with which he now looks on the diversions of the days of Windham, or with which Windham looked on the diversions of the days of Titus. Few men ever look questions of this sort fairly in the face. They do what is usual in their own

clothes ?
clothes ?

time and place; they are satisfied with not offending the public opinion of their own society. And be it remembered that this is a great safeguard. The public opinion of this or that society cannot really alter the eternal laws of right and wrong. But it may make a vast difference as to the effect of this or that action on the general character of particular men. This is a subject on which Lord Macaulay has dwelled in several remarkable passages, and on which Mr. Lecky also has something to say.¹ Mr. Lecky speaks with great truth of the way in which men can "localize" their feelings, whether of humanity or of anything else. They give humanity or whatever the feeling may be, full play in certain times, places, and circumstances, while conventionality refuses it the same play in other cases which, looked at by the light of abstract reason, are exactly the same. I hold that fox-hunting, bear-baiting, gladiator-fighting, are all in themselves brutal. But as I do not hold that every modern fox-hunter is a brute, neither do I hold that every Elizabethan courtier who attended a bear-bait or every Roman senator who attended a show in the amphitheatre was necessarily a brute either. There is distinct evidence that in all these cases he might be gentle enough in other places. But a gentleman of our own day who frequents cock-fights and badger-baits is undoubtedly a brute. So would a prince of Elizabeth's day have been, if he had, like Constantine, thrown his prisoners to the lions. And I believe that a day will come when fox-hunting will be looked on as no less unworthy of a man of sense and refinement than badger-baiting is now. But though conventionality may do a great deal, it cannot do everything. It cannot change wrong into right. I cannot but think that the indulgence in cruelty in any form and in any degree must more or less harden the heart. I am far from saying that every fox-hunter is a bad man, but I certainly think that, *cæteris paribus*, the fox-hunter would be a better man if he were not a fox-hunter. And few would approve of devotion to pursuits of this kind when it becomes the distinguishing feature in the character. A mere fox-hunter, a mere bull-baiter, a mere amateur of gladiators, can never have been an estimable character in any age.

Leaving then questions touching individuals, let us look at the thing itself and at the disguises which mislead many minds so to approve of certain forms of cruelty while they condemn others. First of all, there is a fallacy in the word "hunting." I believe that many men would *hunt* a fox who would be shocked at the notion of *baiting* him. Now there undoubtedly are states of things where hunting is lawful and necessary and therefore praiseworthy. I said at starting that it was confessedly lawful to kill animals either for food or in defence of our lives and properties. Such hunting as fairly

(1) See my quotation from Mr. Lecky, p. 360.

comes under these heads has nothing to be said against it. My point is that modern hunting does not fairly come under either of these heads. It is not carried on for either of the ends which make hunting lawful. It is as distinctly a sport founded on a morbid love of slaughter and torture as the games of the amphitheatre.

Let us take the two cases separately. I will first take the case of hunting when it is necessary for the defence of our own lives and properties. This is lawful war with the wild beasts; in early states of society it forms a very important part of man's business, and something of the same sort may occur at any time. The man who shoots a tiger or a wolf is confessedly a public benefactor, and nothing but a very recent and most grotesque prejudice hinders equal honour from being assigned to the man who shoots a fox. The object of such hunting as this is not to torture animals for our amusement, but to slay them outright for our protection. A man whose pastures are harried by a tiger will get rid of the tiger in the quickest way that he can, and will not artificially prolong his sufferings for the sake of "sport." No doubt, even in hunting of this sort, which is confessedly lawful and praiseworthy, a certain love of adventure, a certain satisfaction in the exercise of skill, even a certain touch of the *certaminis gaudia*, is perhaps unavoidable. It is just the same in a righteous war against a human enemy. I have no doubt that, if I had stood on the hill of Senlac, I should have felt a strong satisfaction in cleaving the skull of a Norman. But feelings of this kind need to be kept under careful control. As soon as either war or hunting loses its purely defensive character, as soon as it is pursued, not distinctly for the public good, but as a matter of sport or out of sheer love of slaughter, as soon as suffering is needlessly inflicted or wantonly prolonged, it ceases to be a righteous and praiseworthy occupation, and comes under the general head of cruelty.

Now will modern hunting stand this test? Can any modern fox-hunter honestly say that his hunting is done with the legitimate object of getting rid of a noxious animal in the quickest way? It is nothing of the kind. It is plain that instead of men hunting with any object of getting rid of foxes, the fox exists simply for the purpose of being hunted. But for the practice of hunting, the fox would long ago have been as extinct in England as his cousin the wolf. Two hundred years back the fox really was hunted with the object of getting rid of him; every one must remember St. John's famous illustration in the case of Strafford, how a hare or a stag had law given him as a beast of chase, while a wolf or a fox was knocked on the head as he best might be.¹ But now the breed is artificially preserved, sometimes it is actually imported; it is held as a point of morality that the life of the fox is sacred except when his death is accompanied

(1) See Macaulay, *Hist. of England*, i. 311.

with the prescribed amount of wanton fright and suffering. The occupier of the soil must put up with any amount of damage from a destructive beast, he must forego his natural right of killing that destructive beast out of hand, in order that the beast may be preserved for another man to rejoice in his torments. The scholarship of the hunting-field is called into play, and the grotesque name of "vulpicide" is invented as an expression of abhorrence for the man who exercises the right which nature has given him of getting rid of the destroyer of his fowls and geese. It is strange indeed that a superstition at once so modern and so absurd should have got the vogue that it has, but it is not too much to say that there are many people who really look upon the killing of a fox anyhow but in the chase as an awful and almost unmentionable crime. This at once gets rid of any excuse that foxes are hunted in order to destroy a noxious animal. Instead of this, the animal is sought out, sometimes he is brought on purpose to the spot, in order that he may give "sport" by his prolonged sufferings. He is pursued till he is worn out by weariness, and then he is put to death with brutalities equal to anything done in the bear-garden or the amphitheatre.

Now if this is anything but wanton and deliberate cruelty, I do not know the meaning of words. The essence of the "sport" is the needless fright, weariness, and suffering of a living creature, a creature which we have doubtless a right to destroy, but not a right to torment. Strip fox-hunting of its disguises, and its principle is, as Windham allowed, exactly the same as the principle of bull-baiting. To be sure the bull is tied to a stake, while the fox is allowed to run for his life and has a chance of escape. This no doubt makes the cruelty somewhat less revolting, but it does not make it cease to be cruelty. The spectators at a bull-bait simply sit or stand and look on, while the fox-hunter is an actor, he follows his victim on horseback, and enjoys healthful air and exercise in so doing. This is one of the disguises with which the cruelty is masked, a disguise which no doubt leads many to join in a fox-hunt who would not join in a bull-bait, but which is simply a disguise, and which leaves the essential cruelty exactly where it was. A bull-bait can be condemned only on the ground that our amusements ought not to take the forms of inflicting wanton suffering on any creature. And on that principle a fox-hunt must be condemned also.

A question may arise in all these cases whether the pleasure felt is actually pleasure in inflicting suffering or whether the case is rather that the accompanying pleasure of other kinds produces recklessness as to the suffering inflicted. I have no doubt that in many of those who indulge in field sports the latter is the prevailing feeling. Many, I have no doubt, consciously or unconsciously, shut their eyes

to the cruelty which they are committing. But this process in no way lessens the cruelty. If the needless infliction of suffering be wrong, we ought not to be reckless about it, but rather to keep carefully on our guard against it. And I am not clear that this excuse would be at all peculiar to modern hunting. I am not clear that in cruel amusements of other kinds the pleasure to the spectator is always directly drawn from the mere infliction of suffering. I can believe that many a spectator in the Coliseum or in Paris Garden was thoughtless rather than anything else as to the actual pain of the bear or the gladiator. The pleasure felt doubtless came in many cases rather from the wild excitement of the whole scene than from the distinct consciousness that pain was being inflicted. But it is quite certain that recklessness as to inflicting pain may easily grow, and we know that it often has grown, into direct pleasure in inflicting pain. Which feeling, or what intermediate stage between the two feelings, is to be found in the breast of this or that fox-hunter it is not for me to guess. But it is plain that every fox-hunter must for the time stifle the divine virtues of mercy and pity; he must for the time cast aside that grace of "misericordia," that "Ayenbite of Inwyt," which the Roman people itself once felt in the case of Pompeius' elephants. Even if he does not actually take pleasure in the infliction of suffering, he knows that suffering is being inflicted for no object except his amusement, and he does not shrink from the amusement in which such suffering is an element. That the cruelty is an essential element in the sport, that the presence of a suffering victim is needful for its full enjoyment, is not to be denied. Those who tell us that they hunt for the sake of a healthy exercise could get that healthy exercise just as well by hunting a red herring or by taking a gallop wherever a gallop may be had, without hunting anything at all. But I believe that hunting a red herring is looked on with contempt by the "true sportsman." That is to say, the true sportsman is not a true sportsman, he has not the full satisfaction of his sport, unless he is assured that his pleasure involves the suffering and slaughter of some living being.

I have already fully allowed that there are certain disguises in fox-hunting which render it less revolting than bull-baiting. That is to say, this or that sharer of the sport does not seem to have so direct a hand in the cruelty committed. Many a man who follows the hounds does not see the final brutality, possibly he never sees the fox at all. But in a bull-bait it is essential that the spectator should look on during the whole scene. In these, and in other ways fox-hunting is undoubtedly less revolting, less corrupting, than bull-baiting. But, stripped of its disguises, it is equally cruel, perhaps more cruel. It does not so distinctly offend the mere sentiment; the cruelty is not so ostentatiously put forward; other feelings and other

emotions are brought in to obscure the real nature of the sport. But the principle of cruelty is alike in both, and I suspect that, as regards the beast itself, fox-hunting is the more cruel of the two. A fight of any kind, bad as it is, is one degree less inhuman than a mere worry. A fight may be a source of pleasure to the combatants; the *certaminis gaudia* of a bull or bear-bait are doubtless largely felt by the dogs; they may be perhaps felt to some extent by the bull or the bear. If the bull or the bear were allowed free action, there is little doubt that they would be felt. But in a fox-hunt the beast is simply chased till endurance fails him and then he is torn in pieces. The amount both of deadly fright and of physical suffering must, I think, be quite equal to anything undergone in the other case.

I say then without hesitation that fox-hunting, which ages back may have been a praiseworthy means of ridding the country of a noxious animal, has, in its modern shape, degenerated into a sport of wanton and deliberate cruelty. Strip it of its disguises, and it is that and nothing else. Now as for those forms of "sport" which arise out of the other original and lawful mode of hunting, namely, the procuring of food. When hunting is the only means of procuring food, it marks a very low state of society. It is in fact the condition of the mere savage, a condition in which, if our forefathers ever were at all, it must have been long before the separation of the Aryan nations. What the sportsman does is wilfully to prolong the long-past savage state in his own person. Still it is natural that hunting to procure food should long outlive the time when it is the only means of procuring food: some forms of it indeed may always exist in any age. As I fully admit the lawfulness of killing animals for food, so neither do I argue that it makes any difference in itself whether the animals killed for that purpose be wild or tame. If it is lawful to kill an ox, a sheep, or a tame fowl, it is equally lawful to kill a deer, a hare, or a pheasant. Indeed in one point of view humanity is less offended by the slaughter of wild than by that of tame animals. A beast or bird shot down at once by a skilful marksman certainly suffers less in every way than a beast which goes through the ceremonies of the slaughterhouse. There is indeed the chance that the wild animal may be merely wounded and may linger in pain, but against this may be fairly set the fright, the weariness, perhaps the actual pain, which, even when no conscious cruelty is inflicted, seems to be almost inseparable from the transit of animals for slaughter. My objection to shooting looked at merely in itself comes pretty much to the objection of Cicero. It has always been a puzzle to me how a refined or educated man can find pleasure in taking on himself the functions of the butcher. Death may in many cases be lawfully inflicted on both man and beast, but should death in either case be made a matter of sport? Death, even in an animal, strikes me as a

deep and awful mystery, a mystery which should not be trifled with, a doom the infliction of which should in any case be a matter of grave duty rather than of reckless amusement. The case of the professional butcher is one on which I have often reflected, and, looking as I do on the case of men and the case of brutes as simply parts of the same question, it closely connects itself in my mind with the case of the professional hangman. This last is the extreme case. It is clear that the man who executes the sentence of the law is not doing a wrong action but a right one. Yet I think that every one would say that no good man, no man who had not stifled some of the best feelings of his nature, would willingly take on him the office of hangman. We can understand, even in hanging a man, a certain satisfaction in the exercise of skill, but all would say that it was not a matter in which a man should find pleasure or "sport" in the act itself. We should not think well of a sheriff who, from sheer liking, chose to hang a man himself instead of sending for Calcraft. Now, allowing for the difference between the life of a man and the life of a beast—a vast difference truly, but still only a difference of degree—the case of the hangman is the same as the case of the butcher. In most ages and in most languages the trade of the hangman has always borne an opprobrious name, and the trade of the butcher has come in for a lesser degree of the same feeling.¹ A man becomes a butcher by force of circumstances, just as another man becomes a baker or a tailor, and it does not at all follow that the butcher is a less humane man than the baker or the tailor. Indeed a humane butcher may do a vast deal of good and may hinder the infliction of a vast deal of needless suffering. Still I at least should not think well of a butcher who took up the trade of a butcher out of sheer love of blood and slaughter. As in the case of the hangman, the butcher has no doubt a satisfaction in the exercise of skill; but, in both cases, the highest skill is the greatest humanity. But to take direct pleasure in the slaughter as slaughter would surely show a hard heart. But what is the sportsman, in many forms of "sport," but an amateur butcher, a butcher who takes up the trade out of sheer love of slaughter? One can hardly fancy any man going out by preference to kill his own sheep or his own poultry; what conceivable difference does it make if the animals slaughtered be deer or pheasants? I ask again with Cicero, "*Quæ potest homini esse polito delectatio?*" But I must here in fairness make a distinction. I cannot justify any form of sport where pleasure is sought in the infliction of pain or death, but undoubtedly in the older forms of shooting, cruelty seems to have a less share than in any other form of cruel sport. Exercise, skill, adventure, hunting in the sense of

(1) Compare the Latin *carnifex*, of which it is not always easy to say whether it means hangman or butcher.

searching for something, come in so largely that mere slaughter forms a less share in the business than in any other pursuit of the kind. I do not justify the grouse-shooter or the deer-stalker, but his sport seems to have less of wanton cruelty in it than that of the fox-hunter. In the case of deer-stalking the mere size and majesty of the animal would, one would think, awaken a certain sentiment of sympathy; it must need a hard heart wantonly to shoot down so noble a beast in the full enjoyment of his native wilds. Still there is this difference; the work of slaughter is not absolutely continuous, and, in intent at least, it is simple slaughter and not prolonged torture. In the fox-chase on the other hand the work of cruelty lasts without ceasing from the beginning to the end of the sport; the longer the animal's sufferings are prolonged, the greater is the pleasure of his tormentors. Deer-stalking again and all the older forms of shooting differ still more plainly from the sickening butchery of the modern *battue*, against which public opinion, which would not venture to utter a word against fox-hunting or deer-stalking, ever and anon raises its voice. And I can remember the indignant remonstrances of several newspapers at the attempt to introduce among us under princely auspices a form of "sport" which consisted of the mere slaughter of deer, without any of the elements of pursuit or adventure, the animals being simply driven up to be butchered by royal personages sitting at their ease. The sheer brutal love of slaughter was here stripped of all disguises, and public opinion condemned it. So it is with the lowest brutality of all, the "sport" of pigeon-shooting, where to mere wanton slaughter the low element of gambling is added. Fine gentlemen still practise the "sport," and fine ladies look calmly on, but protests in more than one newspaper show that they do not carry the universal feeling of the country with them.

There are two forms of modern hunting which differ from fox-hunting and approach to shooting in so far as the animal hunted is good for food. These are the chase of the deer and that of the hare. But no one will say that modern deer-hunting is, like the hunting of the savage, a pursuit undertaken as the only means of procuring the only available food. The modern deer-hunt is simply a run after a creature which there is confessedly no design to kill, but on which a great deal of fright and weariness is wantonly inflicted. The "sport" or pleasure to be found in such a piece of contemptible cruelty is certainly hard to understand. And after all, in deer-hunting too there are ugly doings done behind the scenes. In a late article on the subject in the Quarterly Review we were calmly told, in language which savoured a little of the slaughterhouse, how the hounds were at certain times allowed to "go into" a hind—that is, I suppose, to tear her in pieces—in order to "blood" them. A man who set his

dogs to tear a sheep in pieces would at once find his way before the magistrates, and few people would pity him if his sentence was as severe as the law allows. This subtle distinction between one ruminant and another is really beyond me. The stag-hunting of the few districts of England where the wild red deer still lingers differs greatly from the royal sport of Windsor Park. It is at least shrouded in those disguises which veil from some minds the inherent cruelty of all these pursuits. But from my view of the case it is, like the rest, simple wanton cruelty. A farmer only exercises a natural right if he kills a wild beast which trespasses on his pastures; it is another thing to seek the death or capture of the same animal by an artificial process of fright and suffering. It is a touching feature in this kind of "sport" that the hunted stag commonly takes refuge in the sea, the wrath of the elements being less to be feared than the wanton cruelty of man. But against that wanton cruelty the elements themselves do not afford a shelter. The luckless beast is pursued in boats, he is seized and dragged along till he either dies in the waves or is brought to land to afford fresh "sport" to his tormentors.

As for the hares, I find that hare-hunting is looked on with different feelings in different parts. In some districts it is as noble and gallant and manly as any other form of "sport;" in others, while fox-hunting is gentlemanlike and even ladylike, hare-hunting is said to be looked down as vulgar. These are distinctions into which I cannot enter; the principle of cruelty is essentially the same in all these sports, and it is perfectly indifferent whether it is a prince or a tinker by whom the cruelty is committed. Still, in the case of hare-hunting, the victim is so specially timid and defenceless that to condemn it to wanton fright and torment may perhaps need a harder heart than to do the like by a stag or a fox. The sufferings of the hare could call forth a passing emotion of pity even from a heathen sportsman.¹ But I presume that, in the amusement of coursing, to see what Arrian shrank from looking on, and to hear "the last human cry of the hare in the fangs of the dogs,"² forms part of the refined enjoyment.

Into the indirect effects of sports of this kind I will not enter at length. My object is to show their inherent cruelty, and the inconsistency which condemns some forms of cruelty while it allows others. Otherwise the mere risk of human life which they involve might not unprofitably be dwelt on. This object however is shared by these

(1) Xenophon, in his work on Hunting (v. 33), speaks of the capture of the hare by dogs as a pleasant sight: "οὕτω δὲ ἐπὶ χαρὶ ἔστι τὸ θηρίον, ὥστε οὐδεὶς ὄρεται οὐκ ἂν, ἰδὼν ἰχθυούμενον, εὐρισκόμενον, μεταθεόμενον, ἀλισκόμενον, ἐπιλάθειν αὐν, εἴτου ἔρῃη. On this Arrian, in his treatise on the same subject (c. 16), comments: "ἀλισκόμενον δὲ ἰδεῖν, οὔτε ἤδη τὸ θάλαμα ἀποφαίνω οὔτε ἐκπληγεσκόν, ἀλλ' ἀμαρὸν μᾶλλον. Natural humanity will speak out at all times.

(2) I quote from a striking passage in the "Last Days of Pompeii."

pursuits with others which do not involve cruelty, and the two questions are in themselves distinct. Still the risk of these sports, and the supposed manliness of facing that risk, is generally put forth as one of their merits. Now I may be very blind and very mean-spirited, but the manly sport of fox-hunting seems to me not to be manly at all, but to be at once cowardly and fool-hardy. It is cowardly as regards the cruelty practised on a victim which cannot defend himself by tormentors who, as far as the victim is concerned, are perfectly safe. It is foolhardy as risking men's lives for no adequate cause. It is manly, it is something much better than manly, when a man sacrifices or risks his life in a good cause. But I can see nothing manly, nothing in any way praiseworthy, in a man risking his life in a bad cause or in no cause at all. When a fox-hunter is suddenly cut off in the midst of his cruelties, I can see nothing in his end at all resembling the end of the martyr who dies for his religion or of the hero who dies for his country. I believe I am unfashionable in thinking so, but I cannot help it.

I may here tell two stories which I read not long ago in the papers, of which I perhaps may not exactly remember the details, but of which the main point alone concerns us. A missionary in India found the cattle of his neighbours greatly molested by a tiger. He was, or believed himself to be, a good shot, so he went out to shoot the tiger. He missed his aim, and the tiger either killed or badly wounded him. Now, if he took all proper precautions and had fair reason to trust in his own skill, I say that this man suffered in a good cause. In such a case hunting became a work of necessity and charity, in no way unworthy even of a minister of religion. About the same time some young officers contrived to catch a panther. To have knocked him on the head would have been to rid the country of a destructive beast. But that would not have been "sport." The captive was kept to be hunted, or baited, or whatever the proper word may be, with dogs. The panther however got the better of his enemies, and inflicted death or wounds on one or more of them. These men seem to me to have as distinctly suffered in a bad cause as the missionary suffered in a good one. I have also heard another Indian story which bears in another way on our subject. A party of Englishmen were chasing a jackal with dogs, and the hunted beast was met by a native. To his unsophisticated mind it seemed that the destruction of the beast and not its prolonged suffering was the object of its pursuers. He killed the animal in some way or other, and asked the hunters for a reward for the help which he had given them. The reception of a "nigger" who had spoiled "sport" may easily be guessed.

The moral and social effects of these sports form a subject which opens many questions. Nothing is plainer than that the love of hunting in its different forms has led to some of the worst acts, to

some of the most unjust and oppressive legislation, to be found in all history. The accursed forest laws of old times, surviving in a modified shape in our modern game laws, are the suitable monuments of an age of special devotion to the chase. It was not wonderful if those who found their chief pleasure in the sufferings of animals learned to look lightly on the sufferings of their fellow-men, and if they fenced in their savage enjoyments with a code of the blackest cruelty. It was the love of hunting which led directly to the worst deeds of our Norman kings, and, though no such results can happen now, yet the example is instructive. It shows the natural effect of the unrestrained indulgence of such pursuits on men who were but little under the restraint of law or opinion in other ways. In our own day it is shooting rather than hunting in the modern sense which does harm in a legislative way. I am not going to discuss the wide subject of the game-laws, one which would carry me far away from my main subject. I will only say that, next to a Jamaica court-martial, no mockery of justice can be conceived greater than that of a game-preserving squire sitting to convict a poacher on the evidence of a game-keeper. The sentence may be, and often is, perfectly just; the law, good or bad, must be enforced, and the poacher is in most cases a thorough scoundrel. But it will be hard indeed to make people believe that the magistrate is not deciding in the interest of his own order and of his own pleasures rather than in the interests of justice. As myself a county magistrate, as one of a class which, I must say, is more abused than it deserves, I may honestly say that, even in this matter, we are "not so bad as we seem." Still the thing has a very ugly look in all cases, and ever and anon it becomes an ugly reality. I speak of our English game-laws and their effects; as to the depopulation of the Highlands I can say nothing from my own knowledge, and, as statements vary widely, I will hold my peace. But in England I do not hesitate to say that, though there is much exaggeration and misapprehension afloat on the subject, it would be a great gain for the morals of the people and for the credit of the administration of justice, if no such thing as a hare or a pheasant had been left in the country. On this score at least the fox-hunter is not to be complained of. The legislation which confines hunting to a certain time of the year has done away with some of its incidental evils. The hunter no longer goes, as in the days of Sir Roger de Coverley, "like a blast over fields of corn." But his sport has its incidental evils also. The strange superstition about "vulpicide" easily becomes oppressive, though I suspect that it is not so often oppressive as it is corrupting and degrading. In many places at least the hunt pays for the damage done, or said to be done, by foxes, and, though my sympathies are not with the hunt, I can well believe that the hunt is sometimes cheated.

But it seems to me to be a degrading relation in which to put a man, to require him to bear unresistingly the damage done by a wild beast, to forbear from exercising his natural rights against that wild beast, on the promise of payment from those who wish to reserve the beast for a death of elaborate suffering. And it does seem to me that the effect of these pursuits on the general character of their votaries is not a good one. The difference of degrees of course is infinite; many men hunt who can hardly be called hunting men; but when the pursuit is followed to such a degree as to be a marked feature in a man's character, the effect is not good. There is a tendency—I do not say that there is more than a tendency—to a certain lawless and overbearing spirit, to a certain contempt of the rights of others, and to a strong intolerance of the opinions and tastes of others. Hunting is, at most, an allowable sport; but in some minds it seems to become like a religion or a political party. It becomes the business of life and something more. It becomes a sacred thing, to which all other persons and things must give way, and any interfering with which by word or deed, is worse than murder or sacrilege. I believe many fox-hunters really look on anything which spoils their "sport" not only as an inconvenience or an injury to themselves, but as something in itself criminal, nay, as something more than criminal, as something monstrous and unnatural. The "sport" is something in the eternal fitness of things, something superior to all considerations whatever. Though I disapprove of the position of the fox-hunter, I believe that I can understand it. I condemn his pursuit, but I do not necessarily condemn him; still less do I look on him as a portent or a monster. But I feel sure that the confirmed fox-hunter would not only condemn or ridicule my position, it would seem to him something strange and unnatural, which he would be unable to understand.

Such then is my case. The true question lies in a nut-shell. Is it right to inflict, and to seek pleasure in inflicting, needless suffering on any creature whatever? To me it seems that this question is answered by the social and legal condemnation of bull-baiting. Bull-baiting is condemned on that ground; it can hardly be condemned on any other. I ask then again, as I did at the beginning, Is there any difference in principle between fox-hunting and bull-baiting, so that fox-hunting can be right if bull-baiting is wrong? The details, the circumstances, nearly all the incidental concomitants, of a fox-hunt are, I fully admit, far less revolting than those of a bull-bait. But is there any difference in principle? Was not Windham right in saying that the two must stand or fall together? Is not the needless infliction of suffering, and pleasure taken in that infliction, the essence of both alike?

I ask for a sober consideration of these questions. The subject is

one on which one is commonly met with simple amazement, with mere bluster or ridicule, or with answers so absurd that they cannot be meant seriously. I need not stop to discuss an answer which I have heard more than once, namely, that "the fox likes it." And some things that are said in defence of the practice are off the point. Fox-hunting is said to have some social advantages, I mean real social advantages in linking together class and class. In this I believe there is some truth as regards some particular classes; but supposing it to be more true than it is, it does not touch the question. It should not be forgotten that the sports of the amphitheatre had, as Mr. Lecky acutely remarks, a direct political advantage. They afforded the only time when the Roman despot and his subjects were brought face to face, and when he was made to feel some degree of responsibility. We are told too that, if there were no field-sports, country gentlemen would find nothing to do. This again does not touch the question, and the saying is a libel on very many country gentlemen, both among those who hunt and among those who do not. I could point to a good many country gentlemen, to men who are the salt of their class, who—whether for my reasons or for any other I cannot always say—never join in field-sports, and what is more, whose public and private duties would not allow them the time to join in them. We are told that many men, if they were not hunting, would be doing something worse. This I can well believe; but it only proves that hunting is not the worst of all occupations, and I never said that it was. Then we are told that the amount of animal suffering inflicted in other ways, by drovers, by cabmen, by butchers, is much greater than what is inflicted in hunting. This is doubtless true, but it does not touch the point. It is no excuse for one form of cruelty to show that other, perhaps worse, forms of cruelty may be found. And there is this all important difference. Whatever cruelties are committed by drovers or cabmen, however great may be their aggregate amount, are still incidental. The calling of a drover or a cabman gives great opportunities for cruelty, but it in no way involves it. A cabman or a drover perhaps seldom is, but he always may be, a perfectly humane man, who takes all heed never to occasion any needless suffering to the animals under his care. A butcher too may be a thoroughly humane man, who takes all heed that no animal which passes under his hands undergoes anything beyond simple and speedy death. In all these cases, though cruelty is frightfully common, yet it is always an abuse, it is no essential part of the occupation. But a humane fox-hunter is a contradiction in terms, because in his occupation cruelty is not an occasional incident but the essence of the whole thing. He may, through that localization of feeling of which Mr. Lecky speaks, be humane at other times and places, but humane as a fox-hunter he cannot be.

I have indeed heard hunting defended on a kind of philosophical principle, but it is one which, when examined, is found to prove a great deal too much. Creatures, we are told, are made to prey on one another; the dog has the instinct of prey, so has the man himself. He is therefore in no way sinning by following his own natural instinct and by witnessing and encouraging the instinct of the dog. The manifest answer to this is that, if this argument proves anything at all, it justifies every sort of cruelty, or rather every sort of wickedness to which a man may profess to feel a natural impulse. It justifies bull-baiting as well as fox-hunting, and it would justify still worse things than bull-baiting. The destructive instinct of the bull-dog is at least as natural as that of the fox-hound, and if the encouragement of one forms a lawful sport, the encouragement of the other must do the same. And if there be a natural impulse towards pursuit and destruction, which may be lawfully gratified because it is a natural impulse, any inhumanity, whether towards man or towards beast, may be justified on the same ground. I doubt the existence of a natural impulse towards pursuit and destruction as such. It seems to me to be only the perversion of a natural impulse. I can understand the *certaminis gaudia*. We have in us an impulse of self-defence, an impulse of wrath at wrong done to ourselves or to others, which, especially when heightened by the natural desire of success, may give a zest to warfare or conflict of any kind. And such an impulse as this may easily degenerate into mere love of fighting, and from mere love of fighting it may degenerate into something like a mere love of destruction. The combative instinct is one given us for good purposes; but, like some other instincts given us for equally good purposes, it needs to be specially controlled and kept in order. But a mere impulse of destruction I cannot admit as anything but a corruption of our nature, and to argue that such an impulse may be gratified in sheer wantonness is a very dangerous doctrine, and one which might be pressed to very frightful lengths indeed. The whole existence of death and pain, of evil of any kind, is the deepest and saddest of mysteries. But it is plain that, for whatever ends pain and evil may be allowed in the world, it is at least our business to lessen their amount, not to increase it or to seek our pleasure in them. The line of argument of which I speak, if consistently carried out, would give full scope to all the fiercer, and would stifle all the gentler, emotions of our nature. If we may take pleasure in the infliction of pain and death, because pain is a part of the order of nature, there is no knowing where we are to stop. The sport of the amphitheatre, the excesses of every tyrant, would at once become justifiable.

I have also been told that my argument proves too much, that, if I condemn fox-hunting, I should in consistency be a vegetarian

and condemn all slaying of animals. But surely the distinction on which my whole argument rests, between the infliction of simple death for an adequate purpose and the infliction of needless suffering in sheer wantonness, is a perfectly tenable one. Even if we did not kill animals for food, it would be necessary to kill them for other purposes. If animal life were absolutely sacred, human life would become intolerable. But I cannot see that the right to torment is at all involved in the right to kill. And we may use the same line of reasoning as that which I used in the last paragraph. This argument, if it justifies anything, justifies everything. If the infliction of death for purposes of food or defence justifies the infliction of needless suffering for purposes of mere amusement, it must justify it in one case as well as another. That is to say, bull-baiting and cock-throwing must be as lawful as fox-hunting. At every stage and at every corner we come back to the unanswerable saying of Windham.

It sometimes strikes me that sportsmen, those at least among them who have any capacity or any inclination for thought, often show a lurking feeling of doubt as to the rightfulness of their own pursuit. The big words of bluster and ridicule which are so often used are not only void of argument, but they betray a certain, perhaps an almost unconscious, uneasiness which seeks relief in this kind of talk. Sportsmen are sometimes rather too loud in the praises of their pursuit; they are sometimes too eager to defend it even when it is not attacked. The famous description of Sir Roger de Coverley's hunting in the *Spectator* is a notable example.¹ Budgell there works himself up into a great pitch of admiration for the pursuit in which he is engaged, and assures us that he felt that it was perfectly innocent. This uncalled-for tone, half of defiance, half of apology, is just the tone which a man puts on when he is not quite certain that his pursuit is innocent, but is anxious to persuade himself that it is so. And directly afterwards he lets out his doubt by confessing to those natural qualms of pity which must occur in such a case to any heart which is not utterly steeled against all mercy. If he felt concern for the poor hare, he ought not to have been inflicting needless fright and suffering on the poor hare. If Sir Roger "could not find it in his heart to murder a creature which had given him so much diversion," he ought not to have found diversion in inflicting suffering which stopped only short of death, and which was doubtless far more bitter than a speedy death would have been.²

(1) "The brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hallooing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was for the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies."—*Spectator*, No. 116.

(2) The same sort of feeling appears in a passage in this Review (June, 1869, p. 746), from the pen of Mr. A. Trollope.

Budgell presently goes on with a discussion of some remarks of Pascal against hunting, which, as quoted by him, do not touch the question either way, any more than Budgell's defence of the sport, which comes to little more than its being a healthy exercise. And I think that this same sort of uneasiness is often displayed in incidental sayings of lovers of hunting, an uneasiness which, as I have said, sometimes takes the form of bluster. A man who is quite certain of the innocence of his pursuit, to defend it, does not show the sort of busy anxiety. On the other hand I sometimes see in advocates of humanity a strange shrinking from grappling with this particular form of cruelty. I was much struck with this in a clever local paper which I once bought at Manchester, which contained an article on cruelty to animals well and vigorously written, and, if anything, on some points going a little too far in the direction of Lord Townshend. But when the article came to "the debateable ground of sport," the writer suddenly found out that he had neither space nor inclination to enter on the subject. I must call this a cowardly shrinking from duty. In fact the whole matter simply needs to be boldly and honestly thought out by any man capable of thinking. The great object therefore with lovers of these pursuits is to avoid thought on the subject. For my own part I ask nothing of any reader of this essay except boldly to look the question in the face and honestly to weigh what I say. Cast away all prejudices, all conventionalities, all subterfuges, look the thing boldly in the face, and will any one tell me either that it is really right to seek amusement in the suffering of any living creature, or that hunting is anything but amusement sought in the sufferings of a living creature? Will any one who engages in such sports tell me that he does not, for the time at least, stifle the divine voice of mercy within him, that he does not, for the time at least, give the reins to the passions of the wild beast or the savage? It may sound a hard saying, but in truth the joy of the hunter is only a lesser form of that intensified delight in cruelty which saw only a "merry, merry show," in those sports, those huntings, of old in which the human victim had to struggle against the lion and the tiger.¹

Now, as a man's views and arguments are commonly more or less

"The passion" [for "killing something," as I gather from the context] "is as strong among us as ever. It is not our purpose here to defend it, nor do we know that it needs defence." This is not the way in which men speak of pursuits whose innocence they have never even doubted.

(1) Every reader of the "Last Days of Pompeii" will remember the girl who is looking forward to the "merry show," and hoping that there would be a victim for the tiger as well as for the lion. I remember a hunting picture of "In at the Death," in which a fine lady is looking calmly on while the fox is torn in pieces. The two sources of pleasure are separated by the wide difference between a fox and a man, but the emotion in each case is essentially the same in kind, and the gap, though wide, is one which, as experience shows, fashion can easily bridge over.

affected by his personal position, I think it right to say that my views on these matters are wholly the result of reflection. I have no hereditary prejudices either way. I was brought up in a way which gave me no incentives or opportunities for field-sports, but, on the other hand, I was not taught to look on them as wrong. I do not think that the general question was ever brought before my mind in childhood by my elders. I do indeed remember being told that it was unbecoming in a clergyman to hunt, but that there was no objection to his shooting. I also remember that, when I was very young, a school-fellow argued with me against field-sports, that I first tried to argue in their favour, but that in the end had to yield to what he advanced. Possibly I retain the effect of that childish argument to this day ; but for a long while I had no occasion to think much about a matter which never was a practical question for my own conduct. Afterwards—now long ago—I was led to think deeply on the whole matter, and here is the result. Whatever may be thought of my views, they have not been hastily taken up, nor are they the result of any prejudices of family, class, or sect. Circumstances have enabled me to look at the matter without any prepossessions either way. My opinions have been at least thought out by myself, honestly, independently, and, I may add, fearlessly. And such a process and its results have not been free from the pain of having to condemn the pursuits of more than one person, every act of whom I should have been well pleased to approve.

The advocates of humanity have a hard battle to fight, but I am not without hope. The good cause has made great advances. As in everything else, there are fluctuations and reactions, and perhaps of late years there may have been a certain reaction in favour of cruelty. So it has been with the growth of political freedom ; still political freedom has advanced, and so I feel that it must in the end be with the cause of humanity. With regard to man and beast alike, great has been the progress since the days of Titus, great has been the progress since the days of Elizabeth. And in every step in the right direction, whether in the cause of freedom or in the cause of humanity, I can rejoice. I detest the cruelty of fox-hunting ; yet when I look back to what has been, I can feel glad that, at least among persons of decent character, fox-hunting is the worst form of cruelty that I have to condemn. And a chain of witnesses has never been wanted since the days of Saint Anselm and Saint Ceadda and the old time before them. Jane Grey with her Plato before her, while “the poor souls who knew not what true pleasure was” were seeking for it in the pangs of the hart panting for the water-brooks, stands to all time as a beacon, specially to those of her own sex who can seek for pleasure in the infliction of pain. In every age there have been some who could say that

“ No bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
I consciously have injured, but still loved
And cherished these my kindred.”¹

Who does not remember in his childhood the young hero in the tale of Sandford and Merton who, in the spirit of the old saints, withstands the torturers of the hunted hare, and refuses, even under the blows of the savage hunter, to betray the unfortunate? The protests of the gentle Cowper, the warning voice of the Ancient Mariner, must still sound in some ears. I find in the Life of the great and good Dr. Petrie that, through his whole life, he raised his protest against sports of this kind, and warned many a sportsman that his pursuits were those of the savage. The writings of Sir Francis Palgrave are full of passages of exquisite beauty and tenderness, wrung from him by the events of a history which set before him the pursuits of the hunter in their naked ugliness. I do not envy the feelings of the sportsman who can read what Sir Francis says as to the desolation of Hampshire and the fate of William Rufus without a qualm as to the lawfulness of his sport.² But perhaps these witnesses may be despised as the testimony of recluse students incapable of entering into a noble and manly sport. But I believe that it would be possible to name more than one gallant soldier, who could both take and jeopard life

(1) Shelley, “Alastor.”

(2) “Here had the Conqueror spurred his steed and delighted in the slaughter, witnessing with pleasure the dumb anguish of the fleeting stag pursued by the hound, the hieroglyphic so often seen in the mystical sculptures of the Basilica, denoting the power of evil seeking the sinner’s soul.”—“History of Normandy and England,” iv. 9. This passage to me suggests a very awful thought. The delight in the infliction of suffering is not human; it is scarcely animal; the cat is, I believe, the only beast which wantonly prolongs the pains of its victims; but to seek pleasure in the anguish of another creature is the very idea of the “power of evil.”

Take again the passage which leads to the picture of the death of Rufus:—“It is quaintly observed by St. Jerome, that in every vocation, sinners have obeyed the call of holiness, the Lawyer, the Physician, the Statesman, the Soldier, the Fisherman, the Herdman, the Mime, the Slave, the Publican—no state or condition so mean or so godless as always to repel the Holy Spirit, save one—no Hunter, St. Jerome says, was ever canonized. Unless justified by necessity, the blood of any of God’s creatures is never shed unaccompanied by responsibility. The beasts of the field and the fowls of the air are included in the primordial Covenant of Love—and whenever slaughter becomes sport, the sport verges upon injustice, and rushes for injustice to the worst hardening of the heart.”—iv. 645.

Sir Francis never gives references, so I cannot verify the extract from Saint Jerome. His mere fact is belied by the later canonization of Saint Hubert. But the story of Saint Hubert, whether legend or history, really tells in Jerome’s favour. Cruelty must have been sore put to to find a saintly representative, when hunters looked for a patron in a saint the whole point of whose story is that he was led by a miraculous warning to forsake hunting. The tale may be pure legend, or it may contain a kernel of truth; in either case the sentiment which it embodies is equally valuable.

One more, an earlier, passage from Sir Francis Palgrave. “It is related with much zest by the tonsured Chronicler, how the young Duke disturbed the sweet refreshing solitude of the deep and cool forest glades, by setting apart Preserves or Parks for sport; that is to say, for the purpose of enjoying the anguish and misery inflicted upon the Creatures whom their and our Creator has placed under man’s supremacy.”—iii. 209.

when his duty bade him, but who deemed it no sign of courage to rejoice in the needless anguish of man or beast. And I will wind up with the touching words—words which I have lighted on since I began this essay—of one who, if a poet and a student, is also a practised man of the world¹ :—

“ The strife, the gushing blood, the mortal throes,
 With scenic horrors filled that belt below,
 And where the polished seats were round it raised,
 Worse spectacle! the pleased spectators gazed.
 Such were the pastimes of the past! Oh shame,
 Oh infamy! that men who drew the breath
 Of freedom, and who shared the Roman name,
 Should so corrupt their sports with pain and death.

“ The pastimes of times past? And what are thine,
 Thou with thy gun or greyhound, rod and line?
 Pain, terror, mortal agonies, that scare
 The heart in man, to brutes thou wilt not spare.
 Are theirs less sad and real? Pain in man
 Bears the high mission of the flail and fan.
 In brutes 'tis purely piteous. God's command,
 Submitting his mute creatures to our hand
 For life and death, thou shalt not dare to plead;
 He bade thee kill them, not for sport, but need.
 Then backward if thou cast reproachful looks
 On sports bedarkening custom erst allowed,
 Expect from coming ages like rebukes
 When day shall dawn on peacefuller woods and brooks,
 And clear from vales thou troublest, custom's cloud.”

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

(1) Henry Taylor, “Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems,” p. 56.

SUPER FLUMINA BABYLONIS.

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
Remembering thee,
That for ages of agony hast endured, and slept,
And wouldst not see.

By the waters of Babylon we stood up and sang,
Considering thee,
That a blast of deliverance in the darkness rang,
To set thee free.

And with trumpets and thunderings and with morning song
Came up the light;
And thy spirit uplifted thee to forget thy wrong
As day doth night.

And thy sons were dejected not any more, as then
When thou wast shamed;
When thy lovers went heavily without heart, as men
Whose life was maimed.

In the desolate distances, with a great desire,
For thy love's sake,
With our hearts going back to thee, they were filled with fire,
Were nigh to break.

It was said to us: "Verily ye are great of heart,
But ye shall bend;
Ye are bondsmen and bondswomen, to be scourged and smart,
To toil and tend."

And with harrows men harrowed us, and subdued with spears,
And crushed with shame;
And the summer and winter was, and the length of years,
And no change came.

By the rivers of Italy, by the sacred streams,
By town, by tower,
There was feasting with revelling, there was sleep with dreams,
Until thine hour.

And they slept and they rioted on their rose-hung beds,
 With mouths on flame,
And with love-locks vine-chapleted, and with rose-crowned heads
 And robes of shame.

And they knew not their forefathers, nor the hills and streams
 And words of power,
Nor the gods that were good to them, but with songs and dreams
 Filled up their hour.

By the rivers of Italy, by the dry streams' beds,
 When thy time came,
There was casting of crowns from them, from their young men's heads,
 The crowns of shame.

By the horn of Eridanus, by the Tiber mouth,
 As thy day rose,
They arose up and girded them to the north and south,
 By seas, by snows.

As a water in January the frost confines,
 Thy kings bound thee ;
As a water in April is, in the new-blown vines,
 Thy sons made free.

And thy lovers that looked for thee, and that mourned from far,
 For thy sake dead,
We rejoiced in the light of thee, in the signal star
 Above thine head.

In thy grief had we followed thee, in thy passion loved,
 Loved in thy loss ;
In thy shame we stood fast to thee, with thy pangs were moved,
 Clung to thy cross.

By the hillside of Calvary we beheld thy blood,
 Thy blood-red tears,
As a mother's in bitterness, an unebbing flood,
 Years upon years.

And the North was Gethsemane, without leaf or bloom,
 A garden sealed ;
And the South was Aceldama, for a sanguine fume
 Hid all the field.

By the stone of the sepulchre we returned to weep,
From far, from prison ;
And the guards by it keeping it we beheld asleep,
But thou wast risen.

And an angel's similitude by the unsealed grave,
And by the stone :
And the voice was angelical, to whose words God gave
Strength like his own.

“ Lo, the grave-clothes of Italy that are folded up
In the grave's gloom !
And the guards as men wrought upon with a charmed cup,
By the open tomb.

“ And her body most beautiful, and her shining head,
These are not here ;
For your mother, for Italy, is not surely dead :
Have ye no fear.

“ As of old time she spake to you, and you hardly heard,
Hardly took heed,
So now also she saith to you, yet another word,
Who is risen indeed.

“ By my saying she saith to you, in your ears she saith,
Who hear these things,
Put no trust in men's royalties, nor in great men's breath,
Nor words of kings.

“ For the life of them vanishes and is no more seen,
Nor no more known ;
Nor shall any remember him if a crown hath been,
Or where a throne.

“ Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
The just Fate gives ;
Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down,
He, dying so, lives.

“ Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering, though he face man's fate ;
How should he die ?

" Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power
 Upon his head ;
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
 And is not dead.

" For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found,
 For one hour's space ;
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him crowned,
 A deathless face.

" On the mountains of memory, by the world's well-springs,
 In all men's eyes,
Where the light of the life of him is on all past things,
 Death only dies.

" Not the light that was quenched for us, nor the deeds that were,
 Nor the ancient days,
Nor the sorrows not sorrowful, nor the face most fair
 Of perfect praise."

So the angel of Italy's resurrection said,
 So yet he saith ;
So the son of her suffering, that from breasts nigh dead
 Drew life, not death.

That the pavement of Golgotha should be white as snow,
 Not red, but white ;
That the waters of Babylon should no longer flow,
 And men see light.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

OLD GUILDS AND NEW FRIENDLY AND TRADE SOCIETIES.¹

WE are very prone nowadays to look upon association in its various forms as being in the main one of the late products of modern civilisation. The freedom of association is not only one of the questions still at issue in France and other continental countries, but, for the most part, one of the most hotly contested, one from the full exercise of which most is hoped. Trades unionists amongst ourselves complain that the principle is habitually infringed against them; their opponents, that they themselves infringe it habitually against others. Their own associations are frequently treated by writers for the press as altogether new portents; they themselves are seldom able to trace back a pedigree for more than half a century. A little in the rear, the whole vast group of Friendly Societies scarcely looks back beyond the first Act which authorised the formation of such bodies, towards the close of the last century (1793), and if the existence of a Friendly Society here and there can be established in the earlier years of the century, it is reckoned a matter worthy to be recorded.

A certain number of facts, more or less prominently lingering in men's minds, might, indeed, cause us to doubt the novelty of association, or of the freedom to associate. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were certainly the age of great chartered companies—the East India Company (founded, indeed, in the last year of the sixteenth), the South Sea Company, the Hudson's Bay Company, the Levant or Turkey Company, the Russia Company—bodies whose scope, and, in some cases, whose achievements, surely transcended those of any railway or steam-boat company of our own days. Far behind these a yet more gigantic shadow seems to cross the field—that of the great Hanseatic League, born of no monarch's will, but imposing its laws on princes and peoples. And in the middle space we most of us dimly discern a vast multitude of smaller organisations, pervading every European country, and amongst ourselves sometimes forming visibly the very base of municipal institutions—as in the case of the City of London—and binding men together, especially in their trades, with bands which in some cases have only dropped off in the memory of living men.

(1) **ENGLISH GILDS**: the Original Ordinances of more than One Hundred Early English Gilda, together with the Olde Usages of the Cite of Wynchestre; the Ordinances of Worcester; the Office of the Mayor of Bristol; and the Costomary of the Manor of Tettenhall Regis. From original MSS. of the 14th and 15th Centuries. Edited by TOULMIN SMITH, Esq., Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries (Copenhagen). London: [to be] published for the Early English Text Society. N. Trübner & Co.

I believe myself that the more we investigate the subject, the more we shall become convinced that all pretensions of the nineteenth century to have discovered either the practice or the principle of free association are the mere fruit of its own ignorance; that if we have in some ways improved the practice, found out new applications of the principle, we have in several other respects fallen short of our ancestors; that, above all, various fancied novelties of association in our days are no novelties at all; that Trade Societies and Friendly Societies, in particular, are virtually older by centuries than the most hoary-headed of their members, their friends or their enemies.

Abundant proof to this effect will be found—though such proof was, in fact, long ago at hand in many published works—in the very interesting volume of which the title stands prefixed to this paper, prepared for the press by the late Mr. Toulmin Smith, but the publication of which has been delayed through his death. The proofs of it, through the kindness of the secretary of the “Early English Text Society,” I have been permitted to consult, and I sincerely trust that ere long the volume itself (to which it is hoped that an introduction will be contributed from the pen of a young German economist, who has paid special attention to the subject of Trade Societies) will be in the hands of my readers. The volume consists—1st, of the returns, in English, made to the King in Council, by order of Parliament,¹ as to the ordinances, usages, properties, &c., of English Guilds, in the twelfth year of Richard II., A.D. 1389, from the originals in the Public Record Office; 2nd, of “Illustrations of the Ordinances and Usages of early English Gilds, from original records in the Public Record Office, and from other original sources;” 3rd, of documents showing “the relations of gilds to municipal bodies.”

I do not propose here, however, to deal with the work in question, except in reference to the few points I have indicated above. The subject of guilds, as such,² is one far too large to be here treated, since it would really be that of association itself in the middle ages; for it is a vulgar error, though one which has been shared by men of real learning,³ that the term guild was only connected with the exercise of a trade. The Rev. Mr. Arundel, in his lately published

(1) That there ever was such an inquiry will be a new fact to most readers; that its results took the shape of returns to Parliament (though “Blue-books” were not yet invented) affords a vivid illustration of the permanence of the usages of parliamentary government in this country.

(2) Although Mr. Smith’s spelling, *gilds*, is no doubt etymologically correct, yet I think that of our classical age, the 16th—17th centuries, must be accepted.

(3) E.g. Mr. George Long, who, in an article on the Roman Collegia, in Dr. Smith’s “Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,” says: “Some of these corporate bodies resembled our companies or guilds,” instancing the *fabri* (carpenters or smiths), bakers, &c., and evidently connecting the word with the idea of trade only.

work on the Livery Companies of the City of London, has well shown (though he has not been the first to show) how much larger the meaning of the term originally was, and that guilds for self-defence were probably the original form of the institution. And Mr. Toulmin Smith's volume affords abundant illustration of this, his instances extending from the "guild of the Lord's Prayer" at York, for keeping up a certain play, or that of the ringers of St. Stephen's at Bristol, for ringing the church bells, to the great guild of the Hanshouse of Beverley, or the guild of Berwick-upon-Tweed, which are virtually the corporations of those towns.

The first and most general observation which the contents of Mr. Smith's volume suggest is that of the extreme multiplication of these bodies in England during the middle ages. He has avowedly only given us a selection from the records actually preserved, yet we find the ordinances of twelve guilds from Norwich, twelve from Lynn, nine from Bishop's Lynn, five from West and North Lynn, five from "Wygnales," one from "East Wynch," two from "Oxburgh," six from Lincoln, &c. On this footing, it is not by the hundred, but by the thousand, that such associations must have existed in our country. And it is clear, moreover (although in many instances dates are not forthcoming), that the fourteenth century, and especially the latter part of it, must have been a period in which the spirit of association was actively abroad amongst our people. The first guild of which the laws are recorded dates from 1375, the fourth from 1360, the fifth from 1384, the sixth from 1385, &c., &c. Some seven belong to the first half of the century; the Palmers of Ludlow, and the remarkable amalgamated guild of Berwick-upon-Tweed, to the thirteenth century; the guild of St. John of Beverley, of the Hanshouse, to the twelfth. The guild of the Holy Cross of Stratford-upon-Avon claimed, in 1389, to have existed from time beyond the memory of man; that of the Kalenders of Bristol, seventy-one years before (1318), to date from before the Conquest.

We are, moreover, met at once, on perusing Mr. T. Smith's volume, by the remarkable fact that a distinction was already made at the close of the fourteenth century between what the author terms respectively the "social" and the "trade guilds." We may say broadly that the former were the originals of our friendly, the latter of our trade societies. Separate writs—of which Mr. Toulmin Smith gives the text—were thus issued for returns from the former, which are simply termed "guilds and brotherhoods;" and from the latter, which are described as "mysteries and crafts." And it unfortunately happens—through the writ for returns from mysteries and crafts requiring only a return of royal charters or letters patent respecting them, whilst the writ for returns from other guilds requires such returns to embrace also "the manner, and form, and

authority of the foundation, and beginning, and continuance, and governance of the guilds and brotherhoods aforesaid . . . the manner and form of the oaths, gatherings, feasts, and general meetings . . . and of all other such things touching these guilds and brotherhoods ; also as to the liberties, privileges, statutes, ordinances, wages, and customs of the same guilds and brotherhoods"—that the picture which is afforded to us of the craft-guilds is much less complete than that of the others. But Mr. Toulmin Smith has brought together ordinances of craft-guilds from other sources ; and it appears clearly that between the two classes of bodies there was no *legal* distinction, only that practical one which would result from the craft-guilds having a common trade interest which the others had not. Neither body appears to have required any legal sanction for its existence, to have been subject to any legal fetters in its constitution ; of the two, we may infer that the craft-guilds were looked upon with the least suspicion, to judge from the far greater slightness of the returns required from them. And the two classes of bodies ran evidently as often into each other as do our trade and friendly societies. Among the returns from social guilds we find many bearing the names of specific trades—tailors, carpenters, saddlers and spurriers, shipmen, smiths, fullers, &c.—and in these often provisions for trade purposes strictly so called. There was, moreover, a link between the two, which the course of our legislation, since the first Friendly Societies' Act, for the first time legally snapped asunder—which the majority of the Trades' Unions Commission have studiously ignored, and of which the minority do not seem to me to have appreciated the importance. In those days no distinction was made by the law between the relief of poverty as such, and that of any other human infirmity, and men associated together as freely to provide for each other's wants, when in need from want of work, as when sick or infirm through age. It is not so in our days. The ordinary machinery of our Friendly Societies Acts has carefully excluded from the free use of the full legal privileges attaching to that form of association, those bodies which seek to provide, by mutual help, for simple need, for want of work ; and it is only since the year 1850 (13 and 14 Vict. c. 115) that—in a shame-faced, roundabout sort of way, under colour that "it is expedient to afford *some* protection to the funds" of "benevolent and charitable institutions and societies . . . formed by voluntary subscriptions and benefactions, for the purpose of relieving the physical wants and necessities of persons in distressed circumstances"—and at last, more boldly, though only temporarily as yet, through Mr. Bruce's Act for the protection of the funds of trade societies—some attempt has been made at granting recognition to the forethought of the working class for mutual relief when out of work.

A good idea of the "social" guild is given by the first return in Mr. Smith's volume, that of the "fraternitee," or "bretherede," of "St. James at Garlekhith," London. It was begun by 'good men,' on St. James's Day, 1375, 'for amendment of their lives and of their souls, and to nourish more love between the brethren and sisters' of the brotherhood,' all of whom had to "swear on the book" to 'perform the points underneath written at their power.' Every member must be of good repute and condition, pay 6s. 8d. entrance fee, 2s. in the year, either yearly or quarterly, and 1s. 8d. towards the yearly feast. Wardens were to be chosen from the wisest of the brotherhood, under penalty of 40s. if they refused to act. They were to collect dues and account for them yearly, on the morrow of the feast, take the oaths of new members, and arbitrate between the brethren and sisters in their disputes. There was to be a livery suit, and, besides the yearly feasts, quarterly meetings, 'to speak touching the profit and rule of the foresaid brotherhood,' which all brethren were to attend under penalty of a pound of wax, the usual form of such penalties. On the death of any brother or sister, all were to join in the burial service, under the like penalty. If any member of the brotherhood, after having 'dwelt' in it seven years, and fulfilled all duties, should 'fall in such mischief that he hath nought,' either through 'eld or mischief of feebleness,' to help himself, he was to have 1s. 2d. weekly from the common box until he were 'recovered of his mischief.' The brethren and sisters were not to quarrel; but if they did, as before mentioned, their quarrel was laid before the wardens; if either party in dispute proved disobedient to the award then made, he was to be put out of the brotherhood, and the other party to have 'his account by the law,' and be helped by the brotherhood 'ageins the rebelle and unboxhum.' On the other hand, if any member of seven years' standing, and not in default as aforesaid, were 'imprisoned falsely by enemy, or by false conspiracy,' and had 'nought for to find him with,' he was to have 1s. 2d. weekly during his imprisonment.²

It is impossible, I think, to mistake here the modern Friendly Society, under a strongly devotional aspect. We see the relief in sickness, the provision for old age, for burial, the arbitration clauses, of such a society; but the provision for relief under false imprisonment, whilst it indicates a period of social turbulence and self-will which seems foreign to us, as well as that for helping to enforce awards, show also features which we should be rather inclined nowadays to attribute to a Trade Society than to a Friendly one, and which Mr. Tidd Pratt would hardly sanction.

(1) The almost complete equality of the sexes in our old guilds is most remarkable. Many of the ordinances are signed by as many women as men.

(2) A similar provision for visiting and comforting brothers and sisters in prison occurs in the guild of St. Leonard, Lynn, and several others.

Numberless examples show that relief in simple distress, when incurred without guilt—often in the express form of a provision against want of work—was a constant object of the guilds in question. This may be already inferred from the ordinances of the Garlekhith guild, but the very next ones comprised in Mr. Toulmin Smith's volume, those of the guild of St. Katherine, Aldersgate, provide that—'If it so befall that any of the brotherhood fall in poverty, or be anientised (*Fr anéanti*) through eld, that he may not help himself, or through any other chance, through fire or water, thieves or sickness, or any other haps, so it be not on himself alone, through his own wretchedness, he is to receive 1s. 2d. a week; whilst loans are also authorised to be made out of the box to the members, on pledge or surety. Here we have clearly a provision for simple poverty, if undeserved.

In the next brotherhood—that of Saints Fabian and Sebastian, Aldersgate, London (connected, like the last, with the Church of St. Botolph),—we have in the same terms the like provisions as to poverty, old age, &c., with a further one, that if the distressed member be 'young enough to work,' and 'hath nought of his own to help himself with,' the brethren shall help him 'each man with a portion'—the palpable equivalent of a modern trade society's "donation benefit;" and the like rule as to loans out of 'the box,' with a proviso that no one is to borrow but a member; and a rule for the expulsion of any member of 'wicked fame.' Similar provisions for relief, expressly devised for the able-bodied and unemployed, occur in many other guilds. In that of the "Blessed Virgin Mary of Kingston-upon-Hull" (1357), if any brother of the guild, or unmarried sister, 'being young and able to work, has through mishap become so poor that help is needed,' he or she is to be paid out of the goods of the guild ten shillings, as 'a free grant for one year.' But if for any 'cause that may be excused,' he cannot repay it within one year, he may keep it for a second and a third, and 'if at the end of the third year he is unable to earn back, beyond what is his own, the ten shillings, with an increase, then the money shall be wholly released to him'—a charitable statute of limitations which debtors would probably be rather apt to plead. The same guild explicitly provides maintenance for life for members 'infirm, bowed, blind, dumb, deaf, maimed, or sick,' and maintenance (sevenpence a week) for others 'so borne down by any other mishap' that they have not the means to live. The guild of Corpus Christi, of the same place (1358), has similar provisions for loans releasable after three years to brothers or sisters, to enable them to follow their callings, and also for the maintenance of the afflicted, the figure in each case being double the former one, viz., twenty shillings for the loans, fourteen pence for weekly maintenance. So with the guilds of St. Benedict and of the Fullers of Lincoln, &c. Passing over many

other guilds which likewise provide in various ways for the relief of poor members, we should not overlook the touching return from "the Poor Men's Guild of St. Austin," Norwich, begun by them in 1380, 'in help and amendment of their poor parish church.' The help to the church consists, however, only in the providing yearly a light in honour of St. Austin, and hearing mass on the day when it is offered. The main object is really self-help; besides burial for deceased brethren and sisters, and masses for their souls, an allowance of threepence per week for any brother or sister who may 'fall in any poverty or sickness, or any other mischief, by the sending of Christ, and he may not help himself with his own goods, and he may not have nought to sustain himself.'

This provision for the relief of poverty forms in particular an almost essential element of what might be termed social trade-guilds, composed mainly or exclusively of members of the same trade—bodies which would pass as naturally into craft-guilds as the friendly societies of Liverpool shipwrights or Sheffield saw-grinders have passed into trade societies. Among the first instances of these in Mr. Toulmin's Smith's volume are those of the "Peltyers" (furriers), Tailors, &c., of Norwich. Among the Peltyers—who show great particularity as to religious observances—if any 'brother or sister, by God's sending, fall in mischief or misease, and have nought to help himself, he shall have alms of every brother and sister every week lasting his mischief, a farthing, of which farthings he shall have fourteen pence, and the remnant go to catelle (stock?). But if it be his folly he shall nought have of the alms.' Among the Tailors any member who 'falls at mischief, in poverty, crooked, blind'—except 'he be a thief proved'—is to have sevenpence a week. In the Carpenters' guild, of the same city, if any brother or sister 'fall into any mischief or poverty, by God's sending, and by any chance of the world, and not by his own folly nor riotous living, and he may not with his craft nor with his goods help himself,' he shall have a farthing a week from every other member 'lasting his mischief.' But 'for no ordinance that herein is made, nor by no manner of colour of this guild, they shall make no maintenance nor confederacy against the king's right nor the common law, nor do no prejudice to no manner of man.' Not only is it obvious that the most elaborate trade society could be built upon rules such as those of the Norwich tailors and carpenters, but I strongly suspect that the cautious provision above quoted from the latter implies that the carpenters' guild really was one.

A group of guilds from Lynn, besides showing us provisions against those casualties which specially afflict a seafaring population,—*e.g.*, in that of St. Thomas of Canterbury (1376), an ordinance that "what man or woman of this fraternite that falle in povert thorow losse on the se, or thorow fire or any manere othir, sond (sent) of God, alle

the bretheryn and sisteryn of this gild shal ben gadred (gathered) in fere, and helpyn hym with a portion of here katel (their chattels) up here pavere (up to their power),"—exhibit to us, moreover, a feature which has been one of the worst of charges against trade societies in modern times, but which will be found to recur repeatedly in the guilds of the fourteenth century, and to be openly avowed without apparently the least sense of evil or fear of blame. The Shipmen's guild, for instance, provides that "qwo so discuret (discovereth) ye counseyl of ye gylde of yis fraternite to any straunge man or wymman, xal paye to ye lyht ii ston of wax or lese (lose) ye fraternite tyl he may have grace." Nor must it be inferred, from the last instance being taken from among the social craft-guilds, that this enforcement of secrecy was confined in anywise to such. The same feature occurs in many guilds of a purely social type, such as those of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, also of Lynn; in another guild of St. Thomas, in that of St. Mary, and that of St. George the Martyr, all of the same town; of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and St. Edmund, Bishop's Lynn; St. Nicholas, West or Peter's Lynn; St. Peter's, Oxburgh (1378); St. John Baptist, York (1388), &c.

Perhaps the fiercest jealousy of the disclosure of guild secrets is shown in the ordinances of the guild of the "Blessed Mary," of Chesterfield (1218), a body, indeed, more political than social. The members swear "to uphold the rights of the Church," to "take care for the rights of the lord of the place," and "to guard all their liberties, within town and without town, and to give trusty help thereto whenever it may be needed." Every brother, "in every strait and trouble," is to "have the help of his brethren towards defending himself, in due course of law, against any adversary whomsoever;" and if he has undergone damage, or loss, or cost, for the common welfare of the guild or the liberties of the town, the brethren are "to make good to him all such damages," and "with others in the town," to "give him counsel and help;" whilst "the alderman, with the counsel and help of the brethren," is to "uphold and defend all liberties belonging to the town against all disturbers or hinderers of these liberties."¹ "Whoever makes known the affairs of the guild, and it is proved by two brethren, shall be put out as perjured, and his example shall be held up to everlasting scorn." (!) The charitable provisions fall here rather into the background. Help to brethren in case of "heavy loss," whether by fire, by murrain, by robbery, or by any other mishap, so it be not through their own "lust, or gluttony, or dice-play, or other folly," seems confined to three acts of relief, of twopence a-piece from each member. But if a brother, "through age, or loss of limb, or leprosy, comes to so great want that he cannot

(1) A very strong *esprit de corps*, though without political character, is also visible in the guild of the Palmers of Ludlow (1284).

support himself," he is to be supplied with needful food by brethren who are able, or to be found a place in some house of religion. A remarkable, but not a singular characteristic of this guild is, that its goods were to be "improved" as much as possible by those who kept them—*i.e.*, profitably invested on personal security.¹ The guild of the Smiths of Chesterfield, united in 1387 with that of the Holy Cross, is less ambitious, but, true still to the militant character of the town, provides that if "any of the brethren, by some hapless chance, and not through his own folly, is cast into prison, all his brethren are bound to do what they can to get him freed, and to defend him." It is curious to remark in these rules one which more than anticipates that privilege of the modern Friendly Society, by which (see sec. 23 of 18 and 19 Vict. c. 63) debts due to the society by any officer who may die or become bankrupt, or against whom executions may be levied, are to be paid out of his estate before any others—the Chesterfield smiths providing that "when any one has borrowed any money from the guild, either to traffic with or for his own use" (words, by the way, which imply that the guild was also a lending society), "if he dies intestate, his goods shall be held bound to the guild, to pay what is owing to it, and shall not be touched or sequestered until full payment has been made to the guild." As instances of the sanctions assigned to these rules, we may mention that with the Chesterfield smiths, "suspension, denunciation, and excommunication, without any contradiction, cavil, or appeal," were (over and above loss of wax and money) the penalties not only for omission to pay debts due to the guild, but for a member "setting himself against the brethren," "gainsaying" any ordinance, "not abiding by what has been ordained by the elder father and greater part of the guild." The company of one "deemed excommunicate" was to be "shunned by all." No wicked trades' union of later times could deal more stringently with offending members.

Although it may be gathered from what has been shown already that the form of association embodied in these guilds and fraternities extended itself throughout all classes, there is one which shows in a marked manner what a thoroughly democratic spirit might animate them. It is that of St. Michael on the Hill, Lincoln, founded 1350. Whoever seeks to be admitted into the fraternity, being of the same estate as the brethren and sisters who founded it—namely, of the estate of common and middling people (*de statu communium et mediocrium virorum*), must be faithful, and bear his share of the common burthens; and "whereas this guild was from the first ordained and begun by common and middling folk (*quod cum fraternitas predicta fuit a principio ejusdem ordinata et incepta ex viris communibus et mediocribus*), it is ordained that no one of the rank of mayor

(1) See also in this respect, amongst others, the guilds of St. Benedict and of the Resurrection of Lincoln.

or bailiff shall become a brother of the guild, unless he is found to be of humble, good, and honest conversation, and is admitted by the choice and common assent of the brethren and sisters of the guild; and none such shall meddle in any matter, unless specially summoned, nor shall such a one take on himself any office in the guild. . . . And no one shall have any claim to office in this guild on account of the honour and dignity of his personal rank." There is something very refreshing in such evidences of the sturdy self-reliance of our "common and middling folk" in the fourteenth century.

In three other returns from Lincoln—those of the "Fullers," "Tailors," and "Tylers"—although, as Mr. T. Smith points out, not made in answer to the writ for returns from craft-guilds, it is impossible to mistake the trade-society character. The Fullers, founded 1297, regulate the modes of work. None of the craft is to "work in the trough" or "at the wooden bar with a woman, unless the wife of a master, or her handmaid." Dealings with non-unionists:—"If a stranger to the city comes in, he may, upon giving a penny to the wax, work among the brethren and sisters, and his name shall be written on their roll." Taking cognizance of apprenticeships:—"If any wishes to learn the craft, no one shall teach it to him until he has given twopence to the wax." Nay, we find in this guild even to the Saturday half-holiday:—"None of them shall work after dinner on Saturdays," nor, indeed, on Church festivals. The Tailors' Guild (1328) is rather one of masters in the craft, who are growing into employers. "If any master of the guild takes any one to live with him as an apprentice, . . . the apprentice shall pay two shillings to the guild, or his master for him, or else the master shall lose his guildship." "If any master of the craft keeps any lad, or sewer of another master, for one day after he has well known that the lad wrongly left his master, and that they had not parted in a friendly and reasonable manner, he shall pay a stone of wax." "If any master of the craft employs any lad as a sewer, that sewer shall pay sixpence, or his master for him." The Tylers (1346) provide that "if any brother does anything underhanded, and with ill will, by which another will be wronged in working his craft, he shall pay to the guild a pound of wax, without any room for grace," and that "no tyler nor poyntour shall stay in the city unless he enters the guild." Could anything more trades-unionish be imagined? Yet side by side with these provisions we find purely "friendly" ones for the burial of members, soul-candles, the helping of pilgrims, (a not uncommon provision, and one which by the way is probably the original of what is now termed donation to "travellers," or "tramps," or sometimes simply "tramp-money"—i.e., relief to members going in search of work), the giving of ale to the poor, &c. So little new is it that "trade" and "benefit" purposes should be combined! So strange would it have seemed to our forefathers five

or six centuries ago that any one object of mutual help should have to be legally divorced from any other !

I will now turn to some of the craft-guilds proper, to give further evidence of what is, indeed, notorious to every student, and yet too often forgotten, that the same attempts to regulate labour and its guilds, the same so-called interferences with its freedom, which are now laid to the charge of the working class, were formerly not only carried on by their employers (then, probably, it is true, all real craftsmen themselves), but sanctioned and enforced on behalf of the latter by the community. At Bristol, for instance, the ordinances of "the masters and good men of the craft of Fullers" are found embodied in a charter of confirmation under the seal of the mayor and commonalty of the town. Under these, four good men of the craft are to be chosen every year, to oversee and present "all manner of defects which hereafter shall be found touching the said craft . . . and likewise to keep watch over the servants and workmen of the same craft, within the franchise of Bristol, so that the said servants and workmen *should not take more wages than of old time is accustomed and ordained. . . .* The masters of the craft shall not give more to the men of the said craft than 4*d.* a-day, beginning from the first Monday in Lent till the feast of St. Michael then next ensuing, and from the said feast of St. Michael till the same Monday in Lent, 3*d.* a-day. . . . *If any of the masters pays more to the workmen than is above ordained, he shall be fined each time 2*s.*, that is to say, 12*d.* to the commonalty, and 12*d.* to the craft. And if the men take more from the masters, they shall pay each time 12*d.*; that is to say, 6*d.* to the commonalty, and 6*d.* to the craft. And if the men are rebels or contrarious, and will not work, then the four masters shall have power to take them before the mayor and Court of Gihald of the town, to be there dealt with according to law and reason. And, moreover, the said servants shall work and rest in their craft, as well by night as by day, all the year, as has of old time been accustomed."*

Then come provisions directed not against the working men of the town, but against outside competitors. "Whereas certain merchants of Bristol have been used aforetime to have some of their clothes fulled in divers parts of the country round about;" but the said clothes "cannot be set to sale by reason of their defects, without great amendment and work by the fullers of Bristol. . . . no man of the craft shall full or amend any cloth which has been thus fulled out of the town, under penalty of 6*s.* 8*d.*; that is to say, 40*d.* to the commonalty, and 40*d.* to the craft." Very like stonemasons of the nineteenth century refusing to work on stone dressed at the quarry.

The guild of the Tailors of Exeter, the history of whose feuds with the corporation forms an interesting portion of Mr. Toulmin Smith's work, exhibits to us the institution in its later form, when the master-

craftsman element was quite predominant, and a money qualification was annexed to it. The ordinances were sanctioned in the 22nd year of Edward IV. (1482-3), and again in the 2nd Henry VIII. (1510-11). They ordain that "every person that ys privileg [d] with the crafte aforesayde, that ys of the waylore" (*i.e.* value) "of xx *li* of goodes, and aboffe, schalbe of M.ys ffeleschipe and clothinge." The yearly contribution of such a member is 12*d.*, besides his livery, and a silver spoon on admittance, but a "yowte brodere" (out-brother) not privileged of the fraternity pays only 6*d.* yearly. For the yearly feast at St. John's day every "schoppe-holder of the forsayd ffeleschyppe and crafte" must pay 8*d.* and his offering; every servant receiving wages, 6*d.*; every out-brother, 4*d.* Every servant of the craft taking wages to the value of 20*s.* and above, must pay 20*d.* to be a free sewer; no man of the craft is to set a new sewer "a-warcke" more than fifteen days without paying his 20*d.* to be made free sewer, or else to find a surety, under a forfeiture of the same amount if "the same schopholder" so keeps a servant, being no free sewer "other than aforesayd." Any brother taking clothing of any lord, knight, or gentleman, out of the city without leave of the master and wardens, pays a penalty of 40*s.* at the first default, and is to be expelled at the second. So marked is the distinction of ranks already within the guild, that at the quarterly feasts the free sewers only "take the relef of the mete and drinke that the fforsayde m[aster] and shopholderis levyth," and yet must pay a penny to the welfare of the fraternity. No craftsman is to "hold" more than three servants and one apprentice without license from the master and wardens. The indenture of every apprentice must be enrolled, and he must pay a silver spoon and a breakfast to the master and wardens when he becomes a freeman. Every person who is made free of the craft by "redemption" must pay 20*s.* fine and a breakfast, and can take but one servant the first year, two the second, the third three, and an apprentice. The oath of the craftsman is long and curious, and lets us behind the scenes of fifteenth century tailoring. He must obey the master and wardens; must 'not discover the counsel of the brotherhood or of the craft;' must 'not suffer nor counsel any foreigner to dwell within the franchise' of the craft, but 'shall warn the master and wardens thereof;' shall 'cover no foreign stranger in nowise under' his franchise, 'to use this craft nor none other occupation within this city to his own proper avail;' shall show the indentures of every apprentice, and at the end of his term bring them to the master and wardens; shall 'hire no man of this craft out of his house;' shall 'withdraw' no man's apprentice or servant; shall take no shop till admitted by the master and wardens 'good and able to occupy shopping;' shall not 'procure nor excite' to 'withdraw' from the master or a brother craftsman 'any of their customers;' shall not 'refuse nor forsake the fellowship;'

shall keep all rules and ordinances of the craft; on his death, give part of his goods to the maintaining of the brotherhood,—and sue no brother craftsman without license of the master. The oath of the 'free brother' pledges him not to implead a brother craftsman without leave of the master and wardens; not to deliver his livery to 'any brother that has forfeited against the fraternity,' or to any other person before the year is out; to pay dues; if he knows 'any brother of this fraternity that hath done his duties well and truly to the fraternity, come or fall to poverty by the visitation of God or by casual adventure, so that he has not whereof to live,' to be 'helping and counselling' with all his power, so that the poor brother may have of the alms of the fraternity 10*d.* a week, and if he has been master, 1*s.* 2*d.*; and, finally, to leave something by will 'in supportation of the priest and poor men' of the fraternity. Other ordinances give contributions for 'the finding of a priest,' 12*d.* a year for seven years for those of the 'masters' fellowship,' 8*d.* for 'shopholders of the yeomen fellowship,' and 4*d.* for 'free sewers,' (the payment of which last was afterwards made quarterly); fix (1516) the form of the admission of shopholders, place all past masters on 'the council of the craft,' and fix the quorum of the council; and again, (1531) allow the widow of a tailor to keep as many servants as she will to work for her during her widowhood, she paying scot and lot, and carrying on the trade, but under a penalty of 3*s.* 3*d.* on both the mistress and every servant, if the latter be found to work for themselves or any one but their mistress, —a provision which shows how burthensome the guild system was already becoming.

Some interesting examples are given by Mr. Smith of the control exercised by the guild over masters and workmen. We find three cases of complaint by customers, chiefly of the wasting of materials given by them to make up; one also of want of skill. In the first case the guild decides, on inspection of the "patrons of blacke paper," that there was no waste; in the second, that there was, adjudging the craftsman to pay for the cloth and keep the "gowne;" in the third, that there was both waste and spoiling of the garment; but the workman never having been admitted of the craft, the customer was left to his legal remedy. Then there are complaints by one craftsman against another; disputes, referred to the arbitrament of the master and wardens. A complaint by a servant (*i. e.*, working tailor) against his master, that, in chastising him, the latter bruised his arm and broke his head; for which the master and wardens adjudge the master to pay for his servant's 'leech-craft,' his board for a month, 15*s.* damages, and 20*d.* fine to the guild; and lastly, proceedings against an unruly member of the guild, who, after swearing to it, renounced his oath before the mayor, was sued for perjury, but, on a compromise, re-sworn, yet persisted in absenting

himself from 'dirges, masses, and other duties;' so that at last the master and wardens fetched him out of his house, and brought him to Tailors' Hall, and there put him in a pair of stocks, and there kept him by the space of a day and a night; after which he was released on finding two sureties for £20 for his good behaviour. Sharper work this, than a trades' union may venture upon nowadays with a recalcitrant member.

The Cordwainers' Guild of Exeter appears to have been a much more humble-minded body than the Tailors'. Its ordinances, confirmed by the corporation of the city in 1481, like those of the Fullers of Bristol, give the half of almost all penalties to the city, allow no craftsman to hold a shop within the jurisdiction of the city unless a freeman; and provide even that the powers of the guild are to be yearly surrendered and re-granted. The constitution of the guild is, however, less aristocratic than that of the Tailors—for instance, of the four wardens who are to be yearly elected, two are to be 'shopholders' and two 'journeymen.' If any shopholder set a stranger "a-work" for a month, the stranger must pay fourpence, for which the master is to be responsible. No craftsman is to set a man a-work that is retained in another's service under a penalty of 6s. 8d. Masters are also responsible for payments due by their servants 'for the sustentation of the priest and the chapel.'—The ordinances of the Bakers' guild come before us also in a corporation charter of 1483, and show a like halving of penalties with the city, the court of which is also to pronounce on forfeitures. We have similar, if not identical, provisions to such as we have seen already, as to payments for setting to work persons not apprenticed to the craft, against enticing away apprentices or "yearly" servants. All corn is to be ground at the city mills, and search made at hucksters' houses for 'foreign bread' brought in, which is to be forfeited. No man is 'to set up the craft of baking' within the city or suburbs, unless a freeman, and admitted by the master and wardens of the guild. In one case a price is fixed; 'horse-loaves' are to be made two for a penny, and 'of clean beans.'

In no instance, perhaps, does the union of trade and friendly, and, indeed, also municipal, purposes come out so perspicuously as in the statutes of one of the most remarkable of all our guilds, that of Berwick-upon-Tweed, of which the text has been twice printed, but of which Mr. Smith gives a translation. These statutes, belonging to the end of the thirteenth century (made, 1283; confirmed, 1284), show us an amalgamation of all the trades in the town. They are ordained "so that, where many bodies are gathered together in one place, they may become one, and have a common order, and in the dealings of one toward another have a strong and hearty goodwill." All separate guilds previously existing in the borough are put an end to, their goods being handed over to the new guild;

no other guild is to be allowed, and "all shall be as members having one head, one in counsel, one body, strong and friendly." Here, by the side of provisions for help to "whoever shall fall into old age or poverty, or into hopeless sickness, and has no means of his own;" for dowries to the daughters of poor brethren; for the burial of poor brethren; for the help of brethren "charged on a matter of life and limb, outside the borough"—or, again, of purely sanitary provisions, against the admission of lepers into the borough, or the creating of nuisances—we find the strictest trade rules. None is to be admitted to the guild, except the sons and daughters of guildmen, without paying at least 40s. No one is to grind wheat or other grain in hand-mills, except through urgent need. No one but a brother of the guild can buy wool, hides, or skins to resell; or cut cloths, except stranger merchants in the course of trade; no brother of the guild must share profits with a stranger merchant, or take money from him for his trade. Butchers are not to buy wool or hides. Hucksters are not to buy provisions before a given hour; goods are not to be forestalled, nor wool or hides "unreasonably ingrossed." No skinner, glover, or other person is to cut wool from skins between Whitsuntide and Michaelmas. "Whoever buys a lot of herrings" shall share them at cost price with the neighbours present; no woman is to buy more than a chaldron of oats at a time for brewing; no one is to have more than two pair of mill-stones; but, conversely, no brother is to go shares with another in less than a half-quarter of skins, half a ton of hides, and two stones of wool. Damages are to be paid if any are misled by false top samples. Tanned leather is to be sold in open market. Out-dwelling brethren are not to buy up victuals coming by ship to the town. Prices and dues are fixed—the share of the miller in grain and malt, the price of mutton and ale, the charges for carrying wine casks. Whoever betrays the counsel of the guild shall, for the first time, be "punished as the alderman and others think fit;" the second time, "put out of the guild for a year and a day;" the third time, shall "lose the guildship for ever," and thus, "not only in this borough, but throughout the realm . . . become an outlaw and infamous."

The Guild Merchant of Worcester exhibits to us in its ordinances of 1466-7 what such amalgamations as that of Berwick became two centuries later. It is almost entirely municipal, but exhibits still as minute an interference with trade as any of the pure trade guilds may have done, out of which no doubt it arose, and which still maintained themselves under it, but shows that new trade organisations were already springing up outside of it. The 57th ordinance provides that no tiler called a "hillyer" of the city, nor any other inhabitant, shall compel a 'tiler-stranger, coming to the city, to serve at his rule and assignment, but that he may take by the day as he and the party with whom he shall work may accord;' that the tilers

of the city 'set no parliament among them, to make any of them to be as a master, and all other tilers to be as his servants and at his commandment, but that every tiler be free to come and go, to work with every man and citizen freely as they may accord.' But so little is this provision connected with any principle against "restraint of trade" that the very next rule provides, 'if any man of the said city make or labour for any other persons than for a man of the said city, that then he forfeit his franchise.' And it is also generally provided that any person 'desiring to hold craft as a master' in the city or suburbs is to apply to the wardens of the craft, and be dealt with by them 'as reason and conscience will, after the custom of their craft,' as well for his entry as for yearly payment to their pageants and lights; and that in like manner any journeymen strangers, after the first fortnight, are to be spoken with by the wardens or keepers of their craft, and to be contributories to their pageants and lights as other journeymen.

From Worcester comes also the latest document on the subject contained in Mr. Smith's volume—the "orders and by-laws made and ordeyned" by the company of the Joiners and Carpenters, confirmed by two justices of assize in 1723, as were also two further ordinances as late as 1793. Here we find a penalty for making deceitful work,—for taking an apprentice for less than seven years,—for taking a child or young man to teach him the trade without binding him apprentice,—for selling an apprentice, *i.e.*, assigning over his indentures to another,—for inveigling away a journeyman or servant from a freeman of the company; rules as to who may keep two apprentices or only one, and within what time before the expiration of an apprenticeship the master may take another apprentice. The rules provide "who shall not be free of the company for less than 20s.,"—"who shall be set to work by a freeman of the company;" 40s. a month penalty is due for using the trade of a joiner or carpenter, not having served a seven years' apprenticeship and being free of the company, except as a servant or journeyman with a freeman. Every freeman must enter his journeymen's names in the company's book, paying 1s., under penalty of 5s. Wherever any freeman buys any parcel of timber or boards coming to the city to be sold, and fit for either craft, every freeman may have a share therein, not exceeding a third, at cost price, on request and paying ready money, under penalty of 20s. for refusing to share. The spirit of this rule, as well as of that of the Berwick guild as to sharing a load of herrings with one's neighbours, is exactly the same as that of the rules of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, requiring members who take piecework to share equally any surplus made with all members working on the job.

One point, lastly, must not be overlooked. Whilst our Friendly Societies' Acts limit to one acre the land that may be held by such

societies, and that only for a place of meeting—and Trade Societies have not even this privilege—we find many of the guilds mentioned in Mr. Smith's volume holding houses and lands, sometimes apparently to a large amount, and deriving much of their income from this source—*e.g.*, the Guilds of St. Fabian and St. Sebastian, London, the Smiths of Chesterfield, the Palmers of Ludlow, the Guild of the Holy Cross of Stratford-on-Avon, the Guild-merchant and two other guilds of Coventry, &c. And this was exclusive of their "Guild-halls," such as the "Hanshouse" of Beverley, or "Tailors' Hall" at Exeter; or, again, the London livery companies, with their estates and halls, afford a similar instance of the same kind.

The details above given (which are very far from exhausting the varied interest of the volume referred to) will, I trust, show how rooted amongst us—nay, amongst those who in the fourteenth century openly styled themselves the "common and middling folk" of our country—is the habit of association for mutual relief and help; how manifold were the shapes which it took amongst us many centuries ago, and in how many instances we may recognise the present in the past. True it is, indeed, that as respects trade and industry, a great change has come over us. Instead of the guild uniting together, with more or less of equality, the different members of a given craft, the "master" distinguished only, in theory at least, from the "servant" by superiority of skill, the "servant," at the end of a certain period of apprenticeship, passing regularly, with more or less of difficulty and expense, into the master, we have, on the one hand, the great capitalist employer—perhaps with no practical experience in the actual labour, or any one, perhaps, of the many labours which he financially directs, with no common interest with any other employers, unless it be that of keeping his workmen at bay—on the other, the workers, in their tens, their hundreds, their thousands, brought constantly together in their work, bound together by common conditions of employment, residence, life, tending as necessarily to organisation as the concentration of capital in few hands tends to an individualism which brooks no outer control. The slightest reflection will show us that whatever might remain of the old guild system must have lingered with the workers; I think Mr. Toulmin Smith's work shows clearly how much of it has done so. Above all, the most cursory perusal of it will show that the union of so-called trade and friendly purposes, which learned Commissioners in our days have treated as a shrewd device of modern trades-unions' leaders to find favour for their own organisations, was simply the rule of friendly associations composed of members of a single trade. Whether this fact, once clearly grasped, does not afford some aid towards future legislation, is a question on which at some future time I may, perhaps, have to say a few words, and which, in the meantime, I commend to the consideration of my readers.

J. M. LUDLOW.

THE WORSHIP OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

PART I.—TOTEEMS AND TOTEMISM.

FEW traditions respecting the primitive condition of mankind are more remarkable, and perhaps none are more ancient, than those that have been preserved by Sanchoniatho; or rather, we should say, that are to be found in the fragments ascribed to that writer by Eusebius. They present us with an outline of the earlier stages of human progress in religious speculation, which is shown by the results of modern inquiry to be wonderfully correct. They tell us for instance that "the first men consecrated the plants shooting out of the earth, and judged them gods, and worshipped them upon whom they themselves lived, and all their posterity, and all before them, and to these they made their meat and drink offerings." They further tell us that the first men believed the heavenly bodies to be animals, only differently shaped and circumstanced from any on the earth. "There were certain animals which had no sense, out of which were begotten intelligent animals . . . and they were formed alike in the shape of an egg. Thus shone out Môt [the luminous vault of heaven?], the sun, and the moon, and the less and the greater stars." Next they relate, in an account of the successive generations of men, that in the first generation the way was found out of taking food from trees; that, in the second, men, having suffered from droughts, began to worship the Sun—the Lord of heaven; that in the third, Light, Fire, and Flame [conceived as persons] were begotten; that in the fourth giants appeared; while in the fifth "men were named from their mothers" because of the uncertainty of male parentage, this generation being distinguished also by the introduction of "pillar" worship. It was not till the twelfth generation that the gods appeared that figure most in the old mythologies, such as Kronos, Dagon, Zeus, Belus, Apollo, and Typhon; and then the queen of them all was the Bull-headed Astarte. The sum of the statements is, that men first worshipped plants; next the heavenly bodies, supposed to be animals; then "pillars" (the emblems of the Procreator); and, last of all, the anthropomorphic gods. Not the least remarkable statement is, that in primitive times there was kinship through mothers only, owing to the uncertainty of fatherhood.¹

In the inquiry we are entering upon we shall have to contemplate,

(1) Sanchoniatho's "Phœnician History," by the Right Rev. E. Cumberland. London, 1720, pp. 2, 3, 23 *et seq.* Eusebius, *Præpar. Evangel. Lib. i. cap. 10.*

more or less closely, all the stages of evolution above specified. The subjects of the inquiry are Totems and Totem-gods, or, speaking generally, animal and vegetable gods; and the order of the exposition is as follows:—First, we shall explain with some detail what Totems are, and what are their usual concomitants; showing how far they have, or have recently had, a place among existing tribes of men; and we shall throw what light we can on the intellectual condition of men in, what we may call, the Totem stage of development. Next we shall examine the evidence which goes to show that the ancient nations came, in pre-historic times, through the Totem stage, having animals and plants, and the heavenly bodies conceived as animals, for gods before the anthropomorphic gods appeared, and shall consider the explanations that have been offered of that evidence. The conclusion we shall reach is that the hypothesis that the ancient nations came through the Totem stage, satisfies all the conditions of a sound hypothesis.¹

TOTEMS.—The first thing to be explained is the Totem. The word has come into use from its being the name given by certain tribes of American Indians to the animal or plant which, from time immemorial, each of the tribes has had as its sacred or consecrated animal or plant. A proper understanding, however, of what the Totem is cannot be conveyed in a sentence, or reached otherwise than by studying the accounts we have of Totems among different tribes of men; and, therefore, for behoof of those who are not familiar with these accounts, we must go somewhat into details. Unfortunately, Totems have not yet been studied with much care. They have been regarded as being curious rather than important; and, in consequence, some points relating to them are unexplained.

(1) While the materials we have bearing on this subject are deemed worthy of being submitted for consideration, the investigation is yet far from being complete, and its completion will demand the co-operation of many. In the inquiry as here exhibited, it will be seen that several persons have given assistance. Did our hypothesis not *seem* sound, we should not propound it; but, be it understood, it is submitted as an hypothesis only, in the hope that it may be tested by others better qualified for such investigations. The ancient mythologies have been so often crossed upon one another, interfused, and in appearance confounded with the intermixtures, intercommunications, and varying developments of the tribes of men who initiated them and modified them in successive generations, that it may appear a hopeless task to endeavour to throw new light upon them, still more hopeless to trace them to their beginnings. The only chance of dealing with them successfully, however, is to make them the subject of an hypothesis; and though some may think the chance too small to justify the labour—that this species of inquiry should be excluded from human endeavour—we do not at all agree with them. Their opinion is opposed by the lessons taught by the history of scientific discovery. These show that the inquirer who has facts to go upon should never despair; that in such a case as the present even a failure is a step of progress as demonstrating a line along which the truth does *not* lie—one more key on the bunch to be labelled as unsuited to the lock. A negative result may forward an investigation. Whether we have hit the truth or not, we trust we have at least been preparing the way for those who in the fulness of time will reach it.

As it is, we know that they prevail among two distinct groups of tribes—the American Indians, already mentioned, and the aborigines of Australia. Many more instances of their prevalence, it may be believed, will yet be brought to light. In the meantime it is some compensation for the incompleteness of the accounts that we can thoroughly trust them, as the Totem has not till now got itself mixed up with speculations, and accordingly the observers have been unbiased.

1. *Totems or Kobongs in Australia*.—We have an account of these from the pen of Sir George Grey, who says the natives represent their family names as having been derived from some vegetable or animal common in the district they inhabited. Each family adopts as its sign, or *Kobong*—a word which is the equivalent of Totem, and means, literally, a *friend* or *protector*—the animal or vegetable after which it is named. The families here referred to are not families in our sense of the word, but stock-tribes, or tribes of descent, as appears from the following statement:—

“The natives are divided into certain great families, all the members of which bear the same name as a family or second name. The principal branches of these families, so far as I have been able to ascertain, are the Ballaroke, Tdon-darup, Ngotak, Nagarnook, Nogonyuk, Mongalung, and Narrangur. But in different districts the members of these families give a local name to the one to which they belong, which is understood in that district to indicate some particular branch of the principal family. The most common local names are Didaroke, Gwerrinjoke, Maleoke, Waddaroke, Djekoke, Kotejumen, Namyungo, Yungaree. These family names are common over a great portion of the continent; for instance, on the western coast, in a tract of country extending between four and five hundred miles in latitude, members of all these families are found. . . . The family names are perpetuated and spread through the country by the operation of two remarkable laws: 1st, that children (boys as well as girls) always take the family name of their mother; 2nd, that a man cannot marry a woman of his own family name.”

Sir George Grey elsewhere says that “the whole race is divided into tribes, more or less numerous according to circumstances, and designated from the localities they inhabit, for though universally a wandering race with respect to places of habitation, their wanderings are circumscribed by certain well defined limits.” He further notices as “a most remarkable law,” that “which obliges families connected by blood on the female side to join for the purposes of defence and avenging crimes.”¹

From this statement it appears that we have in Australia certain great family or stock names, represented by persons in various local tribes; that the marriage law prevents any local tribe coming to consist entirely of persons of one name or stock; while the law of mutual defence and blood feud combines into what we may call

(1) Grey's “Travels in North-Western and Western Australia,” vol. ii. pp. 225 *et seq.*; and p. 230.

gentes, within the local tribes, all who have the same Totem and are of the same stock. This is clear from what follows immediately after the words last quoted, namely: "All their laws are principally made up of sets of obligations due from members of the same great family towards one another—which obligations of family names are much stronger than those of blood." There are not only *gentes* within the local tribes, but the gentile bond is such as to constitute, in effect, a stock-tribe of all the *gentes* of the same family name, Totem, or Kobong, wherever they are situated.

In the work just quoted, Sir George Grey refers to his "Vocabulary of the Dialects of South-Western Australia," as giving under each family name its derivations, as far as he could collect them from the statements of the natives. Unfortunately, he seems to have been able to collect the *meaning* in eight cases only, and we have been unable to enlarge the list.¹ Subjoined are the derivations in the eight cases:—

1. *Ballaroke*. Ballar-wak, Ballar, is given in the vocabulary as a very small species of *Opossum*, with this note: "Some natives say that the Ballaroke family derive their name from having in former times subsisted principally on this little animal." Balla-ga-ra is also a species of opossum.

2. *Djin-be-nong-era*, a species of duck. "The Ngo-taks formerly belonged to this class of birds, before they were changed into men."

3. *Karbunga*, a species of water-fowl; the mountain duck. "The No-go-nyuks are said to be these birds transformed into men."

4. *Kij-jin-broon*, a species of water-fowl. "The Didaroke family, a branch of the Ngo-taks, are said to be these birds transformed into men."

5. *Koo-la-ma*, a species of water-fowl. "The Dtondarups (the second name in the list of family names) are said by the natives to be these birds transformed into men."

6. *Kul-jak*, a species of swan. "The family of the Ballar-waks are said to owe their origin to the transformation of these birds into men."

7. *Nag-koom*, a species of small fish. "From subsisting in former times principally on this fish, the Nagarnook family are said to have obtained their name."

8. *Nam-yum-go*; an emu, the local name for the Dtondarup family in the Varse district.

In this imperfect list we have eight families, or branches of families, derived from beasts, birds, or fishes; and in five cases the statement that the tribesmen believe themselves to be of the stock of the bird or beast, and that their progenitors had been trans-

(1) The linguists of the United States Exploring Expedition seem not to have paid attention to this subject.

formed into men. We have an Opossum tribe, an Emu tribe, a Swan tribe, a Duck tribe, a Fish tribe, and three water-fowl tribes; and along with them, we have the general statement that all the tribes have Kobongs or *Totems*, animal or vegetable, after which they are named. The Opossums are bound together by what may be called a common faith and numerous mutual rights and obligations thence derived; so are the Emus, Ducks, and Swans; the stock names being thereby perpetuated, while the persons having them are diffused throughout the country by the law which makes it incest for an Opossum to marry an Opossum, a Duck a Duck, and so on.)

No one has yet taken the trouble of making the inquiry, but our persuasion is that this *Totemism*, as it has been called, will be found to prevail, or have prevailed, through the whole of Oceania. It is mentioned in the Report of the United States Exploring Expedition¹ that the great Deity of the Tahitians, Taaroa, is named from the Taro-plant; and a legend is given which connects the Marquesan and Tahitian traditions, in explanation of the fact of—as we infer—the prevalence of vegetable names (presumably as tribal) both in Marquesas and Tahiti. The legend is, that the eponymous Oataia “named his children from the various plants which he brought with him from Vavau.” The first king on the Tahitian list is Owatea, who is identified with Oataia of the Marquesans. His wife, in either case, is Papa—“mother of the islands”—and is the same with the wife of the great god Taaroa.² The Royal line is named from the Taro plant in this way: Owatea and Papa had a deformed child whom they buried: from it sprang the Taro plant, whose stalk is called *haloa*, which name they gave to their son and heir. This we must regard as a sample of the legends which are formed on an advance from Totemism taking place, in explanation of its origin or

(1) Vol. vi. p. 133.

(2) This *Papa* appears in the New Zealand mythology as the mother of all beings. She is the earth; her husband, Rangi, the heavens. The two clave together during 1000 divisions of time, each division a *being* called Po; and their children, who “were ever thinking” what the difference might be between darkness and light, after meditating their murder, resolved at last to rend them apart. In the family were the following gods: the father of forests, birds, insects, and all things that are in woods; the father of winds and storms; the father of cultivated food; the father of fish and reptiles; the father of uncultivated food; and the father of fierce human beings. They all, in turn—except the father of storms—essay to rend their parents apart. Success at last attends the efforts of Tane-Mahuta, father of forests, who, with his head planted on his mother and feet against his father, thrusting, separated them. “Far beneath he pierces down the earth; far above he thrusts up the sky.” On the separation multitudes of human beings were discovered that had been begotten by Rangi and Papa, and lay concealed between their bodies. What follows introduces new gods, and explains the war of the elements. The whole of this mythology is *scientific* in this sense, that it is a series of hypotheses to explain phenomena. The part assigned to the forest god illustrates this. It may be believed the tree god was highly esteemed considering how much was due to him.—Grey’s “Polynesian Mythology.”

relics. Names taken from vegetables appear to prevail in the Sandwich Islands.

2. *Totems in America*.—Of these we have pretty full accounts. One is to be found in Dr. Galla'in's "Synopsis of the Indian Tribes," contained in the "Archæologia Americana." He says:—

"Independent of political or geographical divisions [*i.e.*, of divisions of the native races into local tribes or nations], that into families or clans has been established from time immemorial. . . At present, or till very lately, every nation was divided into a number of clans varying in the several nations from three to eight or ten, the members of which respectively were dispersed indiscriminately throughout the whole nation. It has been fully ascertained that the inviolable regulations by which those clans were perpetuated amongst the southern nations, were, first that no man could marry in his own clan;¹ secondly, *that every child belongs to his or her mother's clan*. Among the Choctaws, there are two great divisions, each of which is subdivided into four clans; and no man can marry in any of the four clans belonging to his division. Amongst the Cherokees, the Creeks, and the Natches, the restriction does not extend beyond the clan to which the man belongs.

"There are sufficient proofs that the same division into clans, commonly called tribes, exists amongst all the other Indian nations [*i.e.*, all the others as well as the southern Indians east of the Mississippi, of whom he is writing]. But it is not so clear that they are subject to the same regulations. According to Charlevoix, most nations are divided into three families or tribes. One of them is considered the first, and has a kind of pre-eminence. Those tribes are mixed without being confounded. *Each tribe has the name of an animal*. Among the Hurons, the first tribe is that of the Bear; the two others, of the Wolf and the Turtle. The Iroquois nation has the same divisions, only the Turtle family is divided into two, the Great and the Little.

"The accounts are not so explicit with respect to the Lenape tribes. Mr. Heckewelder, indeed, says that the Delawares were divided into three tribes, but one of them, *the Wolf, or Minsi, had altogether separated from the others, and was a distinct nation or tribe* [not ceasing, however, to be a clan in the sense now under consideration]. According to Mr. Johnston, the Shawnoes have four tribes: the Chillicothe, the Piqua, the Kiskapocoke, and the Mequachake. The first two, from having given names to distinct towns, would seem to be living in separate places; but the fact that the Mequachake can alone perform *the religious ceremonies of the nation* gives it the character of a clan. Whether the *Totem* or family name of the Chippeways descends in a regular manner has not been clearly explained. But Dr. James informs us that no man is allowed to change his Totem, *which descends to all the children a man may have*, and that the restraint on intermarriage it imposes is scrupulously regarded. The Chippeways and kindred tribes are much more subdivided than the other Indians are into clans. Dr. James gives a catalogue of eighteen Totems, and says many more might be enumerated."²

The Totems, and the restraints they impose, are found with the Iroquois as with the Delawares and Sioux tribes. The Omahaws (among the Sioux) are in two great tribes, the one divided into eight, the other into five bands.

"Each of these bands derives its name from some animal, part of an animal, or other substance, which is considered as the peculiar sacred object, or *Medicine*.

(1) What is called the *Clan* here is identical with the Australian family, as will presently appear.

(2) "Archæologia Americana," vol. ii. p. 109.

as the Canadians call it, of the band. The most ancient is that of the red maize; the most powerful, that of the *Wase-ishta* ("Male-deer"). The Puncas are divided into similar hands."¹

We have made these long citations because they show us the Totems or Kobongs, as in Australia, descending as a general rule under the same system of kinship (through mothers only), and attended by the same law of intermarriage, namely exogamy, leading to the interfusion of the stock tribes throughout the country; and the constitution into Gentes in the local tribes of all persons having the same Totem. The laws of blood-feud, of mutual rights and obligations between those of the same stock, constitute stock-tribes of all having the same Totem.² And we can see in the account cited how, at a stage considerably in advance of the Australian, the solidarity of the Gentes in the local tribes has under these laws become so great as to enable the Gentes, in some cases, to withdraw from the local tribes, in which they were developed, and stand, like the Wolves of the Delawares, by themselves, in local tribes of one stock. On a change of kinship, which would permit the Totem to descend from the father instead of the mother—as it is said to do among the Chippeways—the Gentes would, even supposing exogamy to continue in force, become permanent homogeneous groups after their segregation.

Let us obtain a list of the American Totems.

"Nearly all, if not all, of the Indian nations upon this continent," says Mr. Lewis H. Morgan, of Rochester, State of New York, "were anciently subdivided into *Tribes or Families*. These tribes, with a few exceptions, were named after animals. Many of them are now thus subdivided [so they have been advancing]. It is so with the Iroquois, Delawares, Iowas, Creeks, Mohaves, Wyandottes, Winnebagoes, Otoes, Kaws, Shawnees, Choctaws, Otawas, Objibewas, Potowottomies, &c. [We can supply from the "*Archæologia Americana*" the Cherokees, Natches, and Sioux.]

"The following tribes [*or families*] are known to exist, or to have existed, in the several Indian nations—the number ranging from three to eighteen in each. The Wolf, Bear, Beaver, Turtle, Deer, Snipe, Heron, Hawk, Crane, Duck, Loon, Turkey, Musk-rat, Sable, Pike, Cat-fish, Sturgeon, Carp, Buffalo, Elk, Reindeer, Eagle, Hare, Rabbit, and Snake; also the Reed-grass, Sand, Water, Rock, and Tobacco-plant."³

To this list we may add from the "*Archæologia*" and other sources, the Tortoise, the Turtle—in two divisions, the Great Turtle and the Little Turtle—the Red-Maize, the *Male* Deer, the Wind, the Tiger, the Bird, the Root, the Birch-rind, the Thick-wood, the Sheep, the Brush-wood, the Moose-deer, the Cat, the Trout, the Leaves, the Crow, the Sun, the Rising Sun, and the Grey Snow, the Sun and the Snow being regarded as *beings*. There are thus forty-eight Totems enumerated for American tribes, not counting the *Male* Deer or the Little Turtle, and we know there were others.

(1) "*Archæologia Americana*," vol. ii. p. 100.

(2) *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 111.

(3) Circular letter issued by Mr. Morgan, quoted in the *Cambrian Journal* for 1880, p. 119.

The following quotation from the "Archæologia" illustrates the effect of these names on narratives respecting the tribes and the actings of the tribes-men or tribes-women:—

"Some superiority is everywhere ascribed to one of the clans:—to the Unamis ('the Tortoise') among the Delawares; to the Wase-ishta ('Male-deer') among the Omahaws; to the Bear tribe among the Hurons and five nations. Charlevoix says that when the Mohawks put to death Father Iogues, it was the work of the Bear [clan] alone, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the Wolf and the Turtle to save him!"¹

Of course the indefinite article would be employed, instead of the definite, in speaking of individuals. *The* Bear, is the tribe or clan; *a* Bear, a tribesman. In speaking of their marriages, it would be said, for instance, that "a Bear married a Wolf," and "a Turtle a Beaver." In cases of *nursing*, a man's foster-mother might be a She-Wolf, a She-Bear, or a Tigress.

3. *Relations between Men and Totems.*—Let us now see how those who have Totems regard them; and what, generally speaking, are their religious views. Grey says that "there is a mysterious connection between an Australian and his Kobong, be it animal or vegetable." It is his "friend" or "protector," and is thus much like the "genius" of the early Italian. If it is an animal, he will not kill one of the species to which it belongs, should he find it asleep; he always kills it reluctantly, and never without affording it a chance of escape. "The family belief," says Sir George, "is that some one individual of the species is their dearest friend, to kill whom would be a great crime. So a native who has a vegetable Kobong may not gather it under certain circumstances, and at a particular period of the year." We previously saw that the belief, in certain cases at least, is that the family were of the species of the Totem before they were turned into men.

It may be asked, What are their views of the power by which these transformations were effected? We cannot answer this question; but one thing seems to be clear, that their speculations have not carried them as yet beyond the contemplation of the material terrestrial world they inhabit, and that in that world everything is to them at once material and spiritual, the animate and the inanimate being almost undistinguished. Like many races in Africa, they do not believe in death from natural causes, and think they would live for ever were it not for murderers and sorcerers. The latter they call *Boyl-as*. A *Boyl-a* gets powers over a man if he obtains possession of anything that is his.³ A *Boyl-a* may cause death in many ways; he may cause a man to be killed "by accident," or he may render himself invisible and come nightly and "feast" on his

(1) Archæ. Amer. vol. ii. p. 113.

(2) Sir George Grey's Travels, l. c. vol. ii. p. 229.

(3) *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 323.

victim's flesh. He can transport himself through the air at pleasure; and when he makes himself invisible, he can be seen only by other *Boyl-as*. He enters his victim like a piece of quartz, and as such may be drawn out of him by the enchantments of friendly *Boyl-as*. Pieces of quartz that have been so drawn out are preserved as the greatest curiosities. As *some one* is always the cause of death, the law is that when any one dies, some one else must be killed—the *Boyl-a*, or the murderer, or some relative of the one or the other. Of course the *Boyl-as* are objects of great dread. They consume the flesh of their victims slowly, as fire would;¹ they can hear from afar; they come “moving along in the sky;” and they can only be counteracted by other *Boyl-as*. Besides the *Boyl-as*, there is another object of terror—the *Wau-gul*. It is an aquatic monster, residing in fresh water, and has supernatural powers. It also can “consume” the natives like the *Boyl-as*; but it confines its attacks mostly to women, who pine away almost imperceptibly and die. Nightmare is caused by an evil spirit that may be driven away by muttering imprecations and twirling a burning brand. Shining stones or pieces of crystal, called “*Teyl*,” they respect almost to veneration. None but *Boyl-as* venture to touch them. They believe in ghosts; and on one occasion Sir George Grey was taken by an old lady to be the ghost of her son, who had lately died! Such is the creed of this primitive race. They have no God in the proper sense of the word; and the only benign beings they know are their Totems. The *Boyl-as* of course practise imposture,² but are probably self-deluded as well to a great extent. Speculation has not reached as yet among them to the heavens. Their supernaturals are all naturals, for even the *Wau-gul*—no doubt a convenient fiction of the *Boyl-as* for protection under the law of retaliation, and perhaps also in explanation to themselves of deaths they *know* they had nothing to do with—is a living creature, the tenant of a stream or lake. Even their ghosts may return to them, if precautions are not taken to secure them in their burying-places—their “houses,” as they are called, and in which, even after death, they are not incapable of action.³

It will have been seen that the Totems are, as we may say, religiously regarded by the Australians, and that the *Boyl-as* resemble the genii of the Arabian Nights, excepting that while they are genii they are also men. The *Wau-gul* might well grow into the water-

(1) Grey's Travels, vol. ii. p. 339.

(2) *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 218. “The whole tendency of their superstitions is to deprive certain classes of benefits which are enjoyed by others.”

(3) *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 236. “After burial, the dead man can insert a mysterious bone into each of three doctors, who sleep on the grave for the purpose. By means of this bone, the doctors can kill any one they wish by causing it to enter into his body.”

kelpie, water-horse or bull. It would be curious to know whether it is a fish or an aquatic kangaroo or opossum!

The American Indians, though they occupy a distinctly higher platform, have still much in common with the aborigines of Australia. Dr. Gay, who resided for several weeks among the Omahaws, states that among them the Totem of each band "is considered as the peculiar sacred object (*Medicine*, the Canadians call it) of the band,"¹ and all we know supports the view that in every case the Totem is religiously regarded. One author, Mr. Long, in a work published in 1791, describing the manners and customs of the North American Indians, holds *Totemism* to be a religious superstition, and says the Indian believes that his Totem, "or favourite spirit," watches over him. "The Totem," he says, "they conceive, assumes the shape of some beast or other, and therefore they never kill, hunt, or eat the animal whose form they think the Totem bears."² In illustration of the truth of this, he relates what once befell an Indian whose Totem was the bear. The man dreamed he should find a herd of elks, moose, &c., at a certain place, if he went thither. Having a superstitious reverence for his dream, he went—unaccompanied, as he could get no one to go with him—saw the herd, fired, and shot a bear! "Shocked at the transaction," says Mr. Long, "and dreading the displeasure of the Master of Life, whom he conceived he had offended, he fell down and lay senseless for some time." On recovering, and finding that nothing had befallen him, he hastened towards his home, when (according to his own report) he was met on the way by a large bear, who (he narrated) asked him what had induced him to kill his Totem. On explaining the circumstances and his misfortune, he was forgiven, but was dismissed with a caution to be communicated to the Indians, "that their Totems might be safe, and the Master of Life not angry with them." "As he entered my house," says Mr. Long, who writes as if he saw the man immediately after his accident, "he looked at me very earnestly, and pronounced these words in his own language, 'Beaver, my faith is lost; my Totem is angry; I shall never be able to hunt any more.'" Should one be surprised to find that admonitory bear of the man's imagination worshipped as a god further on in the history of Bear tribes advancing undisturbed by external influences, correlated with the Master of Life in the Olympus, or even preferred to, or identified with him? The Master of Life of this story, we infer from other passages in the

(1) *Archæ. Amer.* vol. ii. p. 112. The personification of inanimate objects, the *animism*, as Mr. Tylor calls it, of the Indians is nearly as complete as in Australia. See "*Archæ. Amer.*," vol. ii. pp. 25, 166, 169. No distinction between the animate and inanimate is made in the languages of the Esquimaux, the Choctaws, the Muskogee, and the Caddo. Only the Iroquois, Cherokee, and the Algonkin Lenape have it, so far as is known, and with them it is partial.

(2) *Long's Voyages*, p. 86.

work quoted, is *Kitchu Manitoo*, a high rock in Lake Superior, which is worshipped as a god by the Chippeway Indians, and also by the *Mathangweessawauks*, whoever they may be.¹ Is *Kitchu Manitoo*; it may be asked, the commencement of pillar-worship, of Siva-ism? He is the Master of Life, and, in some tribes, the Great Spirit. The accounts of him are most vague, and show a faith shading up from the "great black man in the woods" of the Fuegians to the Master of Life, with a high rock for his representation, and thence to the Great Spirit—who had no representation—whose temple the Incas are said to have found standing and deserted on their arrival at Cuzco. In two cases only have we certain information of the ideas of God which the Indians entertained. (1) In Gookin's History of the "Christian Indians" is preserved a contract in the form of question and answer between them and our Government. It opens as follows: "*Qu.* 1. To worship the only true God, who made heaven and earth. *Ans.* We do desire to reverence the God of the English, because we see he doth better to the English than other gods do to others." (2) Of the Pawnees, whose "Great Spirit" is *Wahcondou*, Dr. Gallatin writes, "Like all other Indians, they put more faith in their dreams, omens, and jugglers, in the power of imaginary deities of their own creation, and of those consecrated relics (the Totems) to which the Canadians have given the singular appellation of *Medicine*."²

The American Indians, like the aborigines of Australia, regarded themselves, we have every reason to believe, as being of *the breed* of the Totem. We know this was the view of the Sun-tribes—which we shall notice presently—and of several Snake-tribes. That the Caribs were of the stock of the Serpent we learn from Mr. Brett.³ And on this point—the regular authorities being silent—we are entitled, we think, to found on evidence furnished by Mr. Fenimore Cooper. His view appears in "The Last of the Mohicans." Magua, a Fox, with a party of warriors, comprising a Beaver, happening to pass a colony of real beavers, the Beaver refused to pass without addressing his kinsfolk. "There would have been a species of profanity in the omission," says Mr. Cooper, "had this man passed so powerful a community of his fancied kinsmen without bestowing some evidence of regard. Accordingly, he paused and spoke in words as kind and friendly as if he were addressing more intelligent beings. He called the animals *his cousins*," and so on, concluding his address by begging them to bestow on his tribe "a portion of the

(1) Long, l. c. pp. 68 *et seq.*, and p. 139. In Long's opinion Totemism resembles the idea of Destiny, and he says it is not confined to savages, as "many instances might be adduced from history to prove." Very probably. The one instance he cites is that of a Jew banker, of the court of Louis XIV. of France, "who had a black hen, to which he thought his destiny attached." They died together.

(2) "Archæ. Amer.," vol. ii. p. 130.

(3) Brett's "Tribes of Guiana," pp. 390—393.

wisdom for which they were so renowned." Uncas, again, Mr. Cooper represents as claiming to be of the stock of the Tortoise, "that great-grandfather of all nations;" and, indeed, all his Indians appear to regard themselves, and one another, as inheritors of mental and physical qualities from their respective Totems.

One other and last relation between the Totem and its owners, both in America and Australia, remains to be noticed. Grey tells us that the Australians use the Totem as the family crest or ensign, and expresses the opinion that our heraldic bearings are traces of the Totem stage lingering in civilised nations. It is well known that the Totem was also used as an ensign by the American Indians, who tattooed the figure of it on their bodies, and, not content with this, painted and dressed themselves so as to resemble it. Every reader of stories about these Indians must be familiar with the fact. Magua, for example, in the beaver scene, from the account of which we have just quoted, wore "his ancient garb, bearing the outline of a fox on the dressed skin which formed his robe;" while the Beaver chief "carried the beaver as his peculiar symbol." The accounts we have of the old Mexicans in war show that they had similar badges: every chief having his sign—an animal, or animal's head, or a plant; and every company having a similar symbol on its standard.

4. *Traditions of Totems in Central Asia.*—The Totem stage appears to have been passed through by numerous tribes of Central Asia. MM. Valikhanof inform us that a heritage of the nomadic races in that part of the world is a profound regard for, and an abundance of traditions respecting old times, preserved by their elders in legends and ballads, and that these traditions refer the origin of their tribes to animals as progenitors.

"The story of the origin of the Dikokamenni Kirghiz," they say,¹ "from a red greyhound and a certain queen with her forty handmaidens is of ancient date. A characteristic feature in Central Asiatic traditions is the derivation of their origin from some animal. According to the testimony of Chinese history the Goa-qui (Kaotsché), otherwise known as the Tele or Chili people, sprang from a wolf and a beautiful Hun princess . . . who married the wolf. The Tugus (called the Dulgasses by Père Hyacinthe) professed to derive their origin from a she-wolf; and the Tufans (Thibetians) from a dog. The Chinese assert that Balachi, hereditary chief of the Mongol Khans, was the son of a blue wolf and a white hind."² [The authority cited for this is "*Mémoires relatifs à l'Asie*," by Klaproth, p. 204.] . . . It is evident from these instances that this kind of tradition in Central Asia and America is the most ancient, and even seems to be regarded as a descent to be proud of. The out-spoken yet exalted tone of the Kirghiz legends, considered indecent by the present

(1) "The Russians in Central Asia." London, 1865. Translated by the Messrs. Michell.

(2) In the "*Archæologia Americana*," vol. ii. p. 112, it is noticed that among the Creeks the villages are divided into white and red, "distinguished from each other by poles of those respective colours." Query—Would a Deer in a white village be a *White Deer*, and a Wolf in a red village be a *Red Wolf*?

generation of Kirghiz, is a strong proof that they have descended in their original form. The tradition of the origin of the ninety-nine Kipebuk branches has been preserved among the Uzbeks and Kaisaks in such an indelicate shape that it is doubtful whether it will ever be possible to present it to the general reader."

It is accordingly not given; but surely the essence might have been, though not the shape. We learn from the same authorities that the genealogical tables of the Kaisaks, Uzbeks, and Nogais, show that "they are a medley of different Turkish and Mongol tribes." The names of several tribes are given, but none have been examined etymologically to ascertain whether they comprise the names of animals or plants. The interfusion, or "medley," of the tribes (we are without a statement of the origin of it, but nearly all these tribes *are* exogamous, that is, prohibit marriage within the clan), and the general statement (though it is feebly supported by details) that they draw their origin back to animals, make it probable that we have in the Kirghiz, Uzbeks, and Nogais a series of tribes that anciently passed through the Totem stage. This view is confirmed by what was recently stated at a meeting of the Geographical Society by Captain T. G. Montgomerie; namely, that round Cashmere, and among the aboriginal hill tribes on the Himalayan slopes, tribes of men are usually (or *frequently*, we have not the report before us), named, or we think he said "*nicknamed*," from animals *now*. If so, we may believe inquiry will bring to light a series of tribes in that quarter still existing in the Totem stage. The statement was made in support of the hypothesis that an Ant tribe had existed to the north of Cashmere, put forward in explanation of what Herodotus relates that the gold-fields there were worked by ants.

5. *The Sun as a Totem: hints of a Totem Olympus.*—We saw that in the local tribes or nations in America, some one of the tribes of descent had a superiority ascribed to it—that the Bear, for instance, was the leading tribe among the Hurons. This superiority infers subordination, of course; in other words, a political system. It is stated in the *Archæologia* that "it is among the Natches alone that we find, connected together, a highly privileged class, a despotic government and something like a regular form of religious worship." The Natches occupied three villages near the town that has preserved their name, and were in four clans. What their Totems were is not stated; but "the privileged class" and the sovereign had for *their* Totem the sun. This seems a legitimate inference from their being called Suns, and claiming to be descended from the sun—the Sun-tribe being so far like any other. "The hereditary dignity of Chief, or Great Sun," we are told, "descended as usual by the female line, and he, *as well as all the other members of his clan*, whether male or female, could only marry persons of an inferior [*i.e.*, another] clan."¹

(1) L. c. vol. ii. p. 113.

That is, the clan or tribe was in the same case with any other, except that it was dominant as the Bear was among the Hurons.¹ A Sun could not marry a Sun any more than a Beaver could marry a Beaver; and the Sun name was taken from the mother.

If the sun could become a Totem, why not the moon? That they were both *beings* we can see in numerous cases; we have distinct proof of it among the Indians in the case of the Chippeways.² If they were Totems they will explain for us the Solar and Lunar races of the Aryans. We have them in Peru as married persons, and also as brother and sister. The Incas were Suns, as their name and all the traditions imply—a Sun-tribe, nothing less or more; their first parents, children of the sun, sent to the earth to found society, as the reader may see in Prescott's opening chapters. Acosta tells us the brother of the Inca succeeded in preference to his sons,³ and if so, this points to kinship among the Peruvian Sun-tribe, having been at one time through mothers only—a note of the Totem stage. The pride of power led the tribe to give up exogamy and become a caste; but then to keep the stock pure, the Inca always married a sister, and when a son succeeded, it was as heir of the *Coya*, the lawful sister-queen, showing the lingering preference for the mother's side. We infer the presence of Sun-tribes among the Hurons, the Bayagoulas, now extinct, the Cherokees, the Choctaws, and the Caddoes of Red River, all of whom there is reason to believe more or less formally worshipped the sun. The Natches had sun temples and perpetual fires.⁴ The Sun-tribes may have been very powerful, but it is only what we should expect, among a race simple enough to believe anything, that a peculiar sanctity, and corresponding privileges, would readily be conceded to those believed to be descended from the great Lord of Day; and that the supremacy in many groups should on this account be the more readily obtained by the solar-stock. It is also apparent that *this* Totem might well command a general veneration—the worship of all the tribes in the group; but it is equally mani-

(1) Are the accounts incomplete? and is the dominant tribe among the Hurons also the Sun tribe? The chief of the Hurons, Charlevoix states, is believed to have issued from the sun, and the dignity of chieftainship is hereditary through females only. It is a possible explanation that the *chiefs* of the *Bear-tribe* may have invented for themselves a solar origin, in which case the chief would be a Bear, and yet a Sun. Peru presents us with an instance of a Sun that is yet a Serpent, for which a similar explanation would suffice—namely, that the Snake-tribe was dominant, and that its chief families assumed the Sun as their Totem.

(2) "Archæologia Americana," vol. i. p. 352. The sun and moon were occasionally given to fighting it appears.

(3) Lib. vi. cap. xii., cited by Prescott.

(4) "Archæologia Americana," vol. ii. pp. 113, 114. Was Helios, who had herds of oxen on the island of Trinacria, chief of a Sun-tribe there? The Heliades are suggestive of a sun-stock. Max Müller complains of Mr. Grote's disposition "to insist on the purely literal meaning of the whole of Greek mythology." We shall see by-and-by that Mr. Grote's disposition is the right one.

fest that the Sun would not, any more than the Master of Life, where it took the first place in the State religion, interfere with the allegiance due from the stock tribes composing the nation to their respective Totems. The Incas, as Mr. Prescott points out, had the good policy to collect all the tribal gods into their temples in and round Cuzco, in which the two leading gods were the Master of Life and the sun. In the temples, Mr. Prescott tells us, "there were animals also to be found," but he does not specify them, stating only that "the llama with its golden fleece was the most conspicuous." Were these animals the Totems, or their emblems, of our friends the Bears and Beavers?¹

6. *Totem Gods—a Totem Olympus.*—Among the Fijians we find a state of affairs such as may have preceded the consolidation of the monarchy and the Olympus of the Incas. They are proud of their pedigrees, and Toki, one of their chiefs, claims to be the descendant of a Turtle. Others have fishes for their progenitors. Their greatest god, the Creator, who is omniscient, omnipotent, and so on, in the opinion of his special votaries, is *Nuengei*, "whose shrine is the Serpent." Some of their *gods* are "enshrined" in birds, fishes, or plants; some, in the same way, in men. Their second god in importance is *Tui Lakemba*, who claims the Hawk as his shrine; but another god disputes his right, and claims the Hawk for himself. The Shark is a great god; also the Crab. "One god," says Mr. Williams, "is supposed to inhabit the eel, and another the common fowl, and so on, until nearly every animal becomes the shrine of some deity. He who worships the Eel-god must never eat of that fish, and thus of the rest; so that some are *tabu* from eating human flesh because the shrine of their god is in a man. . . . The Land-Crab is the shrine of *Roko Suka*, formerly worshipped in Tiliva, where land-crabs are rarely seen." When a land-crab favours them with a call, they make formal presents to him, "to prevent the deity leaving with the impression that he was neglected, and visiting his remiss worshippers with drought, dearth, or death." These gods are tribal, and no one can doubt but they are Totems

(1) The mythologies of Peru and Mexico have yet to be explored, and may be expected to prove a field worthy to be worked. The few facts we have yield a strong suggestion that the Toltecs, Chimenecs, Aztecs, and Tezucans were groups, compounded like the Natches, of tribes with Totems—the Sun dominant, in Peru at least. The legend of the founding of Tenochtitlan gives a prickly-pear, an eagle, a serpent, and the sun. The Mexicans had the eagle on their standard, and the serpent at least among their gods. The war god, Huitzilopochtli, means, literally, "a humming-bird" and "left." He was figured with the feathers of the humming-bird on his left foot. If the humming-bird was a Totem, this is the only case, excepting one serpent god in the same Olympus, of a Totem becoming a God of Terror that we are acquainted with. The years in the fifty-two years Mexican Cycle were named from plants and animals—a list of them is not accessible. Their law of succession was polyandrous, from brother to brother, and to sister's sons, failing brothers. This demonstrates for them the stage of female kinship. We know nothing of the law of intermarriage.

who have made such progress as we above suggested the Bear might make, and are become the objects of a more or less regular worship—the Serpent-tribe dominant, and the Hawk-tribe in the second place. The Men-gods are a new element in the Olympus; but they appear as “shrines” merely like the other animals, and were no doubt arrived at by an extension to man of conclusions speculatively reached as to the nature of Totem-gods in general. The Fijians have filled the world with spirits and demons. They are incessantly plagued by ghosts, witches, or wizards. Vegetables and stones, nay, even tools and weapons, pots and canoes, have *souls* that are immortal, and that, like the souls of men, pass on at last to *Mbulu*, the abode of departed spirits. They worship pillars and rocks; but, so far as we know, they do not worship the Sun unless their men-gods are of the solar stock.¹

7. *The mental condition of men in the Totem stage.*—The state of mind of men in the Totem stage is familiar enough, from the accounts we have of the lower races of men. The absence of scientific knowledge nowise implies an absence of speculation; it rather necessitates the presence of a great amount of it. Some explanation of the phenomena of life a man *must* feign for himself; and to judge from the universality of it, the simplest hypothesis, and the first to occur to men, seems to have been that natural phenomena are ascribable to the presence in animals, plants, and things, and in the forces of nature, of such spirits prompting to action as men are conscious they themselves possess. So far as we know, this has been at some time or other the faith of all the races of men; and again, so far as we know, it is a faith that has nowhere been given up as unsatisfactory otherwise than gradually on its being perceived, from case to case, that the behaviour of the forces of nature and of the bodies they act upon is not wayward or wilful, but conformable to law; and until the law has been ascertained. This animation hypothesis, held as a faith, is at the root of all the mythologies. It has been called Fetichism; which, according to the common accounts of it, ascribes a life and personality resembling our own, not only to animals and plants, but to rocks, mountains,² streams, winds, the heavenly bodies, the earth itself, and even the heavens. Fetichism thus resembles Totemism; which, indeed, is Fetichism *plus* certain peculiarities. These peculiarities are, (1) the appropriation of a special Fetich to the tribe, (2) its hereditary transmission through mothers, and (3) its connection with the *jus connubii*. Our own belief is that the accompaniments of Fetichism have not been well observed, and that it will

(1) “Fiji and the Fijians,” by Thomas Williams, vol. i. pp. 114, 122, 215 ff.

(2) Himavat (the Himalayas) was a great Hindu god. He had goddess daughters; one, Ganga (the Ganges), another, Uma, “the most excellent of goddesses.” See Muir’s “Sanskrit Texts,” Part iv. pp. 356 ff.

yet be found that in many cases the Fetich is the Totem. Be that as it may, we may safely affirm that as Fetichism dies slowly, withdrawing its spirits from one sphere after another on their being brought within the domain of science, so it grew slowly through various stages of development, bringing the realms of nature one by one within the scope of the hypothesis which is its foundation. Our information is incomplete; but from all we know, the aborigines of Australia are, as theorists, far in advance of the Bushmen, Veddahs, Andamans, and Fuegians, while it appears they themselves have many steps to take before reaching the fulness of the animism of some American Indians. They have not yet, for example, so far as we know, vivified the heavenly bodies. The Indians, again, have not yet advanced so far as the New Zealanders, who assign spirits to groves and forests,¹ as did the Greeks and Romans, while none of the peoples last mentioned reached that perfection of Fetichism allied to an ontology which is Pantheism.²

The justification of the statement that there is no race of men that has not come through this primitive stage of speculative belief, will be found in this exposition in its entirety.³ We may here say that such a stage is demonstrated for the Hindoos and Egyptians by their doctrine of transmigration. It is of the essence of that doctrine that everything has a soul or spirit, and that the spirits are mostly human in the sense of having once been in human bodies. All the spirits are of course ultimately divine—detached portions of the Deity.

We find in the Code of Manu that “vegetables, and mineral substances, worms, insects, reptiles—some very minute, some rather larger—fishes, snakes, tortoises, cattle, shakals, are the lowest forms to which the dark quality leads [the soul of a man].”⁴ A man may after death, according to the shade of the dark quality, become an elephant, horse, lion, tiger, boar, or a man of the servile class; while, in virtue of the good quality, he may rise to the rank of the genii, to be a regent of the stars, or even a god. This implies, of course, the existence of spirits resembling our own of various ranks, from those that dwell in minerals and vegetables up to that of Brahma. We have a similar implication from the Egyptian doctrine. Let us consider how such a doctrine could have arisen.⁵

(1) See “The Adventures of Rata,” and “The Children of Heaven and Earth,” in Grey’s *Polynesian Mythology*.

(2) A striking illustration of the graduality of the evolution of fetichism will be found in “Fiji and the Fijians,” l.c. p. 241. The Fijians are far in advance of the Tongans.

(3) Two papers having a bearing on this matter, written by Mr. E. B. Tylor, the one on “The Early Mental Condition of Man,” and the other on “Traces of Savage Thought in Modern Civilisation,” both read before the Royal Institution, London, are well worthy of being consulted.

(4) Code, chap. xii. vv. 42, 43; and see *idem*, chap. i. vv. 49, 50.

(5) The systems of transmigration have been various. In the Brahmanic the purified soul returns to Brahma; in the Buddhistic it attains Nirvāna. The Egyptian

The doctrine connects itself at once with the Cosmogony and with ethics. Manu's account of the genesis, from the first divine idea to the seed and the golden egg and the waters; to the Vedas milked out from fire, air, and the sun; and to the final evolution of all Beings, animals, and vegetables, will be admitted to be as unscientific, or foolish, as anything the Australians could devise, supposing them to have imagination enough to shape so *grand* a theory; and it is not a whit more ingenious than the Australian view of life, taking success in getting at the truth as the test of ingenuity. *The truth*, it may be said, is beyond the reach of speculation. No doubt; this fantastical doctrine, however, may safely be assumed *not* to contain it. "A transmigratory soul" is not an hypothesis like phlogiston: the latter explained some facts; the former, none. How then did it arise? It resulted from ethical considerations, and the theory of the Cosmos. But whence came the latter? Its source, we think, is indubitable. It was a speculation to explain the facts, real and imaginary, of existence. That is, in the order of events, Fetichism, which assigns "souls" to all things, came first, and afterwards the cosmical theory, which explained, *inter alia*, "the souls of all things," the ethical doctrine regulating their transferences merely. In other words, had the "souls" not been pre-existing we should not have had the theory—an unquestionable product of human effort to explain facts—nor anything resembling it. This we submit is the common-sense view. The doctrine supervened on a system of ideas comprising all the elements with which it had to deal. The windows in heaven, and the firmament separating the waters above from the waters below them, do not more clearly demonstrate the old theory of *rain*, than this doctrine demonstrates pre-existing Fetichism.

That the doctrine of transmigration was invented at a pretty late date in the progress of the Hindu races we may be certain. There is but one sentence in the Rig-Veda (Hymn i. 164) which has even been supposed to imply transmigration, and it does not do so, we are assured, when the words are taken literally in their usual sense. Yet the belief in the soul's life after death may be traced in some of the hymns of the Veda. This belief, however, assumes many forms, and the present writer has no certain information as to its Vedic form. Of the forms it assumes many are highly curious. The Australian and Fijian we saw. Among the Tahitians human souls were supposed to be the food of their god, and they offered to him

resembled the Brahmanic, as did the Grecian, which was neither indigenous to Greece nor a popular faith. The Jews *may* have had their system from the Greek philosophers. It is taught in the *Kabbala*, and resembles the Brahmanic. The soul of Adam reappeared in David, and was to reappear in the Messiah. Some early Christians held the doctrine, but it was never the creed of the Church. It was the creed of the Manichæans. Origen believed it; so, lately, did Lessing. It was indigenous in Germany and in ancient Mexico.

human sacrifices that he might be fed. The Khonds have a limited quantity of soul as tribal property, and they explain their female infanticide by saying that the fewer their women are the more soul there will be for the men. The customs of some tribes in Madagascar show that they think that one man may have several souls; and not a few tribes, holding that the souls of the dead return in their new-born babies, bury in the houses or near the doors to facilitate the return.

It is familiar that men everywhere in ancient times believed spirits to inhabit trees and groves, and to move in the winds and stars, and that they personified almost every phase of nature. We have now seen that such beliefs cannot be regarded as having been deduced from the grander doctrines of the ancient religions; but that the latter must be regarded as having been constructed upon such beliefs as their foundations. Demons and Genii, and the spirits of plants and minerals, were older than Brahma; let us hope they will not survive him. They are everywhere lively still, even in the most advanced nations; and we have not to go very far back in time to find them playing a most important part in our medical theories. Demons—a species of disembodied Boyl-as—were connected with diseases by the Jews and early Christians, and it is familiar how on one occasion when driven out of a man they entered into a herd of swine. The genii of the early Italians—so like the Totem—are familiar, and even more so are the genii of the Arabian Nights. The Mahometans, if they are true to their prophet, must still believe in them. In that very curious book “*Mishcât-ul-Mas’âbih*” a record of the sayings and doings of the prophet, bearing to be made by those who knew him best—his wives and disciples—we find the following, which is pertinent to our subject:—

“Ibn-Omer said, ‘I heard his highness say, “Kill snakes, and kill the snake which has two black lines upon its back, and kill the snake called *abter*, on account of its small tail; for verily these two kinds of snake blind the eyes as soon as they are looked at; and if a pregnant woman should see them, she would miscarry from fright.”’ Ibn-Omer says, ‘Just as I was about killing a snake, Abû-Labâ-Bahansâri called out to me not to kill it. Then I said, “His highness ordered me to kill them; why do you forbid?” He said, “His highness, after giving the order for killing them, said, You must not kill the snakes that live in the houses, because they are not snakes, but a kind of genii.”’ Abû-Sâhib said, ‘We went to Abû-Sâid-Khud’hri; and whilst we were sitting, we heard a shaking under his bedstead; and we looked and saw a snake. Then I got up to kill it, and Abû-Sâid was saying his prayers, and he made a sign to me to sit down, and I did so. And when he had finished his prayers, he made a sign towards a room in his house, and said, “There was a youth in my family lived there who had newly married.” Then Abû-Sâid said, “We came out of *Medinah* along with the Prophet, to a trench which was digging for fighting, and this youth would ask the Prophet’s permission to return to his house every day at noon, which was granted. Then one day the youth asked his highness’s leave, who said, Put on your armour, because I am alarmed about you, from the evil designs of the tribe of *Beni-Kuraidhah*. Then the

youth took his arms, and returned towards his house; and when he arrived, he saw his wife standing between two doors; and the youth was about piercing her with a spear, being seized with jealousy at seeing her standing out of her room; and she said, Withhold your spear, and come into the room that you may see what has brought me out. Then the youth went into the room, and beheld a large snake coiled up sleeping upon his bed, and he struck his spear into the snake; then the snake attacked the youth, and bit him, and it was not known which of them died first, the snake or the youth. Then I went to the Prophet and mentioned the occurrence, and said, Supplicate God to give life to the youth. Then his highness said, Ask God to forgive your friend; wherefore do you wish a prayer to be made for his life? After that he said, In these houses are the genii, some of them believers, and some infidels; therefore when you see anything of those inhabitants turn them out, but do not hurry in killing them, but say, Do not incommode me; if you do, I shall kill you. Then if he goes away, so much the better; but if not, kill it, because it is an infidel *genius*. And his highness said to the youth's tribe, Take him away and bury him. And in one tradition it is thus that his highness said, Verily there are genii in *Medinah* which have embraced Islam; then when you see any one of them, warn him three days; and if he appears after that, kill him, because he is none but an infidel." Omm Sharic said, 'His highness ordered a chameleon to be killed, and said, "It was a chameleon which blew the fire into which Nimrod threw Abraham."' . . . Abùhurairah 'A. G. S. "An ant bit a prophet, and he ordered the ant-hill to be burnt, which was done. Then God sent a voice to the prophet, saying, Have you burnt, on account of one biting you, a whole multitude of those that remembered God, and repeated his name?"'

His highness's scientific views on other subjects were in keeping with his zoology. "The genii," he lays it down, "are of three kinds. One kind have wings and fly, another are snakes and dogs, and the third move about from place to place like men."² The third are not so unlike the *Boyl-as*. In Mahomet's system the devil and bad genii are at the root of all diseases except fever, which results from the heat of hell-fire, an element of which the Australians are as yet ignorant. He believed, of course, in the evil eye, and in spells and amulets, as so many of us still do; but perhaps he nowhere appears to more advantage than in his astronomy. Stars, he says, were created for three purposes—to embellish the regions, to stone the devil, and for guidance in the forest and on the sea. Our poor wolves, bears, beavers, and opossums, must be tenderly regarded, and may, we think, be believed to be thoroughly earnest in their faith, when views like these appear as propounded by the founder of one of the greatest existing religions. Of the traces of Fetichism among the Greeks and Romans, it would be waste of time to say anything.

We have said enough to prepare the reader for the examination we are about to enter upon, of the evidence of the worship of animals and vegetables among the ancients; to give him the feeling that it is not very improbable that in classical regions we shall find Totems, or something like them.

(1) Vol. ii. p. 310. Chap. iii. Part I. "In explanation of animals, lawful and unlawful to be eaten."

(2) *Idem*, vol. ii. p. 314.

Let us, however, before proceeding with that examination, state the results we have reached. We have found that there are tribes of men (called primitive) now existing on the earth in the Totem stage, each named after some animal or plant, which is its symbol or ensign, and which by the tribesmen is religiously regarded; having kinship through mothers only, and exogamy as their marriage law. In several cases we have seen, the tribesmen believe themselves to be descended from the Totem, and in every case to be, nominally at least, of its breed or species. We have seen a relation existing between the tribesmen and their Totem, as in the case of the bear, that might well grow into that of worshipper and god, leading to the establishment of religious ceremonials to allay the Totem's just anger, or secure his continued protection. We have seen in the case of the sun, conceived as a being, and having his tribe like any other animal, a first place acquired and the honours of a regular worship among tribes still in the Totem stage, and that it is not improbable the cultus of other Totems became regular as sun worship advanced; and in the case of the Fijians, where the serpent and not the sun introduced regular religious observances, we have a more or less regular worship of the other Totems—as we seem entitled to consider them—advanced to the status of gods.¹ We have also seen that while the intellectual condition of men that accompanies Totemism is well established for all the lower races of men now existing, there is much evidence that the higher races had anciently been in a similar condition. We have Totemism in various phases attending that condition, and having reason to think that the higher races had once been in the same condition, we have a probability that they also may once have had Totems.

J. F. M'LENNAN.

(1) In some quarters in America, images of animals have been found in excavations, and one view is that they were idols. It will be remembered there were such images in the Sun Temples of the Incas.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, AS ARTIST AND MORALIST.¹

WORKS of art are moulded under determining conditions of two kinds—the first, and most important, connected with the individual artist's mind ; the second, and less important, with the specialities of circumstance under which the artist worked. Shakspeare is supreme (to speak in general terms) by virtue of his exquisite and magnificent human sympathies and his beautiful artist-faculty of making them known : those were the important conditions determining artistic production in his case ; and the minor circumstances were those which led him to clothe the graver offspring of his mind in a dramatic garb rather than any other. Hence it is that at the present day we love him and his characters without thinking whether they are the results of the dramatic or another method ; and when we call any work "Shakspearian," we obviously mean that it has a touch of the breadth, and depth, and height, and acuteness of Shakspeare,—not that it has any analogy with the Elizabethan drama. There are plenty of things in the works of this "greatest of the sons of men" which no modern, unendowed with that affected optimism which can see nothing but greatness in a great man's works, would for a moment profess to care for or to regard as important—such as the gross jokes, loved by a grosser epoch than ours, and the punster's raillery that glitters annoyingly through much of the lighter fabric of the plays : these things we do not recall in our image of Shakspeare, and when we meet them we pass them by ; but we do not say or dream that they detract from his greatness ;—simply they were the product of the time, and what we prize is the product of the man. They might have been of bigger bulk than they are ; and were such the case, we should merely say that the time had laid a heavier weight of undesirable matter on our Shakspeare's pages than we now have to complain of ; but even then he would have been Shakspeare and immortal.

Now in the history of our literature there came a point when the old triumphant era of frivolous, bootless romance had died out, and men's minds revolted from a long allegiance. People began to see that something higher than lazy amusement might be entrusted to the pages of fiction, and that, too, without taking wings of supernaturalism and flying to the high places of sacred allegory ; and accordingly in this direction a vigorous reaction set in. These were temporal,

(1) CLARISSA. A Novel. By SAMUEL RICHARDSON. Edited by E. S. DALLAR, Author of the "Gay Science." 3 vols. London : Tinsley Brothers, 18, Catherine Street, Strand, 1868.

transient circumstances, and under them it was natural to expect that the idea of making a romance or fictitious history subserve a high moral purpose should carry men to an excess of purpose, and induce them to cumber their fiction with an overplus of direct preaching—just as the fashion of the time induced Shakspeare to inlay his marvellous plays with trivial buffooneries. But if a great soul was developed in this era of fiction—a soul with vision and sympathy, and an adequate method, too, whereby to embody the results of deep scrutiny into human nature,—if such a character arose at such a time, should he not, as a proof of his manhood merely, fall into the ultra-moralising vein of his time? and should we think him a less man on that account, any more than we detract from Shakspeare for the unvalued impress left on his work by his epoch? Surely not; and when we are called on to appraise any product of such an epoch, the whole question at issue resolves itself into this—Is the man an artist independently of the impress made on him by his time, or is he merely a fabricator of works on the model indicated by the popular demand at that time? If the latter, let him go; he is nobody. But if the former, then never mind the deformities of the reaction, but bear him prominently in mind. Excess of moral tendency is not a thing that we have often to complain of in works of art; and able artists, of whatever description, are not so numerous that we can afford to cast out one because he persists in giving us too much of a good thing.

It is not always easy to say what there is about a book that differentiates it from the commonplace in literature, or from the respectable domain of well-meant dissertation. A work that is truly artistic cannot fail to make itself felt if it be fairly read, either with critical analysis or without. The lessons that an artist desires to teach, he *will* teach, for they will be woven into the fabric of his work, and the moral sinks in with the work. If he have also preached what he desires to inculcate, that will not neutralise what he has effected by artistic force proper, though it may lessen the result by inducing *ennui*. But if there be nothing but direct preaching, the result will be at zero, because average humanity is so far intolerant of preaching that it will not brook it in works wherein it expects to find at least a fair share of amusement. It is for this reason that didactic poetry is hardly ever popular. People do not expect to find anything of the nature of a treatise in a poem; and it is only when some special matter of very great interest is seized upon by a poet of irresistible impetuosity and fine powers of expression, that a poetical appeal made directly has much weight. The rôle of art is to depict, and to appeal in depicting; and matters of direct appeal are more the affair of the moralist, the preacher, or the agitator, as the case may be.

A work of art, we may say finally, is never uniformly repellent. It has not unfrequently been maintained that a work of art *must give pleasure*; but we cannot assume that those who hold this view restrict the meaning of the word pleasure to sensuous delight, amusement, and the various forms of individual or strictly self-regarding pleasure. On the contrary, it may fairly be presumed that the word pleasure includes that melancholy but profoundly sweet sympathy which every human heart must feel with the sorrows of everybody else with whom it is brought into near enough contact. Unless this be so, we must exclude from the category of art-work the painful portions of Shakspeare's plays, and equally we must maintain that the superb conclusion of "The Mill on the Floss" is not art, but mere morbid reproduction of terrible misery. These things are utterly inadmissible; and indeed it is not at all certain that the profoundest pleasure is not the feeling that one is able to sympathise with another who is the victim of terrible circumstance, and yet who opposes a brave front. It is difficult to analyse the feeling; but it is certain that the state of mind which will wring tears from the eyes of many a firm-souled man is not closely allied to pain—for what man of firm soul will weep at bodily pain? and what man of high sentiment will deny the delight experienced in realising the pitiless, inveterate league of circumstances against a Cordelia, an Ophelia, a Mildred Tresham, or a Maggie Tullive?

In the foregoing remarks it has been attempted to complete the terms of a criterion to apply to Samuel Richardson's "Clarissa." If we find the heroine Clarissa to be a woman in whom the soul can delight and feel profound interest, and if we find in her story something more than a dry account of incidents strung together without idealising power, for the mere purpose of tacking a moral to them—if we find a profound and sympathetic knowledge of human nature shown in embodying the creation of a variety of persons set in motion by an artistic force of whatever kind, so as to follow out their course and live their life in accordance with some great ideal of the artist—we cannot but admit Richardson to the catalogue of our great men. We may be sure of this, that he who merely makes notes of human actions (be those notes ever so copious), and draws morals from them, will never succeed in placing before us any objects the least like men and women—anything beyond vague shadows of humanity. The force that places before us a great action, carried through by real people, is not this compound of transcription and moralising, but the rare power of idealisation—the power of so far modifying the actualities of a subject as to throw into relief the idea which it is desired to convey: that force of idealisation is the attribute of artists, and of artists only, and whether the aim be the modelling of a figure or the development of an action, nothing can be accom-

plished without it, because in life and in nature no one idea or characteristic stands out with sufficient prominence to become the central point of a work of art, unless the relations of that idea or characteristic with other ideas or characteristics be modified, so as to give prominence to the part which is wanted to be prominent, as only art knows how to modify. Without the modifying force of idealisation everything is flat and realistic (in the lowest sense), whereas with it even the interior of a Dutch *châlet* has its charms, as witness thousands of pictures of Teniers, Ostade, and Brauwer, gazed on with pleasure by millions of civilised people.

The question, then, to be answered is this:—What is “Clarissa?” It is before all things a romance, and one, moreover, which abounds in interesting detail and varied movement, although always within prescribed limits. The great bulk of the most interesting matter might be included certainly under the head “sorrowful experiences of a young lady of rank;” but in such a subject there is ample scope for writing a thoroughly excellent and great novel.

The outline of the story is this:—Clarissa Harlowe, a girl eighteen years of age, richly endowed with all or nearly all the qualities of innate sweetness, nobility, and womanliness which could be desired, has the misfortune to differ in these respects from the rest of her family, not one of whom is an admirable character, and some of whom are repulsively the reverse. Clarissa is also very beautiful, whereas her elder sister, Bella, has none of her attractive personal qualities. Consequently, a certain Mr. Lovelace, introduced to the family as a suitor to Bella, so arranges matters as to fail in bringing his courtship to a successful issue, and then opens a suit towards Clarissa. The jealousy which this defection of Lovelace awakes in the heart of Bella is stimulated by a pre-existent jealousy, on account of grandfather Harlowe having left his property to Clarissa; and when Lovelace pays his addresses to Clarissa, an intention becomes known on the part of the uncles to follow the grandfather's example, and to leave property to that young lady, so as to “create a family,” Lovelace also being of great expectations. Bella's jealousy on this latter account is shared by her brother James—a young man of infinite bad qualities, but very powerful with his father, mother, and uncles—and James and Bella accordingly form a small cabal, with the view of bringing to naught the affair with Lovelace. They succeed in setting the whole family against the union—not that Clarissa has ever allowed a preference for the suitor, or given him any marked encouragement—and when they have succeeded in getting him into the bad graces of the family, another suitor is brought forward, and urged upon the acceptance of Clarissa. This man, one Solmes, is a poor-spirited, uncultured, *gauche*, mean fellow, altogether unworthy of the heroine, who, for the first time in her

life, sets up an opposition to the parental *fat*. Persecution follows persecution, and not only does Lovelace, a man of great personal attraction, receive in the girl's eyes an added lustre through contrast with the fellow forced to her notice, but he also, by being continually placed before her by detractors and accusers in her family, attains to a position in her heart. To say that she ever loves him with the fervour of which her nature is capable, would be to mis-state; but so constantly is she accused of harbouring feelings in his favour, and so continuously is he kept in her mind both by his enemies in her family and by his own letters (for he persistently corresponds with her), that she comes to associate tender ideas with his name. One thing besides the objection of her family withholds her—namely, the consideration that he has been a notorious rake. Except for this circumstance, combined with the intense purity and reverence of her own character, one tenth of the persecution to which she is represented as submitting, must have driven her to elope with the man in a very short time. But as matters stand, insult is heaped upon insult, and brutality added to brutality, before her firm resolve to act up to the letter of what she considers her filial duty can be broken. Only when she is made to understand distinctly that she will be dragged on a given day to the altar, and forcibly bound to the man she loathes, does she entertain the idea of accepting Lovelace's aid to escape from her tormentors; and even at the last moment she clings so closely to the hope of keeping her honour and her duty to her family unscathed, that she cannot be persuaded to go off with Lovelace by the means he has actually provided. But Lovelace, whose character as represented to the Harlowe family was angelic compared with the reality, has arranged an elaborate plot by which she shall be frightened away with him at the last moment (for he knew he should never really persuade her into an elopement), and at length he actually drags her into the carriage he has provided, and drives off with her, more a captive than a fugitive. A man of intense vanity and a professed lady-killer, Lovelace could not but be piqued by the protracted opposition brought by Clarissa to his advances; and although he desires at many points of the history to marry her, he is led by his sense of failure to conceive the base idea of humbling her and her family by seducing her and retaining the option of marrying her afterwards. It is needless to say that this scheme entirely fails, and that the encroachments which he makes give the pure-minded girl a deep distaste for him, and set her most vigilantly on her guard. By an elaborate system of deception he is able throughout his intercourse with her so to misrepresent facts as to be in a position to compel her motions whither he will; and he at length brings her to London, where, securing lodgings for her in a brothel, represented by him as a respectable house, he takes

up his quarters under the same roof, notwithstanding a solemn promise to the contrary; and there, after a protracted but fruitless attempt to gain possession of her person by consent—attempts which, to his exasperation, lead her to take flight from him—he places her under the tender mercies of the abominable proprietress of the house, to which he restores her by a villainous stratagem. Having secured his victim by means of potent drugging, he commits the detestable crime punishable in those days with death. When the outraged girl comes to her senses, which she does but partially for some time, she succeeds in making good her escape from the hateful hands into which she finds herself fallen; and then sets in her long, slow, but steady lapse into the only calm she can ever gain—the frightful calm of death. She refuses all entreaties made by the half-penitent culprit and his whole tribe of influential relatives to become his wife, and gives herself up to making full preparation, both temporal and spiritual, for death—averring that her heart is broken, that she cannot live long, and only desires to die. She eventually dies in London, far from her relations and her bosom friend, without a single real friend, except one Belford, a companion of the villainous Lovelace, whose natural manly excellence is brought out of the mire by the influence of Clarissa's noble qualities. She dies strong in the sense of having done all in her power to preserve her honour, and happy in the belief that whatever shortcomings she may have been guilty of will form no bar to future bliss.

This is the main current of the book; but, besides this, there is a far from uninteresting minor current in the history of Miss Anna Howe, the friend and correspondent of Clarissa, a very charming girl. There is the ample development of a variety of characters in and out of the Harlowe family, and there is the retribution, internal and external, which pursues the unhappy Lovelace, the least part of which is his death in single combat with Clarissa's cousin. Finally, there is the appalling picture of woe when the Harlowe family, implacable till then, find that the peerless Clarissa is really hunted out of the world, and driven to the shelter which is for ever.

It may be at once frankly confessed that such a subject as this is not the most agreeable that could be selected, or, indeed, one that could be treated by a powerful artist without resulting in a story whereof passages must be to the last degree harrowing; and, on the other hand, to make such a story at once deeply pathetic and interesting, demands at least an artistic hand; because, if not treated with an evident refinement of heart and mind, and a sufficient power of creating character to render the men and women thoroughly life-like, such materials must of necessity result in much revolting incident, which could not be followed out for want of the deep sense of interest inspired by characters of unquestionable vitality. Such

characters are these Harlowes and others. You cannot read through twenty pages of "Clarissa" without feeling that you are mainly in the company, not of the preacher Richardson, but of real live men and women, whose movements, and sentiments, and motives are of importance to watch, and one of whom, the heroine, is a creature to inspire that deep interest always felt in any creature perfectly beautiful: her we can follow into the profoundest misfortunes, and still "in the midmost heart of grief" can "clasp a secret joy." To show, too, that Richardson felt what other artists feel, that a work of art must be mainly beautiful, the figure of Clarissa is made to occupy a place in his picture far more prominent than any one else; and a vast deal of the material which goes to make up the minor figures grouped about this central perfection, and distributed over the distance and middle distance, a great proportion of the narrative upon which our ideas of the rest are formed, comes to us polarised through the medium of Clarissa's noble and lucid mind; so that, while we are frequently disgusted with the matter, we never lose sight of the perfection of Clarissa, whether as actor or narrator. Such an effect as this could only be managed by a system of letter writing, and accordingly such a system was adopted, or rather adapted; for we are told that Richardson was a great letter-writer long before he became an acknowledged artist. Of this epistolary method we shall have somewhat to say further on. In the meantime, we must insist that the most pleasing result of it—the well-defined image of such a woman as Clarissa—would of itself be sufficient to immortalise any man, whatever else were in the work that we would have out, or out of it that we would have in; if there were no Miss Howe, no John Belford, no acute analysis of character, no breadth of form in the work as a whole, and if there were even four times as much actual preaching as there is.

This divine Clarissa, as she is constantly called in the quaint language of Richardson's letter-writers, is one of those tenderly-constituted and yet stable-minded women for whom profound reverence mixes with admiration and tenderness. Not cold-hearted or prudish, she has a fine and stately dignity. Her acuteness of intellect is not a whit behind her purity of sentiment, and she is not of a nature to be moved out of the path of delicacy and rectitude by casuistry, blandishment, or any power short of absolute compulsion. Consequently, when she has even fled the Scylla of her home, and thrown herself on the Charybdis of Lovelace's tender mercies, we do not fear for her, till his letters begin to reveal the blackness of a heart that knows no pity towards those who oppose themselves to its machinations of vanity or desire. Then we begin to tremble for the "divine Clarissa;" for the villain whom Richardson has pitted against her is not inferior to herself in resoluteness and ingenuity. Lovelace,

despicable as he is, is not a shade less a creation than the woman whose ruin and death it is his business to accomplish. Richardson seems to have felt that something extraordinary must be created for this purpose, and shaped his demon accordingly.

It is bootless to ask why an artist should desire such a *dénouement* at all; for, with great artists, there is no question of desire, or rather of cool reasoning desire. A broad idea presents itself to the artist's mind, the characters step one by one on the stage, they act, and speak, and live, and the artist whose creation they are has no choice but to follow out his broad idea, and chisel and polish at the rough-hewn shapes that have burst upon him, as if they were not the children of his own brain, but demigod statues straight from some magic workshop. Even in these days of wholesale novel-manufacture, we have heard on good authority of a novelist who, having conceived a great tale, the scene of which was abroad, could not get on with the work because the characters would not at first be brought into the mind as talking in any but a foreign tongue. So with Richardson; he had a great inspiration upon him, and the men and women were all there to elaborate the details so soon as his master-hand should set them in motion. They would act no other drama than that he had conceived, and to say that the conception rested on a strong basis of moral conviction is merely to vouch for its wholesomeness without impeaching its æsthetic claims.

The central lesson of the book in question—so far as we may speak of it as a lesson—is really as applicable now as it was in Richardson's time, but in a different direction. This lesson is, in fact, that marriage is so capital an event that an undue exercise of external influence in the matter may be fraught with the most terrible consequences; and this idea seems to have seized on the heart of Richardson with such a grip as to drive him into the execution of this sombre tragedy. Other minor ideas were gathered up and worked into the fabric, and all are embodied with equal point though not with equal prominence. To enforce this great point by means of the example of a commonplace, half-hearted, or semi-culpable young lady, would have been comparatively weak; and it must have been a moment of master-satisfaction for Richardson when the outlined image of Clarissa came forth into light. Clarissa and Lovelace are the inevitable result of the combination of an importunate moral idea and an uncontrollable artistic force. It was of no avail that Richardson's contemporaries wrote to him, as his tale went on, entreating that Clarissa should be spared and Lovelace reformed: the artist could no more reverse the doom of the men and women who occupied his æsthetic faculties—no more pluck away the blade he saw impending, and break its point or blunt its edge—than he could force the sea to ebb instead of flowing. It was just the

same with Charlotte Brontë in writing "Villette;" she had an ineradicable conception that the man she had called into being as a resting-place for the heart of the principal figure was never united with that figure, but died an untimely death; and no influence that was brought to bear on her to let the *dénouement* be happy could avail. Forcible influence in the direction *was* exercised, and resulted in a compromise: the hero is sent on a sea voyage, engaged to the heroine, and the book closes with a fearful storm as he is coming back; but the narrator declines to say whether he came or not. Still an intelligent reader cannot but see the tragic tone of mind through this ambiguous close; and we can only regret that the splendid genius of Charlotte Brontë should have been trammelled by a persuasion which her affectionate heart would not let her totally disregard, and which resulted in her staying her soul from the culmination of what was working on to a grand tragic close. She could not, as an artist, force herself to an unintended *dénouement*; but she could, as a woman, let herself be moved to a compromise. Similarly, Richardson might, under strong enough influence, have been induced to truncate his story by lopping half its tragic incidents; but he could not have been brought to ruin it by the entire reversal of the outlined tragedy which had loomed upon his mind and taken up the importunate standing of a religious belief. Happily no such influence existed in his case—not enough to bring about "an inch-long swerving of the holy lines"—and we have a work which is monumental—a work never to be forgotten by the studious and critical, if neglected by those whose literary appetites are for a lighter diet.

Since the time of Richardson, the constitution of the family, both practically and theoretically, has undergone a great modification in England. As conceived nowadays, the relationship between parents and children could scarcely suggest to the mind of a thoughtful man like Richardson such results from mismanagement as are portrayed in "Clarissa:" the Harlowe type of family has pretty nearly died out from among us; and in the middle classes such daring and unscrupulous rakes as Lovelace and his gang are also hardly to be met. Actual compulsion is nowadays rarely employed by parents to bring about a desired match, or by libertines to gain possession of a woman's person: among the lowest classes such things are still perpetrated; but among people of average position these crimes of physical compulsion may be said to have been merged in the more decent and less violent procedure of moral compulsion. It is a decided reform in society that fathers and mothers should no longer be able to claim, in the social eye, a despotic power over the very flesh and blood of their children, and that libertines should not be winked at as genteel criminals, to be admitted to free companionship. These two abuses

were undoubtedly common enough in the time of Richardson and Fielding to furnish both basis and point to their description ; and we cannot but give credit to such a work as "*Clarissa*" for performing at least some part in bringing about the change. To see that such and such points in social and moral codes need amendment, and to declaim against delay, requires neither eminent acuteness nor exceptional ability ; but to embody teaching in the statuesque form of a thoroughly great poem, romance, or drama, is a feat calling for gratitude to the end of time. It is not enough that reformatory ideas be involved and broached—they must also be embodied in life ; and these ideas of Richardson's have perhaps by the very vitality of their embodiment, borne their part in the moral improvements which have taken place since his time.

Among the noble tenets worked out in this book, we recognise a very fine conception of the influence of a truly delicate and noble-minded woman on those with whom she is brought in contact. On the naturally healthy mind of Belford, the sometime boon-companion of Lovelace, we get a gradually-restorative action, carried through from the first flash of remorse that one of his set should entertain villainous intentions with regard to such a woman, to his final total reform. Even on Lovelace her influence is so great that he is constantly feeling some good intention or sentiment struggling to the surface among the rank growth of villainy which has long been the only fruit of his evil nature ; and even when his mingled feelings of vindictiveness, slighted vanity, and lust have determined him on possessing *Clarissa*'s person by force, he has not the courage to front his victim while her intellectual and emotional life has full play, but has recourse to the diabolical drugging scheme, whereby she is deprived of sense and will. The truthfulness of all this is admirable. The moral superiority of *Clarissa*, and its resultant influence on others, are made prominent from the very first. The early introduction of the preamble to her grandfather's will into the book shows the reader in good time how great a place she held in the heart of this representative of a former generation ; and we learn also very early in the book how influential she has been with her father and mother and others of that generation of the family, until the unfortunate jealousy arises, from the combination of circumstances which, to the inferior minds of her brother and sister, seem to set her too far beyond them. It appears from various points in the narrative that, in the customary state of the family, even this brother and sister have not been free from the trammels of *Clarissa*'s fascinations ; and although the revolt of their wounded lower natures is their prominent aspect towards her in the book, and is indeed the remote cause of her death, yet the terrible reactionary effect that that death has on them is sufficient of itself to show how potent a

sway she held over them—save when the smaller motives of smaller souls attained to a stronger sway, under an exceptional combination of circumstances. That she should have been so superior to all her family has been regarded by some as too much of a phenomenon for introduction into a work of art; but it only needs a moderately large range of observation to see that a family with one member far superior to all the rest in aggregate qualities is no uncommon spectacle. The reactionary influence brought about by her death is not confined to her own family, but even the wretched woman in whose house Lovelace's crime was perpetrated is filled with remorse, on her death-bed, for the part she has had in the ruin of so sweet a lady, while remaining quite undisturbed by the various other wrecks of womanhood hovering round her bed, and forming an appalling summary of her past exploits.

To return to the power of psychological analysis displayed in the conception of Lovelace—it is peculiarly well worth noticing how large a part vanity is made to play in his abominable course; and we need only refer to certain passages of his letters to show that he is not that impossibility, a man who cannot be reached at all through his affections. We find Richardson constantly giving us some hint of good intention towards Clarissa, dependent on her admitting his victory over her heart. His nature is one as far devoid of any other than selfish feeling as it is possible to conceive in a man; but there is probably no man coolly and utterly callous except under some special stimulus or other. Lovelace is as nearly callous as possible, and the wholesome feeling of reverence is at a minimum in his nature. Still he has a heart of a sort, which can occasionally be reached; but the stimulus of wounded vanity once brought into play, his minimum of ordinarily human qualities at once flies off, and he is steeled to the perpetration of any abomination under the sun. There is an episode in the book which is especially agreeable, and bears on this point. Lovelace lodges at an inn where there is a pretty girl, whom he at once marks for a prey. Her grandmother, seeing the danger, attempts no strong opposition—overawed, probably, by the grandeur of the guest; but she *entreats* Lovelace to spare the innocent child; and so far is his vanity flattered by this admission of his omnipotence as a lady-killer, that he not only refrains from putting the girl to the proof, but, by a very handsome monetary assistance, forwards her marriage with her betrothed. The external *bonhomie* involved in this episode is one of the fascinations of Lovelace that go to make him so generally acceptable with ladies; and we must do Richardson the justice of saying that the whole varnish of the man is thoroughly elaborated in every possible way, so as to leave no sense of wonder at his being a general favourite. The entire tone of the character, whether as described by others or as gathered from the style of his own letters, is courtly and plausible;

while the matter of the letters reveals to us the rottenness of the fruit which this attractive rind encloses. He is without any sense of shame, and he tells his intimate, freely and unreservedly, all his plans and thoughts and feelings, as they suggest themselves to him when writing, so that we never have to dissect his communications and piece together passages from various letters to keep up the double conception of the attractive rind and rotten fruit. He is a great wit, too, some of his letters being full of an attractive brilliancy not disfigured by grossness; and this keen sense of the ridiculous which he is made to show is properly accompanied by an openness to strong impressions of the pathetic, though these impressions, unfortunately, have no depth or durability. Even in imagination he is far from despicable, a fact which gives the finishing touch to his taking exterior.

Some of these qualifications of Lovelace, as shown in his letters, will serve as well as anything else for samples of Richardson's decorative powers. We will refer to one or two passages. In one letter, after a full account of the abominable project of getting Clarissa into the foul lodging already alluded to—an account full of exuberant hope, that the plotter is to be rewarded by the consummation of his wishes—we have a tone of effervescent mirth and really effective wittiness of expression, as this, for instance:—

“This it is to have leisure upon my hands! What a matchless plotter thy friend! Stand by and let me swell! I am already as big as an elephant, and ten times wiser. Mightier too by far! Have I not reason to snuff the moon with my proboscis? Lord help thee for a poor—for a very poor creature! Wonder not that I despise thee heartily; since the man who is disposed immoderately to exalt himself, cannot do it but by despising everybody else in proportion.”

On some occasions we get an irresistible humour which suggests the power of writing a racy comic drama. One of these occasions is the strategic recapture of Clarissa after her first escape from Lovelace, or rather the rehearsal of that recapture. The lady makes good her escape to Hampstead; but he tracks her there, and then obtains the co-operation of two ladies of light morals, who personate his aunt and cousin, and persuade Clarissa to leave her retreat and accompany them in their carriage to their lodgings; and when once in the carriage with Lovelace, the latter has no difficulty in replacing her in the house whence she has fled. It is the rehearsal of the parts of his aristocratic aunt and cousin by these two ladies of free lives that is so brilliantly described in one of his letters. He opens by disclosing to Belford the real names of these persons, who are both well known to his correspondent, and then continues:—

“There, Belford, is an aunt!—there's a cousin! Both have wit at will. Both are accustomed to ape quality. Both are genteelly descended. Mistresses of themselves and well educated—yet past pity. True Spartan dames, ashamed

of nothing but detection; always, therefore, upon their guard against that. And in their own conceit, when assuming top parts, the very quality they ape."

Then he proceeds to relate how the ladies are dressed for their parts, and concludes with a brilliant sketch of the scene in which they take their instructions from him:—

"Hadst thou seen how they paraded it—cousin, and cousin, and nephew, at every word; Lady Betty bridling, and looking haughtily condescending. Charlotte galanting her fan, and swimming over the floor without touching it.

"'How I long to see my niece-elect,' cries one, for they are told that we are not married; and are pleased that I have not put the slight upon them that they had apprehended from me.

"'How I long to see my dear cousin that is to be,' the other.

"Easy and unaffected! Your very dresses will give you pride enough.

"A little graver, Lady Betty. More significance, less bridling in your dignity.

"That's the air. Charmingly hit!—Again—You have it.

"Devil take you! Less arrogance. You are got into airs of young quality. Be less sensible of your new condition. People born to dignity command respect without needing to require it.

"Now for your part, cousin Charlotte!

"Pretty well. But a little too frolicky that air—yet have I prepared my beloved to expect in you both great vivacity and quality-freedom.

"Curse those eyes! Those glances will never do. A downcast bashful turn, if you can command it—look upon me. Suppose me now to be my beloved.

"Devil take that leer! Too significantly arch! Once I knew you the girl I would now have you to be.

"Once more, suppose me to be my charmer. Now you are to encounter my examining eye, and my doubting heart.

"That's my dear!

"Study that air in the pier-glass!

"Charming! Perfectly right!

"Your honours, now, devils!

"Pretty well, cousin Charlotte, for a young country lady. Till form yields to familiarity, you may courtesy low. You must not be supposed to have forgot your boarding-school airs.

"But too low, too low, Lady Betty, for your years and your quality. The common fault of your sex will be your danger; aiming to be young too long! The devil's in you all, when you judge of yourselves by your wishes, and by your vanity! Fifty, in that case, is never more than fifteen.

"Graceful ease, conscious dignity, like that of my charmer. O how hard to hit!

"Both together now.

"Charming! That's the air, Lady Betty. That's the cue, cousin Charlotte, suited to the character of each. But, once more, be sure to have a guard upon your eyes.

"'Never fear, nephew.'

"'Never fear, cousin.'

"A dram of Barbadoes each.

"And now we are gone."

Even in the good-natured bad language to which the libertine treats these instruments, we recognise what may be acceptable to persons of a certain class—another sample of his powers of making himself generally agreeable.

Another parallel instance is a scene at the lodgings in Covent Garden, to which the poor victim resorts after her second escape. Lovelace finds her out there, too, and while she is in a dying state almost, he comes to force an interview; but she, being warned of his approach, goes out, weak as she is, and leaves the field clear for him to act out a rollicking comedy with the people of the house. Here we get no bad language, no cursing or loose talk, but a very cleverly-tempered admixture of conscious superiority with easy companionship. Under the impression that Clarissa is really in the house hiding from him, he coolly makes a personal search throughout the premises, chatting and chaffing in the most affable manner with the glover, his wife, and his assistant, the whole time; and finally he insists on going behind the counter and serving a customer in the shop. His account of this is given in the same racy style as the last extract, only much more fully. There are about ten pages of it,¹ and the whole is vividly dramatic.

An evidence of the existence of a sort of heart in this sensitively witty rascal occurs in a letter wherein he recounts one of his elaborate pieces of lying and its effects on Clarissa reacting on himself. The fabrications of Lovelace on this occasion bring a feeling of gratitude uppermost in Clarissa's heart, and he describes to his friend how, after giving expression to this, she is overcome with feeling and retires precipitately, leaving him, as he says, "almost as unable to stand it as herself."

"In short," says he, "I was—I want words to say how I was—my nose had been made to tingle before; my eyes have before been made to glisten by this soul-moving beauty; but so very much affected I never was—for, trying to check my sensibility, it was too strong for me, and I even sobbed—yes, by my soul! I audibly sobbed, and was forced to turn from her before she had well finished her affecting speech.

"I want, methinks, now I have owned the odd sensation, to describe it to thee; the thing was so strange to me,—something choking, as it were, in my throat. I know not how, yet, I must needs say, though I am out of countenance upon the recollection, that there was something very pretty in it; and I wish I could know it again that I might have a more perfect idea of it, and be better able to describe it to thee."

He shows a vivid imagination on many occasions, but most pointedly perhaps in a dream which he describes to his friend in a letter written after the consummation of his criminal offence, and after the injured lady had escaped from him.

The epistolary method which Richardson used was excellently well suited to his purposes. He was a most minute analyst of motive and feeling, and this form gives admirable scope for the development of the inner life of the individual. His *Clarissa* is so vital and so beautiful a character as to make every detail of her inner life acceptable to such readers as are really lovers of psychological art; and it is hardly over-bold to say that as a study of human

(1) Vol. iii. p. 117, *et seq.*

nature, this elaborately-finished picture of a woman is as masterly in its manner as any character in literature. We do not compare the portraiture of a John Van Eyck with the sweeping grandeur of a Rubens, or the superb forms and colours of a Titian; nor do we hazard the opinion that Richardson's art is as high as that of a Shakspeare; but it is quite possible to contend that his method is one in which he knew how to embody and put forth real humanity—beings whom we can love and pity as if they were our own flesh and blood: and this is high art, whether performed by the broad, dashing, condensed workmanship of a Shakspeare, or by the minutely-elaborated construction of a Richardson. It is probable that had Richardson worked on a less elaborate plan, he would still have been equally successful; just as Turner produced always a vivid, poetical, original picture, whether his thought shaped itself into large effects that require to be viewed at a distance, or into those exquisite drawings of his, many of which may be inspected with microscopic closeness, and still reveal new beautiful depths of workmanship and thought.

The objection made to the minute epistolary method that it would have been impossible for the characters, circumstanced as they were, to get through the amount of writing they are represented as having accomplished, is altogether trivial. If we are reduced to such strictures as that, we shall have to pick the work of Michel Angelo to pieces, because it is impossible that men and women should have such mighty muscles, and assume such significant and splendid postures as his statues do. We submit that if a great artistic end is to be gained, it is no great demand on one's imagination to believe that the persons who wrote those letters wrote with more than ordinary rapidity of thought and penmanship. And with Richardson a great end was to be gained—the setting forth of every trait and turn of his great drama—the weaving of his tragic idea into the minutest ins and outs of life; the complete embodiment of the warring elements, good and bad, of humanity; not the pointing of a moral, but the overwhelming of the minds of his audience with a moral engrossed and made irresistible by a weight of circumstantial detail. If *Clarissa* and her companions wrote an unreasonable amount, then we must regard that fact as one of the modifications which were necessary for this artistic purpose, just as we regard the exact correspondence of circumstance and incident to meet a desired result in other works of art: be it remembered that we do not carp at the pictures of Raphael when we see in them, as we always do, a superabundance of human strength and beauty, a voluptuousness of drapery, a dramatic composition of figures, never seen in reality; nor do we object to the magnificent cartoon in which Sapphira is seen stepping into the presence of Peter while Ananias is in the agonies of death,

and Peter is in the act of denouncing the liar's doom. Though the traditional account gives these three events as a sequence, a great picture, such as Raphael desired to paint, could only be obtained by modifying the sequence to simultaneity; and if in "Clarissa" two letters are required to be written in the time which it would usually take to write one, so it must be. If it is necessary for the artist's purpose that Clarissa should die unvisited by any of her family, circumstances must be arranged, however improbably, to meet that requirement. Art is more piquant in its results than life is by just this power of making all surrounding circumstances subservient to the central idea.

It remains but to say a few words on the merits of the abbreviated edition of Richardson's masterpiece. It cannot be admitted that "Clarissa," as it originally stood, with all its ins and outs, its minute plottings and counterplottings stated and restated, its preachings and its moralisings, was what a cultivated man would now call an unreadable book. There can, however, be but little doubt that, to the average reader, brought by modern use to expect a romance on a different plan and within vastly smaller limits, the perusal of the old editions of "Clarissa" conscientiously through might seem like a task. A good abridgment was, therefore, a desideratum, and the edition of last year is so far reduced in size as to be only a rather long three-volume novel. No one who reads it without ever having seen the original would, we are convinced, feel that the work had been so far tampered with as to be rendered palpably inartistic: indeed, it is but very seldom that we are led to infer from the re-arrangement that anything of general interest has been left out; and we never meet with a passage marred by the omission of something of capital importance, although a person already acquainted with Richardson, as an old friend, would often, perhaps, object to the omission of some portion which had been dear to him. The fact is that Richardson, living at a time when novels were comparatively scarce, and criticism and comment was not what it now is, wrote his work of a length to meet the demands of readers whose literary appetites were not stimulated and blunted by two or three three-volume novels a week; and he also performed for his own work the part of critic and exponent. He did not wait for a Gervinus—or even a Mr. Tainsh or a Mr. Nettleship—to expound his inner significances, but just expounded them himself when they were below the surface; so that he wove into the large outlines of his work what, if he had been a nineteenth-century novelist, would have been superposed by several journalists. Everything of this sort has been omitted, with a good deal of the repetition which was then an object to the many who had no circulating library to supply them with copious floods of romance, but which would now only be grateful to a very few.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT PEOPLE THOUGHT OF THE WILL. HOW MR. MARJORAM ATTENDED THE CHISWICK FETE, AND WHOM HE SAW THERE. HOW MR. UPJOHN LEFT TOWN ON A SUDDEN, AND HIS WIFE WAS VISITED BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

It would hardly be disputed by any one out of an attorney's office or a lawyer's chambers, that, generally speaking, the dullest of all reading is a legal document. Three volumes of marriage-settlements would have a poor chance against the most trumpery romance that was ever written; and a collection of equity pleadings would make an unsuccessful serial, even illustrated by the pencil of a Doyle or a Leech. But as to all general rules there are exceptions, so the case to be taken out of the broad critical law just laid down is decidedly the case of wills. For its own circle of readers, the extent of which is commonly in proportion to the bulk of the property bequeathed, a will "just published" may vie in effect and interest with the sensation produced by the appearance of "Waverley" itself. Suppose, after the assassination of Cæsar, that Antony, instead of the dictator's will, had taken with him into the rostrum the Commentaries of his butchered friend, and given the Roman mob the finest passage in the work, do you imagine, admirable reader as Marcus seems to have been, he would have kept his audience long about him, especially if somebody else were at the same time reading the testament from the steps of an adjoining temple? Or, to take another example, when the blacksmith of that village (whose name I have forgotten) drew the whole population round his anvil of a summer evening, to listen (as Sir John Herschel records in one of his essays) to the story of "Pamela," if, in the midst of the most exciting scene, some one had rushed to the forge with the news that the steward was reading the will of the late lord of the manor at the market cross, do you believe that the work of the great novelist, with all his genius and mastery of the human heart, would have detained for one moment longer the most sentimental swain or shepherdess in the hamlet? There would probably not have been a single clodpole in the throng with an interest worth a great in the rival production, but, nevertheless, the will would assuredly have touched a chord in every bosom beyond the reach of any other pen, and the lawyer who composed it would have triumphed over the greatest novelist of his age. There is something unselfish, after all, even in the service of the money-god.

How many worship at his shrine who adore him only in the pale reflection of the golden light which he sheds on happier mortals? How many votaries does he number who scarcely know the yellow ore even by its chink, or paper wealth by so much as its crisp and rustling harmony? His, it is devoutly to be feared, are the scriptures that are read with deepest attention, and his testaments beyond either Old or New.

The rumour of Mr. Rowley's will made a prodigious sensation as may be supposed, and there was endless cawing for some days in a large family rookery, including Babbicomes and Hunters, Pickfords and Longpoles, and twenty other names, in a numerous and ramified connexion. But none of them all was so loud in the expression of surprise as the lady who carried the day, though she affirmed at the same time that there never was a more natural will made, which was not precisely consistent with the previous profession of amazement. Some time elapsed before anything was heard in England to throw a shadow of a doubt on the validity of the document. As soon as something to that effect began to be bruited, Mrs. Rowley's scale went up again a little, and Mrs. Upjohn's fell in the same proportion, but curiosity was piqued, the cawing increased, inquiries at Spring Gardens multiplied vexatiously, and everybody was happier.

If the question of sanity was raised, there was sure to be not only litigation in abundance, but of a kind to make the lips water. The harvest of the lawyers was nothing to that which the gossips expected. In short, there was every prospect of as exciting a game as ever was played in a court of justice. Women are notoriously the most desperate gamblers, and when the stake was so large an estate, and the chieftainship of the house to boot, the fun might be expected, as an Irish cousin observed, to "bang cock-fighting."

Two parties were formed already: an Upjohn party for the will, and a Rowley party against it. The men in general were Rowleyites, especially all who knew or had once seen Mrs. Rowley. It was by the men as usual that her character had all along been defended against the malignant attacks of her rival. Lord St. Michael's and some others never heard a whisper against her without denouncing it with such severity that calumny grew more cautious, and as Mrs. Upjohn herself, acting on Mr. Leonard's parting advice, had latterly kept her tongue in better control, and found it easier to do it as her schemes of revenge ripened, Mrs. Rowley's fair name, at this important crisis of her life suffered infinitely less than her worldly prospects. As to Mrs. Upjohn, she would have had more adherents if she had not been on the spot to make a *prima facie* case against herself with her face of brass and her coarse and insolent demeanour. The constraint she had found it politic to put on her countenance and language had subdued the latter, but it had not improved the former. How would

she have looked had she been worsted, when she looked so forbidding in her triumph!

Ever since Mr. Blackadder returned to his parish, the maternal influences began to resume their sway over Miss Upjohn. She had been extremely uneasy about the state of her uncle's preparation for the next world, carried off so suddenly as he was, but that subject was beginning to disturb her much less than the misgivings she felt, and could not help seeing that her mother in some degree felt also, as to the stability of the good things of the present life under the new settlement. When the news of the will first arrived, the next post carried the tidings to her swain in Cornwall in a jubilant tone, which, not many days later, when she began to hear doubts raised and questions mooted, was changed into notes of despondency. Mr. Blackadder very becomingly rebuked what he becomingly called the worldly spirit of both letters. Harriet replied petulantly. There was more than one passage of arms of the same unpleasant nature, and, probably, had it not been for the brilliant contingency of the Scotch peerage, already mentioned, the love affair with the Cornish curate might have come about this period to an abrupt termination.

The first time Mr. Marjoram ever saw the ladies of the Upjohn family was at the Chiswick fête, during his partner's absence from town, which, on this occasion, was more protracted than usual. This was to Marjoram the greatest day of the year, like the anniversary of the declaration of independence to an American citizen, or the day of the Fox-club dinner at Brookes's to the Whig aristocracy. The Chiswick fête chanced this year to be favoured with fine weather, though, had it been ever so bad, Mr. Marjoram would hardly have been absent, unless, perhaps, there had been any danger of Mrs. Rowley catching him again playing the truant among the flowers. He had his sisters with him as usual; he never attended a Chiswick fête without them.

Among the most prominent of the distinguished ladies who graced the exhibition, were a portly mother and tall daughter in the richest and most ostentatious mourning. There were few who did not remark them, the contrast between the freshness of their weeds (betokening the recent loss of some near relative) and the gaiety of the scene, to say nothing of the bloom and radiance of their countenances, being rather striking. There lacked little penetration to see that their domestic bereavement (as those masters of style, the penny-a-liners call it) had not been aggravated by pecuniary disappointment. The elder lady, at least, bustled among the tents, and looked down on the rest of the spectators as if she considered the ground her own, and the rest of the world plebeian intruders. When a duchess appeared in the offing perhaps the matron lowered her flag a little, but as to

such plain people as Mr. Marjoram and the pair of maiden anti-quinities with him, she swept past them without the slightest notice.

The worthy solicitor, of course, cared not a fig who this formidable lady was, as long as she neither trod on his toes or intercepted his view of the roses, but had he been curious about it his curiosity would not have been long unsatisfied. Lord St. Michael's, who happened to be present, and who knew Mrs. Upjohn by sight, came up and told Marjoram who she was, adding, "She reminds me of a full-blown peony."

"Or an over-ripe peach," said Marjoram, not to be outdone in horticultural illustrations.

"A better simile than mine," said Lord Penzance in his ear, "for by all accounts she has just the kind of heart that a peach has. Our friend Cosie described her once to me as the sort of woman who would not cross the floor to do any human being a service unless she saw the prospect of picking up at least a pin on the passage."

The excitement of Marjoram's sisters was irrepressible at seeing a lady about whom they had latterly been hearing a good deal, as Mrs. Rowley's sister-in-law and rival; but what most excited them, for it shocked their simple notions of propriety, was to see her in public at all.

"And her husband's brother hardly three weeks dead!" exclaimed Mary Marjoram.

"She must be a terrible woman," cried Miss Primula; "and, indeed, she looks it."

"Terrible as she is," said their brother, "I would rather have her for an enemy than a friend."

"I would rather have nothing to do with her," said his sister Mary. She was the mildest of the sisters. Prim's health was always weakly, and it sometimes soured her temper and sharpened her tongue.

"To think," she said, "of that Jezabel getting the estate from Mrs. Rowley;—oh, if I were a judge!"

"I'm very sure, Prim, if you were, you would do justice even to a Jezabel," said Marjoram.

"Oh, wouldn't I give her justice enough!" replied Prim. "She looks as if she was capable of anything."

"Come, girls, let us look at the flowers," said their brother; "we did not come here to look at Mrs. Upjohn."

But, nevertheless, he was thinking himself much less of the roses than he was of the lady in question. He was particularly struck by the last remark of his sister Prim, that Mrs. Upjohn looked as if she were capable of anything, and, consequently, of employing a vile agent to work for her. He thought, too, that the sooner he could get the former will out of the hands of the Upjohns the better; and

the same day, with Mrs. Upjohn's features fresh in his memory, he wrote from his private residence, where he very rarely transacted any matter of business, a pressing letter to her husband on the subject.

He might have spared himself the trouble, as we shall see presently.

Never in his life had Mr. Upjohn shown such activity when interests of his own were at stake, as he did after his interview with Mr. Alexander, to hunt out the document which was avowedly to be used against him. After in vain searching all his receptacles for papers in his house in London, he went down to Foxden, confident of finding the will there.

On the day he left town, a Chelsea pensioner, with a huge black patch on one cheek, a crutch to support a broken leg, but otherwise not much worn, apparently either by time or war, called at Cumberland Gate and solicited an interview with the benevolent Mrs. Upjohn.

What could a Chelsea pensioner want with her? She refused to see him, but he refused to go unless she did. Then it suddenly struck her that perhaps he was not exactly a Chelsea pensioner; and affecting to her footman to be touched by his calamities, she ordered him to be shown into her *sanctum-sanctorum*.

"Is it to divert me, Mr. Leonard," she said, while he laid aside his three-cocked hat, "that you appear in this ridiculous disguise?"

"Madam," said the sham veteran, examining the doors and curtains with well-acted caution, and scarcely speaking above his breath, "it won't do, you see, for a detective to be detected; if I had the receipt of fern-seed to make myself invisible, while on such ticklish business as yours, it would be better for both of us."

"Then why did you come?" said Mrs. Upjohn, with a little tittering laugh. "Why do you expose yourself, if the risk is so great?"

"In the first place, madam," he replied, "just to 'shoulder my crutch and show you how fields were won,' like Goldsmith's old soldier; or, in plain prose, to make my report to your ladyship, as in duty bound, and I flatter myself it will divert you."

And truly so it did. Leonard gave her the account of his proceedings in Paris with such ludicrous exaggerations, that he kept her in a continued giggle, particularly when he came to the breakfast at the *Trois Frères*, which he swore had been given by his brother without even Miss Cateran, sharp as she was, detecting the difference.

"Why did you leave that pitiful wretch the legacy?"

"Why?" replied Leonard. "How can a lady of your superior understanding ask such a question? That was a *coup de matre*, madam. The dear Letitia is now yours again, and for ever."

"I'll never forgive the mean creature; however, I admit it was

very cleverly thought of. But you said you had another reason for calling?"

"In the character of the old soldier again," said Leonard; "who though he serves for glory, requires something more substantial to live on."

"I don't take you," said Mrs. Upjohn; though she understood him well enough to begin to feel uneasy.

"If I was not addressing a lady of your well-known justice and liberality," pursued Leonard, still in his metaphorical vein, "I would say that I came just to give the screw a little turn."

"The screw! What screw? Do talk plain English."

The expression of his eye changed in a moment.

"Well, ma'am, I must have three hundred pounds, and down on the nail. Is that plain English?"

"Why, you yourself had two already," almost screamed Mrs. Upjohn, as if she was literally under the torture of the screw; "and your brother had one just before he joined you in Paris."

This was what Leonard had suspected, but as he had no share in the last extortion, it had no effect in moderating his present demand.

"True," he replied, coolly; "but we can't afford to give 'grandam a kingdom' in return for 'a cherry.' No, ma'am, we must have another three, and even that will be letting you off too easy."

"I wish you may get it!" she cried, shaking with anger.

Leonard smiled, but it was a smile as cold as a gleam of sunshine in a snow storm, and looked as immovable as adamant. She quailed before his inflexible eye, in which not a gleam of pleasantry was left from the moment she told him to speak plain English.

"You refuse, madam?"

"I do, sir, most positively."

"Then, madam, as sure as God's in Gloucester, as soon as I leave this house I follow your excellent husband down to Cornwall."

This was the screw—the endless screw. From the servant who showed him in he had probably got his information as to Mr. Upjohn's movements.

It gave her such a fearful wrench that she yielded as far as to mutter something in the way of a promise.

"We take no promissory notes, ma'am."

"Good God, sir, must I sell my jewels and the clothes off my back?"

"Your financial operations, ma'am, are nothing to us. This evening, at six o'clock, I shall be in the yew-tree walk in Kensington Gardens. I shall expect you there with the cash; if you fail, it will only give me the trouble of visiting the country of the Pols and Pens."

With these words he seized up his tricorne, and with a formal bow, but never relaxing the sternness of his looks, he was about to depart, when he stopped suddenly and added—

"I forgot, madam, to mention a third reason I had for waiting on you. I have got a valuable hint to give you, but as I can't give it for nothing, perhaps there is no use in saying anything about it."

"Not the least use, sir," she replied, with uncontrollable irritation, and a stamp to give emphasis to her words.

"As you please, Mrs. Upjohn,—it's your own affair; but remember my words, a nail is nothing until it is clenched."

Mrs. Upjohn had intended that morning to pay a visit at Highgate with her daughter and a friend, but she had a convenient headache, and they went without her. They were no sooner gone than she ordered her brougham and stepped into it, with a little bundle wrapped up in a shawl. She drove to Wardour Street, where, with heavy heart, she disposed of a quantity of old lace for a hundred pounds less than its value, and from Wardour Street she proceeded to a jewellers in the City, where she also left behind her, with still more bitter regret, a circlet of emeralds and rubies, which her husband had given her many years before to assuage her grief a little at being outshone, as has been related, by Mrs. Rowley's diamonds.

Between the lace and the jewels, being compelled to dispose of them so precipitately, she was short by fifty pounds of the sum she had to pay.

So complete now was the ascendancy obtained over her by her inexorable tool, and so much had he intimidated her by the manner he adopted at the close of his last visit, that she did not dare to meet him with a farthing short of his demand. To raise the last puff of wind, there was nothing for it but to throw a pearl necklace, a birthday present from her dear father (the fine old gentleman), into the same gulf that had swallowed her lace and her rubies. She returned to her house for it, and sold it at a small jewellers at Knightsbridge, on her way to the rendezvous, for only a few pounds more than the sum she required, but possibly she hoped, for this small surplus, she might coax Mr. Leonard to explain what he meant by clenching the nail.

Poor Mrs. Upjohn, she need not have been in such a hurry to dispose of her ornaments, as we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH A GENTLEMAN FAILS TO KEEP HIS APPOINTMENT, AND
A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER DO A DARK DEED ON A SUMMER
NIGHT.

PUNCTUAL as the clock of Kensington Church, but with the reluctant and gloomy punctuality with which you may conceive yourself keeping an appointment with a ghost at a tombstone, Mrs. Upjohn might have been seen the same evening in the yew tree walk, never much frequented, and generally at that hour almost deserted.

"Attendez-moi sous l'orme," says the old mocking French proverb. "Wait for me under the yew-tree," it might have been rendered in English for the present occasion.

She had the yews all to herself, and the seats too, if she wanted one. There was no Chelsea pensioner, or Leonard, in any form or masquerade, no one to receive the handsome sum of three hundred pounds, no one to sell her the hint she was now prepared to buy. It was odd, but her vexation at having made such a sacrifice of her finery was greater than her satisfaction of having at least in her pocket the money it brought; in truth, she felt that Mr. Leonard might better have it at once, as there was no escaping his gripe, whatever might be the cause of his non-appearance. She tramped up and down that lonely walk, as gloomy and melancholy as the yews themselves, terrifying herself with the idea that Mr. Leonard might have despaired of her meeting him, and pursued her husband to Foxden. What could have become of her terrible friend? She felt as anxious about him as if it was she who was to be paid, instead of having come to pay. There she stood to be milked, and the dairyman not coming to milk her. Everybody knows how cross a cow gets in such circumstances. She looked as if she could have lowed for Mr. Leonard.

At length the church clock of the "Court Suburb" announced a quarter to seven, and dispersed the train of her thoughts. She was going that day to her last dinner for the season, and for once in her life the mines of Golconda, and the pearl-fisheries of Oman, contributed little to the effect of her toilette. However, whether the simplicity of her dress improved her appearance or not, it certainly did not add to her suavity. It required all the consciousness of the proud position she had achieved to keep her spirits that night up to company mark.

The explanation of Mr. Leonard's breach of an engagement which he had so much interest in keeping is simple enough, on the assumption that Mr. Alexander was right in identifying Mr. Sandford with Mr. Moffat. If poor Miss Fazakerly was thrown into such trepida-

tion by coming into sudden collision with the man who had formerly plundered her, he was probably equally alarmed by the apprehension of being recognised by her. This would account for the strange disguise in which Leonard presented himself last to Mrs. Upjohn, and if he also had intimation through secret informants, which no man knew better how to employ, that Alexander had set the police on his track, he would naturally be doubly on his guard. Moreover he now had Mrs. Upjohn in his power, and so completely that he could well afford to let his account with her lie over, as it will be seen that he did for a long time.

But as to the parable of the clenched nail, she was not kept long in the dark, though the light came from an unexpected quarter, and she had nothing to pay for her illumination.

Mr. Upjohn had arrived at Foxden, ransacked his desks and drawers, and all possible and impossible places, but could not lay his hands on the will. In searching for it on the uppermost shelf of an old press, his foot slipped, and he sprained his ankle, which obliged him to keep quiet for several days.

While he was detained by this accident, he suddenly recalled a box of papers which he had deposited some years before with his bankers in town, and now, having the clearest recollection that the missing document was among them, he wrote to his wife, authorised her to get the box, directed her to examine it, pick out the will, and immediately enclose it to Mr. Marjoram at Spring Gardens. The moment Mrs. Upjohn read the letter the meaning of Mr. Leonard's words flashed on her, just as his great discovery did on Archimedes in the bath, and her eyes glittered with triumph and scorn—scorn for her husband's simplicity, and triumph over her extortionate agent, whose great secret was now revealed to her almost gratis.

Up to the present moment her daughter had no actual participation in the desperate game she was playing. But Miss Upjohn was present when her father's letter came, and noticed her mother's countenance when she read it.

"Anything new or strange?" she inquired.

"Oh, nothing, my dear; I am only amused by the strange things your father worries himself about. The paper that has been making him so miserable, turns out to be only a trumpery old will of your uncle's, which it seems Mrs. Rowley's attorneys are anxious to get possession of."

"For what purpose?" said Miss Upjohn.

"They know that best, my dear. They must want it badly, or they would not be so urgent to have it."

"Which seems, to an ignoramus like me, mamma, a very good reason for not being in a hurry to give it to them."

"So any one of common sense, my dear, would say; but your poor dear father has a way of his own at looking at things."

"Indeed he has, and an odd way it is; he has never looked happy, or like himself, since my uncle left him the estate. But has he found the will?"

"No, my dear; it appears now that it is in a box at Goldhammer's. He writes to me to get the box and examine it, but, so like him, he never sends me up the key."

"I suppose you had better get the box from the bank, at all events."

"But what do you think I ought to do about opening it? Do you think I ought to get the lock picked?"

"Since he desires you to examine the papers, I suppose you ought; perhaps the will is not there, after all: it would be a comfort to know that much."

Before an hour elapsed the box in question was lying on the table in the curtained den, to whose secrets a third party was now, for the first time, privy. The question of opening it had now to be discussed again.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Upjohn, musingly and deliberately, "we ought to do nothing more until he comes to town—eh, Harriet, my dear?"

"But why should he come to town at all?" said Harriet, "especially after his sprain, when you can so easily get the box opened and do everything he could do himself."

"I think you are right, Harriet; I ought to have thought of his poor ankle,—that decides me. I'll send for the locksmith."

It was dusk when the locksmith came; the bats were abroad, the house was dismal and gloomy, as London houses are apt to be at midsummer.

"Perhaps you will want a candle?" said Mrs. Upjohn.

"Not to pick a common lock," said the smith.

It gave him, however, a good deal of trouble to do it, but at length it was done.

"A dark job," said the locksmith; and receiving his payment he went away.

Candles were necessary now, however, for the next thing to be done. It took a very short time, for the old will was one of the first papers that turned up. They read it, of course—a few minutes sufficed for that—and then tossed the paper back into the box again.

"Well, now my dear, what do you say?" said the mother.

"Rather what do *you* say, mamma?" said the daughter.

"I say, then," said Mrs. Upjohn, evasively, "if ever your uncle was mad, it was when he made such a will as that."

"But what do you intend to do?"

"Do, my dear! why, I suppose, what your papa wishes."

"Oh, that is your final determination, is it?" said her daughter; though her mother's tone indicated anything but a final determination.

"Let us go to the drawing-room," said Mrs. Upjohn, with another evasion; "this place is really stifling this evening. I think there must be thunder in the air."

A single lamp in the spacious drawing-room made it gloomier still than the little octagon. The ladies took their tea without the exchange of a word beyond the absolute necessities of the tea-table, each bent on forcing the other to return first to the subject on which the thoughts of both were concentrated. The tea-table was removed, and still they maintained the same expectant attitude, like Lord Chatham and Sir Robert Strachan in the epigram. Mrs. Upjohn's patience gave way first. She suddenly started up, paced the room up and down rapidly a few turns, then drew up short opposite her daughter, and said with vehemence—

"If I was your father, I would never give them that paper."

Harriet gave a little ironical laugh and replied,—“But that is just what he will surely do—if you do not!”

"I give it to them!—never!" cried the mother. "To help that litigious, grasping woman to defeat her husband's last wishes, after killing him by her scandalous conduct;—to help her to keep your father in chancery and hot water for the rest of his days! No, they shall never get it from me."

"If they are to have it," said Harriet, "it seems to me not to signify a pin whether they get it from papa or from you."

"What do you mean?" asked her mother.

"That I should just as soon go myself with it to Mr. Alexander, and hand it to him, as allow papa to do it."

"The notion of preventing him!" said Mrs. Upjohn.

"There is a very simple way of preventing him," said Miss Upjohn.

"Destroying it!" murmured her mother.

"What's the use of mincing the matter?" cried Harriet. "Why preserve a musty old paper, which can do nothing but mischief? Besides, who in reality knows of its existence but you and me? Papa was sure, the other day, it was at Foxden; he has no clear idea where it is; he will simply conclude it lost when it can't be found—when a thing's lost, there's no more about it."

To this lucid reasoning Mrs. Upjohn made no reply; yet still they sat and sat on, mute as Quakers at meeting, waiting for the spirit to move them, until the lamp grew so dim that they could scarcely see one another; the steps of passers-by became few and far between, and at length mother and daughter were the only people up in the house.

The good Quakers, waiting for the spirit that comes from above, probably wait many a time in vain ; but those who wait with due devotion for the inspiration that comes from below, are seldom disappointed. It rushed on the mother first, though the daughter was equally well prepared to receive the afflatus. In truth, their indecision was all along something like that of the Logan-Rock, celebrated as one of the wonders of Cornwall, which in all its rockings to and fro remains steady to its centre of oscillation. However, it was at an end. Mrs. Upjohn started up again—

“Light a candle, Harriet,” she said.

“To go to bed ?” asked her daughter.

“Not quite yet,” said her mother, in a tone like a low growl.

The candle was lighted, the mother took it, and led the way. As soon as they entered the den she bolted both the doors and drew both the heavy curtains close, which now her daughter probably no longer considered superfluous. If the deliberations were tedious, it was not so with the execution. Mrs. Upjohn knelt down before the hearth as if it was a religious rite she was going to perform, and placed the paper on the stone, doubling it up arch-wise for the greater facility of combustion. Her daughter, like an assistant priestess, kindled one of those tiny torches of brimstone whose name is so appropriate to such uses as it was now applied to. In an instant the blue flame diffused its fetid odour through the boudoir and caught the paper, but it was reluctant to burn, as if it knew its own value (being probably damp after its long imprisonment in the bank cellars), and wasted away with provoking slowness on the cool marble. Miss Upjohn waxed very impatient, and now dropped on her knees too, riveting her eyes on the paper while it gradually collapsed into scintillating ashes. They watched and still watched it while spark after spark went out, neither uttering a word, scarcely daring to breathe from the beginning of the ceremony to the end. If they had, the whole house might have heard it through doors and drapery ; they felt indeed, for an instant, as if all London had suddenly awaked, and was sitting up in bed regarding them with its millions of eyes.

They rose together from their genuflexions, but were scarce risen when one spark more flared up out of the crackling tinder. Mrs. Upjohn was on her knees again, and by the taper which she held was still able to read the words, “to my beloved wife Fatima,” in the last tenacious film. She crushed it hysterically with the hand that was free, and now all being over, she and her daughter crept up-stairs to their virtuous beds.

There was still something left to be done the next morning to round off the business of the night. The locksmith was again sent for, a key was made, the box was locked, and the key was flung the same evening into the Serpentine.

The very next day Mr. Upjohn came up to town, having discovered his mistake in not sending up the key.

"You ought to have got the lock picked, Bab," he said in his prodigious innocence.

"That would have been taking a little too much upon me," replied his wife, with her prodigious brass.

It would perhaps be too much to say that the dismay and affliction of Mr. Upjohn, in opening the rifled casket and looking in vain for the paper which was already part of the smoke and dust of London, did not affect his wife and daughter. The state he was in is not to be described—for what construction but one could Mrs. Rowley's solicitors, or even Mrs. Rowley herself, put upon its non-production? Straight as he had always stood in the eyes of the world, he could hardly expect to escape the obvious imputation which the disappearance of such a document exposed him to.

Unshaved and scarcely half dressed he rushed to Spring Gardens, where he found Mr. Alexander just come to town, to whom he stated the matter just as it was, not omitting the minutest circumstance within his knowledge. Alexander, though he looked as black as midnight when he heard the story, seeing how terribly it affected Mrs. Rowley, yet was careful to conceal upon whom his suspicions now fell with almost the weight of conviction. Encouraging him rather to think that the paper would yet be found, he desired to see the box, and Upjohn placed it in his hands without hesitation. Without a moment's delay Alexander, without Mr. Upjohn's knowledge, directed an inquiry to be made at the shops of all the locksmiths in the neighbourhood of Cumberland Gate, and the man who had picked the lock and made the new key was found without difficulty, which brought the deed so far distinctly home to the ladies of the Upjohn family. But the case, unhappily, was not much improved by the discovery. The will had disappeared, if it had not been destroyed, and even if means existed to re-establish it by secondary evidence, it could only be done by such a disclosure of the circumstances accounting for its disappearance, as would blast for ever the reputation of the Upjohns, even if the nefarious business in Paris was never fully brought to light.

Under those circumstances Alexander and Marjoram agreed that it was only for Mrs. Rowley herself to decide what course should be taken, and Alexander proceeded to Paris to lay the state of her affairs before her.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN WHICH THE LADY'S ATTORNEY GOES TO PARIS. MRS. ROWLEY'S RESOLUTIONS, MR. WOODVILLE'S OBSTINACY, AND MISS CATERAN'S DISTRESS.

MEANWHILE, the undone widow had not been wringing her hands or tearing her bright hair, either in affected grief for the death of her wretched husband, or even for the wreck of her fortunes. Her daughter Fanny was still very weak, requiring the most assiduous attention. Indeed, only for this, Mrs. Rowley would not have remained so long as she did in Paris after the catastrophe. Susan, too, had been giving her a little uneasiness of a different kind, hereafter to be mentioned.

She lived in the strictest seclusion, saw nothing of Miss Cateran, and but little of Mr. Woodville. Letitia had, no doubt, reason enough for dreading an interview with the friend whose interests she had protected so badly; if, indeed, she was not fairly open to the suspicion of having aided and abetted her enemies. On this point Mrs. Rowley suspended her judgment with her usual self-command; but Susan, burning with indignation at the usage her mother had received, was not so reserved; and as to Doctor Lawrence, he condemned Miss Cateran in the most unmeasured terms, and declared she was fully as guilty as Sandford himself. Mrs. Rowley thought the doctor ought to have been less severe on others, as he had been gulled so completely himself. Meanwhile, the apartments Mr. Rowley had occupied were by the widow's orders given up—a step of which she gave Miss Cateran notice in a short but polite note.

"I wonder what she will do?" said Mrs. Rowley.

"Go back to England, of course, and worship the rising sun," said Susan.

A few moments after the doctor called to see Fanny, and said he had a piece of news which would surprise them. Miss Cateran had taken the *quatrième* vacated by Mr. Sandford, opposite to Mr. Woodville!

"Something is going on between those two," said Susan, with the faint smile of one who in trouble hears a story which at another time would divert them extremely.

Mrs. Rowley was writing, and only raised her head for a moment with a feeble smile like her daughter's.

Before anything more was known of either Mr. Woodville's proceedings or Miss Cateran's, the arrival of Mr. Alexander deprived all such little matters of interest.

If the lady's solicitor had been reluctant at first to engage in Mrs. Rowley's affairs, he made amends for it now by the strenuous

interest he took in them. Indeed, had he known nothing more about her than her accumulated misfortunes, he must have been a cold-blooded man not to take up her cause with zeal; but here was the woman whom he had known and admired in her girlhood, known under circumstances not without a touch of romance; here was the bright vision of the Italian lakes, and his client, too, in a manner even in those early days; here she was the victim of a dark and foul conspiracy, and not even yet acquainted with the extreme lengths of her enemy's malice.

Possibly at his ripe age professional ardour was a stronger motive of action than any sentimental or chivalrous feeling; but it is not, therefore, to be concluded that Alexander's blood had grown cold, or that at thirty-five he had left all the tender sensibilities of youth behind him. It was not so; but in the most susceptible mind impressions unrevived will grow faint; the brightest pictures in the gallery of memory require retouching; in other words, Alexander, as the reader knows already, had never seen Mrs. Rowley since he first carried her banner under the shadow of the Alps.

He had himself in that interval had large and various experiences both of the pleasures and the knaveries of the world; but, as to domestic interests, his life had flowed as calmly and monotonously as a Dutch canal; how different in that respect from Mrs. Rowley's! She was already in the third estate of the life of woman. He first knew her as a maiden, and now when he was about to renew his relations with her she had passed through the stage of matrimony into widowhood. And how unquiet and unhappy her married state had been! To her it had not only been a stormy voyage to the last; but the gale increasing to a hurricane at the close, had left her fortunes almost a complete wreck. All these reflections followed one another through Alexander's mind while he whirled along to the French capital, and it is more than probable that for once that he saw in his mind's eye the roguish features of Moffat or the brazen beauty of Mrs. Upjohn, he saw twenty times over the well-remembered face and form of her whose existence had first been revealed to him by her silver voice ringing through the thin partition of the Leone d'Oro.

Mrs. Rowley was sitting at Fanny's bedside when Alexander came. The weather being now very warm, she had relieved herself of her widow's cap, and she ran to receive her old friend without recollecting to put it on. The perfect union of dignity with cordiality was Mrs. Rowley's reception of those who stood high in her esteem. Now her distressed situation gave the warmth of her manner a touch of melancholy softness, and in the single instant for which her hand was locked in Alexander's, the long interval since they first met, longer than Troy siege, was quite annihilated; to both

the lady and the lawyer it was as if there had been no interruption of the acquaintanceship of their early days.

"Once more in the same boat," said Alexander, the first to speak and to allude to the origin of their friendship.

"Yes," she replied quickly, "but you are the steersman now, dear Mr. Alexander; it seems my destiny as maid, wife, and widow, to be always over-taxing your services."

"The tax is easily borne," he replied, "which is such a pleasure to pay."

As she took her seat, and invited him to one at her side, she happened to glance at a looking-glass, and made the terrible discovery that she was in her hair. She clapped her hands over it with something of her girlish playfulness, and exclaimed—

"Oh, dear, what would they say in England!"

"I won't peach on you," he replied.

"At least you won't tell Mrs. Upjohn, I hope," said the widow. "And now tell me," she said, "are you pressed for time?—I know what heavy demands there must be upon it. If you are, we will talk of business at once; if not, let it stand over until to-morrow."

Alexander replied that the postponement would suit him perfectly, as he had arranged to stay two days in Paris. He had felt how attenuated her hand was while it was twined with his, and he observed too how worn she looked after all she had gone through, and notwithstanding what he knew of the firmness of her character, he was glad to have an opportunity of feeling his way before he tried her fortitude to the utmost. The coming in of Susan Rowley at the moment happily seconded this object, for Mrs. Rowley, after presenting her daughter to him, rose and left them together.

To Miss Rowley he had no hesitation to disclose at once the aggravated nature of her mother's situation in consequence of the crowning villany which has been related.

The shock was bad enough to poor Susan, who had naturally been under the impression that Mrs. Upjohn had done her worst.

"Oh, Mr. Alexander," she said, "I don't wonder you hesitated to break this to mamma."

"I thought it well," he said, "to pause before I did so; you must know better than I do how far she is able to bear this additional blow."

"Oh, I have no doubt on that subject," replied Miss Rowley. "Though nobody understands the value of wealth better than mamma does, her heart was never set on it; there are a great many things she prizes a thousand times more than money, worldly as people think her who don't know her as I do. At the same time it will be quite time enough to-morrow to let her know the worst; but you will be surprised to see how little her mere worldly loss affects her—

she feels much more keenly the scandalous conduct of people so closely connected with her."

Before Alexander could reply, Mrs. Rowley returned, not at all improved in appearance, for the barbarous and unsightly widow's cap, conspiring with her female foes, was doing all it could to detract from her charms. It did not entirely conceal her hair, but it left too little of it visible,—“all the gold,” as she used to say to her daughters, “that her enemies seemed inclined to leave her.”

Alexander did not sit much longer; he was anxious to pay his friend Woodville a visit; so, having promised to breakfast the next morning with the Rowleys, he went away.

Alexander had only once seen the artist since their eventful Continental tour. The meeting was a joyous one, and so was their meeting now. There was only one alteration since Alexander saw his friend last, and it did not escape his eye. The painter was no longer in the same old dressing-gown, but had such a gorgeous one that he felt it necessary to apologise for it, which he had never done for its shabby predecessor.

“The fact is,” he said in a confused way, the reason for which Alexander was unable to guess at the moment, “one cannot go on wearing the same old thing for ever.”

They then talked of Mr. Rowley's death, and all the matters connected with it, which brought them, of course, to Mr. Sandford's practices.

“I presume,” said Alexander, “this new dressing-gown is the regulation robe for the Alpine settlement. The flowers on it look very like rhododendrons.”

“Oh, Arnaud has prepossessed you on that subject,” said Woodville, laughing; “he has good points about him, but he is just the most pig-headed young man I ever met with. However, I have evidence now to satisfy either you or Arnaud, or any human being in their senses of the perfect innocence of Mr. Sandford; here are no less than three letters I have received from him since he went over to England, all upon the same topic, the great idea and sole occupation of his simple life. Would you like to read them?”

Alexander declined, with a smile.

“Laugh as you will,” pursued Woodville, getting a little excited, as usual, “but don't tell me that the same man is working out a scheme as finely imagined and exquisitely organised as Plato's republic, and at the same time carrying on the vilest system of fraud, without a shadow of advantage to himself. I only wish you had come over while he was here.”

“So do I mightily,” said Alexander; “there is no man living I am so anxious to meet.”

“What do you propose doing when Parliament is up?” said Woodville.

"If I knew where I should be most likely to meet this worthy friend of yours, I should travel in that direction, in preference to any other corner of the globe."

"Well, I take you at your word; we have settled to meet in Switzerland in the autumn. You laugh; but remember now you are invited to meet him."

Alexander did laugh indeed, and would have laughed longer, only he saw that Woodville did not relish it. To change the subject, he spoke of Miss Cateran, and asked when Woodville had seen her. He was in the wrong box again. Woodville was evidently disconcerted by the question. Instead of answering it directly, he warmed up and said that Mrs. Rowley had not treated Miss Cateran handsomely. She evidently suspected her of having some hand in the will affair, merely because she had got a trumpery legacy, and had put her out of the apartments at an hour's notice, just as she might have dismissed a servant who had robbed her.

"Why, the poor girl came up to Honorine half distracted; she actually did not know where to lay her head."

"And where did she lay it?" asked Alexander.

Poor Woodville betrayed himself wofully by the stammering and spluttering way in which he answered so simple and natural a question.

"Why, the apartment that was tenanted by Mr. Sandford was vacant."

"Oh," said Alexander, his eyes twinkling with fun.

"What would you had have her do? Was she to sleep on the stairs?"

"You are a lucky fellow, to have always such agreeable neighbours," said Alexander.

"Nonsense, man. You intend to dine with me, of course."

"Certainly I do; and upon my word of honour I won't ask you whether Miss Cateran is to make one of the party to Switzerland."

Woodville's door had hardly closed on his friend when the door on the opposite side of the lobby was cautiously opened, and a lady, in a smart *deshabille de matin*, appeared, and addressed him by name, excusing herself by saying she knew he was a friend of Mrs. Rowley's, as she was herself too, on which account she implored the favour of a short interview with him. She brought Alexander into her apartment, the floor of which was strewn with boxes and travelling-bags, as if preparations were making for a journey. At the same instant another lady, who was in the room, disappeared with a rustle into an adjoining bed-chamber.

The first lady, who was Miss Cateran, of course, began by again apologising for the liberty she was taking; but what she had to say was highly important to Mrs. Rowley, as well as to herself, though, on her own account alone, she would not feel justified in troubling him.

Alexander, observing that she was agitated as she spoke, assured her, in his most courteous and encouraging tone, that he was perfectly ready to listen to anything she had to tell him.

"No doubt," he added, "you wish to tell me what you know or think about this extraordinary business."

"Oh, it is a horrid business, Mr. Alexander; but, indeed, I was imposed on, like every one else,—I was, indeed, though the legacy exposes me to suspicion; but never, never will I accept one shilling of it,—never while I live. I was imprudent, I dare say, and not as wide-awake as I ought to have been; but, indeed, I was only a dupe of that shocking man, and it is very, very hard to be thought his accomplice!"

The tears gushed into her eyes as she spoke, and Alexander, who was accustomed to ladies' tears, and knew as well as any man how to distinguish false drops from genuine, had no doubt that her distress was unfeigned. In the most feeling manner he assured her that he believed Mrs. Rowley quite incapable of harbouring the suspicion alluded to upon grounds so trivial; and he assured her, also, that there was nothing at all surprising in her being gulled by one of the most accomplished swindlers in Europe.

"And you see," he added, "even Mr. Woodville is as much his dupe as ever."

"Oh, Mr. Alexander, how ridiculous! And yet, perhaps, I ought not to say so, for I have a decisive proof of Mr. Sandford's villany that I have not communicated to any one. I intended to impart it to Mrs. Rowley before I left Paris; but I cannot do better than put you in possession of it."

She then opened her writing-case, and took out a little bundle of papers tied up carefully together.

"Look at this first," she said; "I believe you have seen it before."

It was the famous drawing.

Alexander in a moment recognised and remembered all about it. Miss Cateran had found it, with other things, carefully concealed in the lining of Mr. Rowley's *robe de chambre*; she related the incident, with which the reader is acquainted, of the evening she passed with Mr. Woodville, and nothing more was necessary to prove by whom it had been abstracted, or the use that had been made of it.

The papers Miss Cateran had to show him, important as they were, seemed of secondary moment, except that their dates enabled him to track Mrs. Upjohn's proceedings, step by step. There were all the letters which the reader has already heard of, and all the cuttings from the newspapers, the paragraph about the service at the Meadows, his address to the electors of Penrose, and an account of his election and return.

"Oh," cried Letitia, as Alexander was turning them over, "there

is one thing more I have to give you"—it was the work on the law of conspiracy by which Mr. Sandford had made her the means of ingratiating himself with Mr. Rowley.

"I now see," she said, the tears starting afresh, "that I ought not to have given it to him without first mentioning it to the doctor; but I saw nothing wrong in it: how could I?"

"It would have been very strange if you had," he replied. "I can't see that from first to last you have anything to reproach yourself with."

"Oh, Mr. Alexander, it is so kind of you to say so, but I can't acquit myself so easily when I think that I might have prevented all that has happened if I had been more on my guard. Poor dear Mrs. Rowley, she must think hardly of me. I know she must."

"Leave that to me," said Alexander, in his softest and kindest manner; "even if you had been to blame, you have made ample amends by discovering and preserving the evidence which you have placed in my hands, and which it will be my duty to place in Mrs. Rowley's. The will cannot possibly stand against such overwhelming proof of the foul practices by which it was obtained, and she will be indebted to you for the means of oversetting it."

This comforting speech dried poor Miss Cateran's eyes at last. She was so far from being a girl of a lachrymose temperament, that for many years, probably since she was a child, she had not shed so many tears as Mr. Sandford's success had wrung from her; for she had wept before the present occasion, especially when her conscience pricked her with the recollection of the license she had originally given her tongue. She had grown in a few weeks a sadder and wiser girl, and had quite made up her mind to secede from the Lobster Club.

As Alexander was taking his leave his foot tripped against one of the travelling-bags that were lying about, and Miss Cateran, in apologising for the state of the room, said she supposed Mr. Woodville had told him that he had kindly offered to take her and her friend on the tour he was about to make.

"No, he did not," said Alexander, smiling; "but he did tell me of his tour, and who he was going to meet. I trust you won't give him a hint of the information you have given me."

"You may depend upon that," said Miss Cateran; "he doesn't even know that the drawing was cut out of his album; oh, he deserves to be punished for his obstinacy."

The same evening Susan communicated to her mother the disappearance of the original will, and relieved Alexander from the painful duty he naturally felt so reluctant to perform.

"After all," said Mrs. Rowley, the next morning, when she was closeted, according to appointment, with her lawyer, "though I proposed a meeting on business, I don't see that we have much business

after all, to transact together. Susan has told me what you so considerably hesitated to tell me yourself, and really it hardly makes much difference in my situation. I have considered the question in every point of view, and, though you will think the conclusion I have come to a strange one, it is impossible for me to dispute this will, false and monstrous a fabrication as it is."

Alexander fixed his steady bright eye upon one which was bright and steady as his own.

"I ought to excuse myself, perhaps," she added, "for taking such a decided resolution without asking your advice—it is really taking the helm myself—but there are some points, such as questions of honour and duty, which one must always decide for oneself, and this is one of them."

"You are influenced, no doubt, entirely," said Alexander, "in taking a resolution so opposed to your interests, by consideration for your family."

"For my brother-in-law, for no one else," said Mrs. Rowley, with energy: "oh, if it was not for that, you never had such a pugnacious client; I am the last woman in the world to sit down under such a load of wrong; but that little man is the soul of worth and honour; by me he has always acted kindly and generously, and God forbid I should repay him by disgracing his family—in fact, by proving his wife a villain,—no, Mr. Alexander, not for any number of acres or thousands a year."

Alexander was mute with admiration of her disinterestedness; but as the emotion with which she spoke brought back the wonted colour to her cheek, and lent her eyes a double radiance, he had something more than moral beauty to admire at that moment.

After a brief pause, Mrs. Rowley resumed with more composure, excusing herself for the strong expression she had used.

"I don't often, I hope," she said, "use hard words, but there are cases when even a lady may be allowed to give things their proper names."

"If there was a harder word than the one you have employed," said Alexander, "you would have been justified in using it;—and yet you are still ignorant of half the extent of Mrs. Upjohn's villany, nor would it ever have been known only for a lady, a friend of yours, I mean Miss Cateran."

"Miss Cateran!" she exclaimed, "you surprise me—I really don't know what to think of her."

Alexander then related all that had passed the day before between himself and Letitia—her distress, her reproaches—and the complete evidence she had preserved and furnished him with of Mrs. Upjohn's guilt, as well as Mr. Sandford's.

He now placed it in Mrs. Rowley's hands, and she saw for the first time the true nature of the machinations which had been

employed. All thought of herself was at an end. In an agony of tears, she exclaimed,—

“Oh, my husband, my poor husband! He was justified in all he did—how could he resist such proofs of my perfidy? It might have satisfied a man of stronger intellect than his—and he died in the belief that I was unfaithful!”

She wept long and bitterly, upbraiding herself with having only thought of her own wrongs, and of having accused her hapless husband of caprice and injustice.

At length she wiped away her tears with a convulsive effort, and concentrating all her emotions in one burning sentence, she cried—

“They only robbed me, Mr. Alexander, but they murdered him!”

Alexander—who, though he understood and appreciated the feelings towards Mr. Upjohn which had determined Mrs. Rowley against legal proceedings, while she was still ignorant of some of the blackest features of the business—could not help hoping that she might now be brought to reconsider her decision, but she did not leave him long under that impression.

“And yet,” she added, before he had time to speak, “both crimes must go unpunished, at least by me, as long as my brother-in-law lives. The blacker the case is, the more I feel it my duty to submit to my fate in silence. This, Mr. Alexander, is my final resolve.”

“The lawyer hesitates,” he replied, “the man approves.”

“There is nothing for it,” she resumed, “but to endure what can’t be cured: Mrs. Upjohn carries the day. I retire before her; let her lord it in the peninsula, where I once dreamed of reigning myself—or *lady* it, if she can; the last won’t be quite so easy.”

“No queen in history ever bore her dethronement with greater dignity,” said Alexander.

After some further conversation, chiefly on the singular fate by which such disastrous consequences were destined to spring from the innocent circumstances of their first acquaintance, the subject of Mrs. Rowley’s actual position was again referred to, and she said in her usual calm, and even cheerful manner,—

“Well, you know, dear Mr. Alexander, I shall not be actually a beggar; I shall still have a few thousand pounds, including the five which Mr. Sandford has so kindly left me; and besides, you know, I have still a *locus standi* even in Cornwall—the patrimony I inherited from my father. I have been totting up (you know of old I can do that) all that I have to reckon on, and though I shall not be rich, I am some way yet from the poor-house.”

“You include your Cornish property,” said Alexander, “among your havings; and yet I have heard it stated that you never considered it absolutely your own.”

“I may very well consider it so now, Mr. Alexander; but you know,” she said, with a smile, “I am of a sanguine disposition.”

"That is to say, you live in anxious hopes of a brother turning up and begging you outright. Yesterday I should have found it hard to believe it; to-day I can believe it implicitly."

"Well, really," she said, "I don't think such an event now in the least likely; indeed, I might say nothing can well be more improbable."

"By-the-bye," said Alexander, "I am reminded to ask you a question—Has it ever struck you that Arnaud bears a certain resemblance to your father?"

"Oh yes it has," she replied; "I don't see the likeness always, but sometimes it seems very strong indeed. I suppose you have been asking yourself whether by any chance he can be the lost child?"

Alexander acknowledged that the thought had for a moment crossed his mind.

"It well might," said Mrs. Rowley, "for it crossed my own; but it is utterly impossible that he can be the brother who is to reappear and dispossess me. The old Vaudois minister who brought him up, and whose life you saved so intrepidly—oh, to think that I never saw you from that day!—knew everything about poor dear Arnaud's birth and parentage, and had there been any doubt or mystery about it, he would only have been too happy to have disclosed it to my father, whom he saw so much of, and knew so well."

When reluctantly at last Alexander rose to take leave, over and over again the fair widow thanked him for his services and his zeal.

"I trust I have been zealous for my clients often," said Alexander warmly, as he rose, "but I was never proud of one before; I never admired one until now."

Only the carpet saw the thought or the feeling in Mrs. Rowley's eyes as she dropped them at his words; but the slightest of all possible flushes passed for an instant over her cheek, and revealed the impression left behind. She moved with him to the door, and they shook hands before parting.

"Am I not thin?" she said. "You have no notion how stout I was a couple of months ago."

"You are certainly no match," he replied, "for Mrs. Upjohn physically, just at present."

"Then you think I had better not show myself in Cornwall, just yet," said Mrs. Rowley, smiling; "but there is no likelihood of that until my poor Fanny is much better. I fear her health will give me time enough to take my measures for the future. And you must go: this is too short a meeting after so long a separation; but it is better as it is, although calumny has already done its worst; however, you will sometimes write to me, at least on business."

He pressed her hand to his lips, and went his way.

MARMION SAVAGE.

CRITICAL NOTICE.

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY: With a Historical Sketch of the Country and its People. By GEORGE THOMPSON, C.E., Lieut.-Colonel of Engineers in the Paraguayan Army, &c. Longmans, 1869.

THE ignorance prevalent on the subject of South America and all men and things therein, is all but universal. We have no doubt that the enormous majority even of educated people will regard it as positive fresh information to be told that Buenos Ayres is the capital of a state known as the Argentine Confederation, and Monte Video of another, styled the Republic of the Banda Oriental. This being so, it is not surprising that the contest here described by Mr. Thompson, which, after lasting more than four years and a half, should have been so little understood, particularly when we remember that the years since the commencement of 1864 have been fertile in events, both at home and on the Continent, of far more absorbing interest. Yet the Paraguayan war deserves to be remembered were it only for the sake of the remarkable man who has been unquestionably its hero. If Lopez really was the cruel and cowardly tyrant that Col. Thompson would have us regard him as being, the ascendancy which he contrived to exercise over his countrymen seems almost miraculous. Nevertheless, it is difficult to refuse credence to the statements of one who had every opportunity of obtaining accurate information, and, apparently, no personal motive for making out Lopez worse than he was. He says in his Preface that, though he has resided in Paraguay for eleven years, he did not discover Lopez' character till the end of 1868.

"All his outrages at the commencement of the war I only heard by vague rumours. His manner, however, was such as entirely to dispel and throw discredit on any whispers which might be uttered against him. Latterly, however, I have received overwhelming corroborations of what I have stated against him in the early part of the book."

We cannot say that Col. Thompson's book is all that might be wished in a history of the war. He was rather too near to the things he describes to be able to take an accurate estimate of their importance; and therefore whilst we often have to complain of a superfluity of confirming details, he is apt on the other hand to treat some portions of his subject with undue brevity, assuming probably a far larger amount of knowledge in his readers than he is at all likely to find. However, he writes with great fairness and impartiality both of the Paraguayans and the Allies, and seems anxious to do justice to every one—even Lopez; and the book has many merits, though it might easily have been much better.

Paraguay, since it threw off the dominion of Spain, though nominally a republic, seems always to have been governed on the principle of a paternal despotism by its President for the time being. The two centuries of Jesuit sway had probably rendered submission a national instinct. Besides this, the people, though, as the war has proved abundantly, brave beyond their neighbours, are thoroughly southern in their detestation of exertion of any kind, and would rather be tyrannised over than take trouble. Since 1813 there have

been three Presidents: Francia, whose rule lasted till 1840; Lopez I., who filled the chair from that date up to September 2nd, 1862; and his son, the now celebrated Lopez II. Their system of government, at least until Lopez II. commenced the series of atrocities which Mr. Thompson charges him with, appears to have been very much the same,—the isolation of Paraguay from the rest of the world, and its entire internal subjection to their individual sway. Francia instituted a system of espionage so perfect that no one saying a word to his nearest relations could feel sure that it would not be reported. "Every one supposed to be against the Government, even only in thought, was thrown into prison, and some of them shot (especially the most influential men of the country), and their property confiscated." Every one, too, was liable to have his person and property pressed into the public service, without payment, at the call of any judge of the peace. At the same time Mr. Thompson says that during the rule of Francia and the elder Lopez, these extreme powers were seldom abused. Indeed, Lopez I., on the whole, is admitted to have done his country "a great deal of good."

In fact, it is said that one cause of the Argentine Confederation declaring war against Paraguay was jealousy of the railways, arsenals, ship-building yards, telegraphs, which were much more advanced in the one country than the other. Brazil had a long-standing quarrel on account of the Paraguayan batteries at Humaitá on the river Paraguay, which all foreign vessels were obliged to ask leave to pass. As this was the only practicable route between Rio Janeiro and the province of Matto Grosso, difficulties were of course constantly occurring. But sooner or later the conflict was inevitable. The rulers of Paraguay seem to have been little studious of conciliating their neighbours; and states like the Argentine Confederation and the Banda Oriental, continually torn by civil dissensions, could hardly fail to be apprehensive of designs on their independence on the part of men known to be ambitious and unscrupulous, and possessed of absolute and undisputed power. Of course such fears could not have been entertained by a strong empire such as Brazil, and Mr. Thompson is probably justified in his censure of the conduct of the Brazilian Government in joining, or rather in organising, the league against Paraguay, and proposing such terms of peace as it was impossible for the smaller state to accept as without sufficient provocation, and proceeding from a desire to crush out of existence a neighbour who stood in her way. Lopez, however, seems to have been willing enough that the war, which he considered inevitable, should come when it did, as he said Paraguay would never be in a better condition for fighting. He was ready, and the allies were not; and but for his blunders and bad generalship the present author is of opinion that, in spite of the enormous disproportion between the resources at the disposal of the combatants, the result of the conflict might have been very different.

We cannot attempt in the space at our disposal to give any sketch of the operations of the war that would be intelligible, especially without the aid of the maps and plans. That it should have been protracted so long seems due far less to the heroism and skill of the Paraguayans than to the tardiness and hesitation, if not downright cowardice, which characterised the operations of the allies from first to last.

GEORGE STOTT.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXXV. NEW SERIES.—NOVEMBER 1, 1869.

THE POSITIVIST PROBLEM.

"Induire pour déduire, afin de construire."

THE interest which the system known as Positivism awakens in public attention is so vastly in excess of any knowledge of the writings of Comte, and of any attempts at propagandism made by his followers, that it may afford matter for some curious reflection. On the one hand, we have one of the most voluminous if not the most elaborate of all modern philosophies, composed in a foreign language and a highly technical style. Those who have honestly studied, or even actually read, these difficult works may be numbered on the hand; and no methodical exposition of them exists in this country. The full adherents of this system in England are known to be few; and they but very rarely address the public. Amongst the regular students of Comte two or three alone find means occasionally to express their views, and that for the most part on special subjects. Such is the only medium through which the ideas of Comte are promulgated—a mass of writings practically unread; a handful of disciples for the most part silent.

On the other hand, the press and society, platform and pulpit, are continually resounding with criticism, invective, and moral reflection arrayed against this system. Reviews devote article after article to demonstrate anew the absurdity or the enormity of these views. The critics cut and thrust at will, well knowing that there is no one to retaliate; secure of the field to themselves, they fight the battle o'er again; thrice have they routed all their foes, and thrice they slay the slain. Religious journalism, too, delights to use the name of Comte as a sort of dark relief to the glowing colours of the Scarlet Woman. Semi-religious journals detect his subtle influence in everything, from the last poem to the coming revolution. Drowsy congregations are warned against doctrines from which they run as

little risk as they do from that of Parthenogenesis, and which they are yet less likely to understand. Society even knows all about it, and chirrup the last gossip or jest at afternoon tea-tables. Yet even under this the philosophy of Comte survives; for criticism of this kind, it need hardly be said, is not for the most part according to knowledge.

Some such impression is left by the glaring inconsistencies which appear amongst the critics themselves. They have so easy a time of it in piling up charges against Positivism, that they, in a great degree, dispose of each other. According to some, for instance, it would promote a perfect pandemonium of anarchy. With others it means only the "paralysing and iron rule of law." With some it is the concentration of all human energy on self; with others, an Utopia which is to eliminate self from human nature. Now it is to crush out of man every instinct of veneration for a superior being; now it is to enthrall him in a superstitious devotion. The followers of Comte are at once the votaries of disorder and of arbitrary power; of the coldest materialism and the most ideal sentimentalism; they are blind to everything but the facts of sensation, yet they foster the most visionary of hopes; they execrate all that is noble in man, and yet dream of human perfectibility. In a word, they are anarchists or absolutists; pitiless or maudlin; materialists or transcendentalists, as it may suit the palette of the artist to depict them.

Now all of these things cannot be true together. If it is proved to the satisfaction of a thousand critics that Positivism is a mass of absurdity, why need we hear so much about it? How can that still be dangerous which is hardly ever heard of but in professed refutations, and known only through adverse critics? It is strange that a writer, as they tell us, of obscure French, such as no one can make sense of, who finds in this country but an occasional student, should need such an army to annihilate him. If he were responsible for one-tenth of the contradictory views which are put into his mouth, he is self-condemned already. No house so divided against itself could stand, to say nothing of the critical batteries which thunder on it night and day—religious, scientific, literary champions without stint, warning an intelligent public against a new mystery of abominations. "Dearly beloved," cries the priest, "beware of this soul-destroying doctrine of Humanity!" "Science has not a good word for it," cries the man of physics, "to say nothing of its irreligion!" and so makes a truce with the man of God. "And literature has a thousand ill names for it," cry out the brazen tongues of the press through all its hundred throats of brass.¹ Yet, withal, the thoughts of Comte seem still to live and grow, to flourish

(1) "Monstrum horrendum ingens cui quot sunt corpore plumæ
Tot vigilæ oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures," &c.—*Æneid*, iv. 181.

without adherents, and to increase without apostles. They must be in some way in the air; for all that men see is the refutation of that which none study, the smiting of those who do not contend. *E pur si muove!*

Those to whom the system of Comte is of serious moment would be but of a poor spirit if they lost heart under such a combination of assaults, or took pleasure in the signs of so wide-spread an interest. A perpetual buzzing about a new system of thought can as little do it good as it can do it harm. The students of Comte would be foolishly sanguine if they set this down to real study or serious interest in his system. They would be culpably weak if they supposed it was due to any efforts of their own to extend it.

However much Positivism may desire the fullest discussion, little can come of criticism which does not pretend to start with effective study. As a system it demands far too much both in the way of sustained thought and of practical action, to gain by becoming merely a subject of social or literary *causerie*. The platoon firing of the professional critics, and the buzz of the world, may become fatiguing; but both in the main are harmless, and in any case appear to be inevitable.

But when we look below the surface a different view will appear. However few are they who avow Positivism completely, its spirit permeates all modern thought. Those who teach the world have all learnt something from it. The awe-struck interest it arouses in truly religious minds shows how it can touch the springs of human feeling. Men of the world are conscious that it is a power clearly organic, and that is bent on results. And even the curiosity of society bears witness that its ideas can probe our social instincts to the root.

It cannot, indeed, be denied that so general an interest in this subject is itself a significant fact; and though it be not due to anything like a study of Comte, and most certainly to nothing that is done by his adherents, it has beyond question a cause. This cause is that the age is one of Construction—and Positivism is essentially constructive. Men in these times crave something organic and systematic. Ideas are gaining a slow but certain ascendancy. There is abroad a strange consciousness of doubt, instability, and incoherence; and, withal, a secret yearning after certainty and reorganisation in thought and in life. Even the special merits of this time, its candour, tolerance, and spirit of inquiry, exaggerate our consciousness of mental anarchy, and give a strange fascination to anything that promises to end it.

We have passed that stage of thought in which men hate or despise the religious and social beliefs they have outgrown—their articles of religion, constitutions of State, and orders of society. We feel the need of something to replace them more and more sadly, and day by day we grow more honestly and yet tenderly

ashamed of the old faiths we once had. At bottom mankind really longs for something like a rule of life, something that shall embody all the phases of our multiform knowledge, and yet slake our thirst for organic order. Now there is, it may be said without fear, absolutely nothing which pretends to meet all these conditions—but one thing, and that is Positivism. There are, no doubt, religions in plenty, systems of science, theories of politics, and the like; but there is only one system which takes as its subject all sides of human thought, feeling, and action, and then builds these up into a practical system of life. Hence it is that, however imperfectly known, Positivism is continually presenting itself; and though but little studied, and even less preached, it ceases not to work. It proposes some solution to the problem which is silently calling for an answer in the depths of every vigorous mind that has ceased to be satisfied with the past. It states the problem at least, and nothing else does even this. Thus, in spite of every distortion from ignorance or design, the scheme of Positivism has such affinity for the situation that it is ever returning to men's view. For whilst mankind, in the building of the mighty tower of Civilisation, seem for the time struck as if with a confusion of purpose, and the plan of the majestic edifice for the time seems lost or forgotten, ever and anon there grows visible to the eye of imagination the outline of an edifice in the future, of harmonious design and just proportion, filling the mind with a sense of completeness and symmetry.

An interest thus wide and increasing in a system so very imperfectly known, proves that it strikes a chord in modern thought. And as amongst those who sit in judgment on it there must be some who honestly desire to give it a fair hearing, a few words may not be out of place to point out some of the postulates, as it were, of the subject, and some of the causes which may account for criticisms so incessant and so contradictory. It need hardly be said that these words are offered not as by authority, or *ex cathedra*, from one who pretends to speak in the name of any body or any person whatever. They are some of the questions which have beset the path of one who is himself a disciple and not an apostle, and the answers which he offers are simple suggestions proposed only to such as may care to be fellow-hearers with him.

It is of the first importance for any serious consideration of Positivism to know what is the task it proposes to itself. For the grounds on which it is attacked are so strangely remote, and appear to be so little connected, that perhaps no very definite conception exists of what its true scope is. There is much discussion now as to its scientific dogmas, now as to its forms of worship, now as to its political principles. But Positivism is not simply a new system of thought. It is not simply a religion—much less is it a political system. It is at once a philosophy and a polity; a system of

thought and a system of life : the aim of which is to bring all our intellectual powers and our social sympathies into close correlation. The problem which it proposes is twofold : to harmonise our conceptions and to systematise human life ; and furthermore, to do the first *only for the sake of the second*.

Now this primary notion stands at the very root of the matter, and if well kept in view it may spare much useless discussion and many hard words. Thus viewed, Positivism is really not in competition with any other existing system. It is hardly in contrast with any, because none is *in pari materia*—none claims the same sphere. No extant religion professes to cover the same ground, and therefore with none can Positivism be placed in contrast. Christianity, whatever it may have claimed in the age of Aquinas and Dante, certainly in our day does not profess to harmonise the results of science and methodise thought. On the contrary, it is one of the boasts of Christianity that its work is accomplished in the human heart, whatever be the forms of thought and even of society. It cannot therefore be properly contrasted with Positivism, for they are essentially disparate, and the function claimed by the one is not that claimed by the other.

So, too, Positivism is hardly capable of comparison with any existing philosophy. There are many systems of science and methods of thought before the world, but they insist on being heard simply as such, and not as being also religions, or schemes of life. They stand before the judgment-seat of the intellect, and they call for sentence from it according to its law. Such social or moral motive as they rest on is adequately supplied in the love of truth and the general bearing of knowledge on human happiness. Their doctrines ask to stand or fall on their own absolute strength, and are not put forward as a mere introduction to a form of life. Not but what, of course, philosophers, ancient and modern, have elaborated practical applications of their teaching to life. But no modern philosophy, as such, puts itself forth as a part of a larger system, as a mere foundation on which to build the society, as a major premise only in a strict syllogism of which the conclusion is action. Now this the Positive philosophy does. Positivism therefore is not a religion, for its first task was to found a complete system of philosophy : nor is it a philosophy, for its doctrines are but the intellectual basis of a definite scheme of life : nor a polity, for it makes political progress but the corollary of moral and intellectual movements. But, though being itself none of these three, it professes to comprehend them all, and that in their fullest sense. Thus it stands essentially alone, a system in antagonism strictly with none, the function and sphere of which is claimed by no other as its own.

Criticism which ignores this primary point, which deals with a system as if its end were something other than it is, can hardly be

worth much. And thus viewed, a mass of popular objections fall to the ground. For instance, a continual stumbling-block is found in political institutions and reforms which Positivism proposes—institutions which are wholly alien, it is true, to our existing political atmosphere, and which could hardly exist in it, or would be actively noxious. But these are proposed by Positivism only on the assumption that they follow on and complete an intellectual, social, and moral reorganisation by which society would be previously transformed, and for which an adequate machinery is provided. No value can attach therefore to any judgment on the political institutions *per se*, torn from the soil in which they are to be planted, crudely judged by the political tone of the hour. No serious judgment is possible until the social and intellectual basis on which they are to be built has been comprehended and weighed, and found to be inadequate or impossible. But this is what he who criticises the system from a special point of view is unwilling or unable to do.

So with the philosophy—we often hear indignant protests against the attempt made by Comte to organise the investigation of nature. Nothing is easier than to show that the organisation proposed might check the discovery of some curious facts, or the pursuits of certain seekers after truth. But the same would be true of any organisation whatever. The problem of human life is not to secure the greatest accumulation of knowledge, or the vastest body of truth, but that which is most valuable to man; not to stimulate to the utmost the exercise of the intelligence, but to make it practically subservient to the happiness of the race. The charge therefore that the Positive philosophy would set boundaries to the intellect by setting it a task, is not to the purpose, even if it were true. This might be said of almost every religion and any system of morality. The very point in issue is whether the true welfare of mankind is best secured by the absolute independence of the mind, going to and fro like the wind which bloweth whither it listeth.

Thus, too, in criticising the religious side of Positivism, it is argued that it fails to provide for this or that emotion or yearning of the religious spirit; that it leaves many a solemn question unanswered, and many a hope unsatisfied, and has no place for the mystical and the Infinite, for absolute goodness, or power, or eternity. Be it so. The objection might have weight if Positivism were offering a new form of theology, or came forward simply as a new sort of religion. But the problem before us is this—whether these ideas can find a place in any religion which is to be in living harmony with a scientific philosophy. We are called on to decide whether, since these notions are repugnant to rational philosophy, religion and thought must for ever be divorced, and whether we must choose thought without religion, or religion without thought. Positivism, if it has no place for the mystical or supernatural, has the widest field for the Ideal and the

Abstract. It holds out the utmost reach for any intensity of sentiment. Nor could its believers fail in a boundless vista of hope; of hope which, whilst it is substantial and real, is not less ardent, and far more unselfish, than the ideals of older faiths. Positivism maintains that supposing established such a scientific and moral philosophy as it conceives, inspiring a community so full of practical energies and social sympathies as that which it creates, a rational religion is possible, but such hopes and yearnings would be practically obsolete, supplanted by deeper and yet purer aspirations. They would perish of inanition in a mind or a society really imbued with the relative and social spirit. They had no place under the practical morality and social life of past ages. They would have none, it argues, under the scientific philosophy and the public activity of the future. The truth of this expectation cannot possibly be estimated without a thorough weighing both of the philosophy and of the polity which it is proposed to found, and a very systematic comparison of their combined effects.

To treat philosophy, religion, or polity without regard to the place each holds in the general synthesis, is simply to beg the question. It is much more to the purpose to argue that the general synthesis which Positivism proposes to create is not needed at all, or even if needed, is perfectly chimerical. Certainly it is a question which cannot be discussed here; and perhaps it is one which cannot be settled by any discussion at all. It seems one of those ultimate questions which can only be determined by the practical issue, and which no *a priori* argument can touch. *Solvetur ambulando*. It has been most vigorously treated by Mr. Mill in his estimate of Positivism, and, like all that he has said on this subject, deserves the most diligent thought. After all, it may be the truth that this question of questions—if human life be or be not reducible to one harmony—is one of those highest generalisations which the future alone can decide, and which no man can decide to be impossible until it has been proved so.

In any case, those who have no mind to busy themselves with any system of life or synthesis of social existence whatever—and they are the great bulk of mankind—may well be asked to spare themselves many needless protestations. Positivism most certainly will not trouble them; and the world is wide enough for them all. Still less need of passionate disclaimers and attacks have all they who are honestly satisfied with their religious and social faith as it is. Positivism looks on their convictions with the most sincere respect, and shrinks from wounding or disturbing the very least of them. How much waste of energy and serenity might be spared to many conscientious persons if these simple conditions were observed! Positivism is in its very essence unaggressive and non-destructive; for it seeks only to build up, and to build up step by step. It must

appeal to very few at present, for the first of its conditions—the need of a new System of Life—is as yet admitted only by a few. It must progress but slowly as yet, for its scheme is too wide to be compatible with haste. If all of those who are alien to anything like a new order of human life, and all those who are satisfied with the order they have lived under would go their own way and leave Positivism to those who seek it, a great deal of needless irritation and agitation would be happily averted. The idea that thought and life may some day on this earth be reduced to organic order and harmony may be Utopian, but is it one so grotesque that it need arouse the tiresome horseplay of every literary trifler? And though there be men so unwise as to search after this Sangreal in a moral and intellectual reform, is their dream so anti-social as to justify an organised hostility which amounts to oppression? Incessant attempts to crush by the weight of invective, fair or unfair, a new system of philosophy, which appeals solely to opinion, and which numbers but a handful of adherents for the most part engaged in study, are not the highest forms of intelligent criticism. Positivism as a system has nothing to say to any but the very few who are at once disbelievers in the actual systems of faith and life, and are believers in the possibility of such a system in the future. To the few who seek it, it presents a task, as it fairly warns them, requiring prolonged patience and labour. The rest it will scarcely trouble unless they seek it; and perhaps it will be better that they should leave it alone. Little can come of eternally discussing the solution of a problem which men have no wish to see solved, or of multiplying objections to what they have no mind to investigate.

Positivism, then, consists of a philosophy, a religion, and a polity; and to regard it as being any one of these three singly, or to criticise any one of them separately, is simple waste of time. Its first axiom is, that all of these spheres of life suffer from their present disorder, because hitherto no true synthesis has been found to harmonise them. This axiom is obviously one which must meet with opposition, and in any case be very slowly accepted. The very notion of system and organisation implies subordination in the parts, submission to control, and mutual concession. The unbounded activity, independence, and freedom of the present age, not to say its anarchy and incoherence, quiver, it seems, in every nerve at the least show of discipline. Yet any species of organisation involves discipline, and any discipline involves some restraint. Of course, therefore, any scheme to organise thought and life presented in an age of boundless liberty and individualism meets opposition at every point. To show that Positivism involves a systematic control over thought and life is not an adequate answer to it. To prove of a new system that *it is a system* is not a final settling the question until you have first proved that no system can be good. All civilisation and every religion, all morality and

every kind of society, imply some restraint and subordination. The question—and it is a question which cannot be decided offhand—is whether more is implied in the system of Positivism than is involved in the very notion of a synthesis, or a harmony co-extensive with human life.

It is worthy of notice how entirely new to modern thought is this cardinal idea of Positivism—that of religion, science, and industry working in one common life—how little such an idea can be grasped in the light of the spirit of the day! Yet so far is it from being an extravagant vision, that it sleeps silently in the depths of every brain which ever looks into the future of the race. None but they who dwell with regret on the past, or are engrossed in the cares of the present, doubt but what the time will come when the riddle of social life will be read, and the powers of man work in unison together; when thought shall be the prelude only to action or to art, and action and art be but the realisation of affection and emotion; when brain, heart, and will have but one end, and that end be the happiness of man on earth. And thus whilst priest, professor, and politician forswear the scheme which Positivism offers, and society resounds with criticism and refutation, none believe it overcome or doubt its vitality; for it remains the only conception which pretends to satisfy an undying aspiration of the soul.

Whether the pursuit of system or harmony be carried out by Comte extravagantly or not is, no doubt, a question of the first importance. It is certainly one which there is no intention of discussing here. But in any case it is not to be decided lightly. Mr. Mill, as has been said, has argued this question with all that power which in him is exceeded only by his candour. But which of the other critics have done the like? A criticism like that of Mr. Mill is a totally different thing, and worthy of all attention. Nor must it be forgotten how largely, in criticising Positivism, he accepts its substantial bases. Nothing can be more disingenuous than to appeal to the authority of Mr. Mill as finally disposing of the social philosophy of Comte, when Mr. Mill has adhered to so much of the chief bases of that philosophy in general, and has warmly justified some of the most vital features of the social system. A system may be false, but it is not false solely because it is a system. It might very possibly be that harmony had only been attained by Positivism at the expense of truth or life, by doing violence to the facts of Nature, or by destroying liberty of action. But this is a matter depending so much on a multitude of combined arguments and on such general considerations, that it can be decided only after long and patient study. It clearly cannot be done piecemeal or at first sight. And of all questionous is the one in which haste and exaggeration are most certain to mislead.

Let us follow a little further each of the three sides of Positivism

—the Philosophy, the Religion, the Polity—in order, but not independently, so as to put before us the goal they propose to win and the main obstacles in their path. The grand end which it proposes to philosophy is to give organic unity to the whole field of our conceptions, whether in the material or in the moral world, to order all branches of knowledge into their due relations, and hence to classify the sciences. Even if the unthinking were to regard this project as idle or extravagant, every instructed mind well knows that it is involved in the very nature of philosophy, and has been its dream from the first. Can it be necessary to argue that the very meaning of philosophy is to give system to our thoughts? What are laws of nature but generalisations? what are generalisations but a multitude of facts referred to a common idea? what is science but the bringing the manifold under the one? Knowledge itself is but the study of relations; and the highest knowledge, the study of the ultimate relations.

And as science has no meaning but the systematising of separate ideas, so the grand systematising of all ideas has been the ceaseless aim of philosophy. What else were the strange but luminous hypotheses of the early Greeks? what else was the colossal task of Aristotle? what else that of the elder Bacon and his coevals, of the other Bacon, of Descartes, of Leibnitz, of the Encyclopædists, of Hegel?

That order is the ultimate destiny of all our knowledge is so obvious that the effort to found it at once can be met only by one objection worthy of an answer, and that is that the aim is premature. It is very easy to see that the earlier attempts, when even astronomy was incomplete and the moral sciences outside the pale of law, were utterly premature. But whether the task is premature now is entirely different. After all, it is one of those questions which no *a priori* argument can affect. It is not premature if it can be even approximately done. Yet the mere suggestion of it arouses a myriad-headed opposition. In every science and every sub-section of a science a specialist starts forth to tell us that generations of observers are needed to exhaust even his own particular corner in the field of knowledge. And if one science is to become but the instrument of another, if one kind of inquiry is to be subordinated to another, we should fetter, they tell us, the freedom which has led to so many brilliant discoveries, and leave unsolved many a curious problem.

The answer of Positivism is simply this: If the systematising of knowledge will be premature before all this is accomplished, it will always be premature. The end for which we are to wait is one utterly chimerical. No doubt there are no bounds to knowledge, any more than there are bounds to the universe. As Aristotle says, thus one would go on for ever without result; so that the search will be fruitless and vain. Nay, if we go by quantity, estimate our knowledge now as compared with the facts of the universe, we are

but children still playing on the shore of an infinite sea. If, before philosophy can be formed into a systematic whole, every phenomenon which the mind can grasp in the inorganic or in the organic world has to be first examined—every atom which microscope can detect, every nebula which telescope can reach—if every living thing has to be analysed down to the minutest variation of its tissues, from infinitesimal protozoa to palæontologic monsters—if every recorded act, word, or thought of men has to be first exhausted before the science of sciences can begin—the task is hopeless, for the subject is infinite. A life of toil may be baffled by the problems to be found in one drop of turbid water. Ten generations of thinkers might perish before they had succeeded in explaining all that it is conceivable science might detect on a withered leaf. And whole academies of historians would not suffice fully to raise the veil that shrouds a single human life.

Were science pursued indefinitely on this scale, not only would the earth not contain all the books that should be written, but no conceivable brain could grasp, much less organise, the infinite maze. The task of organisation would thus be made more hopeless each day, and philosophy would be as helpless as Xerxes in the midst of his countless hosts. The radical difference between the point of view of the positive and the current philosophy, that which feeds the internecine conflict between them, is that between the relative and the absolute. Looked at from the absolute point of view—that is, as the phenomena of matter and life present themselves from without—the task of exhausting the knowledge of them is truly infinite, and that of systematising them is truly hopeless. From the relative point of view philosophy is called on to exist, not for its own sake, but as the immediate minister of life. To utilise it, and to organise in order to utilise it, is of far higher importance than to extend it. It judges the value of truths not by the degree of intellectual brilliancy they exhibit, or the delight they afford to the imagination, but by their relation, in a broad sense, to the problem of human happiness. Till this great problem is nearer its solution, Positivism is content to leave many a problem yet unsolved and many a discovery unrevealed. It sees life to be surrounded by such problems as by an atmosphere “measureless to man;” for life rests ever like an island girt by an ocean of the Insoluble, and hangs like our own planet, a firm and solid spot suspended in impenetrable space.

What is the test of true knowledge, when phenomena, facts, and therefore truths, are actually infinite? The fact that this or that gas has been detected in a fixed star is, no doubt, a brilliant discovery in the absolute point of view; but, in the relative, it might possibly turn out to be a mere feat of scientific gymnastic—the answer to a scientific puzzle.¹ The discoverer of many a subtle pro-

(1) I am far from saying that *it is so*. That depends.

blem may be, absolutely speaking, entitled to the honour of mankind ; but relatively, if his problem is valueless, he may have been wasting his time and his powers. Hence the special professors of every science are the first to resent the principles and the judgments of the relative mode of thought. They cannot endure that their intellectual achievements should be judged by any but scientific standards, or their inquiries directed by any but scientific motives. The whole conception of the relative method differs from theirs. It calls for the solution first of those problems in each science which a systematic philosophy of them all indicates as the most fruitful sources of inquiry ; it enjoins the following of one study and science for the sake of and as minister to another, and of all for the sake of establishing a rational basis for human life and activity. And this not in the vague general spirit that all knowledge is good, and all discoveries useful to man, and no one can tell which or how. The same objection was brought against Aristotle and Bacon when they proposed their *Organa*, or clues to inquiry. All truths may have *some* value, but they are not equally valuable. The claim of the relative is to test their value by a system of referring them to human necessities. It sees the life of man stumbling and wandering for the want of a foundation and guide of certain and organised knowledge. Each hour the want of a rational philosophy to direct and control our social activity is more pressing, yet the absolute spirit in science, vain-glorious and unmindful of its function, shakes off the idea of a yoke-fellow, and widens the gulf between thought and life by solitary flights amidst worlds of infinite phenomena.

It is sometimes pretended—it must be said rather perversely—that this relative conception of science is akin to the stifling of thought by the Catholic Church. It is of course true that the Holy Inquisition, like most dominant religions, did claim the right, in virtue of its divine mission, of dictating to the intellect certain subjects as forbidden ground, and warning it off from these limits ; it dictated to the intellect the conclusions which it was required to establish, and the methods it was permitted to use—and this not on intellectual, but on religious and supernatural grounds. Positivism neither dictates to the intellect nor hampers its activity. It calls on it on grounds of philosophy, and on demonstrable principles, to work in its own free light ; but by that light, and at its own discretion, to choose those spheres and to follow those methods that shall combine harmoniously with a scheme of active life as systematic as itself. This is utterly distinct from the slavery of the mind, according to the Catholic or any other religious notion. The comparison is as simple a sophistry as to argue that it is slavery in the will deliberately to follow the dictates of conscience.

No one who has given the subject a second thought can suppose

that Positivism, in bringing the intellect into intimate union with the other sides of human nature for the direct object of human happiness, intends thereby to confine it to the material uses of life, or to refer every thought to some immediate practical end. The former is mere materialism; the second simple empiricism; and both utterly unphilosophical. On the contrary, by far the noblest part of the task of the mind is to minister to moral and spiritual needs. And by far the most of its efforts are employed in strengthening its own powers, and amassing the materials for long series of deductions. Philosophy, as Positivism conceives it, would annihilate itself by becoming either material or empirical. Its business is to systematise the highest results of thought; but those results are the highest which are most essential to, and can be assimilated best by, human life as a whole. And no system can be the true one but as it orders all thoughts in relation, first to each other, and, secondly, in relation to every power of man.

Can it be needful again to say that the attempt of Positivism to systematise the sciences is very far from implying that there is but one science and one method, or that it would reduce all knowledge to one set of laws. Its chief task has been to show the boundaries of the sciences, to classify the different methods appropriate to each, and to point out how visionary are all attempts at ultimate generalisations. When men of science tell us that processes of reasoning are used indiscriminately in all sciences, and that all scientific questions are ultimately referable to one set of laws, they are going back to the infancy of philosophy, effacing all that has been done to analyse reasoning, and attempting, as of old, to reach some chimerical, because universal, principle. It is but the materialist phase of the metaphysical problem. Supposing all questions of science, including all social questions, as has been proposed, not apparently in jest, could be reduced to questions of molecular physics, how would this serve human life more than if they were reduced to air, water, or fire? The end of specialism is at hand if science is looking for some ultimate principle of the universe. The search is equally unpractical, whether it be pursued by crude guessing or by microscopes and retorts. It would not help us if we knew it; and as Aristotle says of Plato's idea, the highest principle would contain none under it. It would be so general as to support no practical derivatives. Like all extreme abstractions, it would bear no fruit.

Turn on whichever side we will, we meet this conflict between the relative and the absolute point of view. The absolute burns for new worlds to conquer; the relative insists that the empire already won, before all things, be reduced to order, and knowledge systematised in order to be applied. The absolute calls us to admire its brilliant discoveries; the relative regrets that such efforts were not spent in

discovering the needful thing. The absolute claims entire freedom for itself; the relative asks that its labours be directed to a systematic end.

It is the old question between individual and associated effort—the spontaneous and the disciplined—the special and the general point of view. We might imagine the case of a general with a genius for war, such as Hannibal or Napoleon, carrying on a campaign with an heterogeneous host and a staff of specialist subordinates. He desires to learn the shape of a country, the powers of his artillery, the fortification of his camp, or the engineering of his works. He seeks to master each of these arts himself, so far as he has means, and for his ultimate end. But with his specialists he wages a constant struggle. His geographer has a thousand points still to observe to complete his survey. His engineers start curious problems in physics, and each science has its own work, as each captain of irregulars may have his pet plan. It may be true that much may be needed before any of the branches can be thoroughly done; and the scheme of some subordinate officer might possibly destroy a certain number of the enemy. But the true general knows that all these things are good only in a relative manner. His end is victory, or rather conquest.

Thus it is not only intelligible, but quite inevitable, that Positivism should meet the stoutest opposition from the science of the day, not only in details and in estimates, but even in general conceptions, and yet not be unscientific. The strictures of men even really eminent in special departments are precisely what every system must encounter which undertakes the same task. That all such should make them, more especially if they be inclined to theology, or devotees of individualism, is so entirely natural that any answer in detail must be an endless task. By their fruits you shall know them. Let us see them produce a system of thought more harmonious in itself and more applicable to the whole of human life. Every new philosophy which proposes to change the very point of view of thought has always incurred fierce opposition. Every new religion and social system has seemed to its predecessors an evil and cruel dream. How much more a system which involves at once a new philosophy, a new religion, and a new society; which brings to thought a change greater than that wrought by Bacon or Descartes; which draws a spiritual bond vaster and deeper than that which was conceived by Paul, and founds a social system that differs from our own more than the modern differs from the ancient world.

Whether the actual solution of the problem of systematising thought as worked out by Comte in all its sides, his statement of natural laws, and his classification of the sciences, be adequate or true, is a matter which it is far from our present purpose to discuss. It would

be foreign to our immediate aim, and impossible within our present limits. But there is a stronger reason. It would be simple charlatanism in one without due scientific education to undertake such a task as that of examining and reviewing a complete encyclopædia of science. The natural philosophy of Comte is a matter which no one could undertake to justify in all its bearings without a systematic study of each science in turn. Looking at it from the point of view of philosophy, and with that relative spirit which the sense of social necessities involves, a diligent student of the system, who seeks to satisfy his mind on it as a whole, can form a sufficient opinion, at least so far as to compare its results with any other before us. After very carefully considering the strictures passed on Comte's classification of the sciences and his statement of the principal laws, it does not appear to the writer that one of them will hold. If we are to shelter ourselves under authority, we may be content with that of M. Littré, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Lewes. We are too apt to forget the great distinction between philosophy and science, and the paramount title of the former. Men of science are far too ready to decide matters of philosophy by their own lights, matters which depend far less on knowledge of special facts than on the general laws and history of thought, and even of society. Nor does there appear to be any weight in some strictures which have recently been published in this Review on the positive law of the three stages and the classification of the sciences, the greater part of which objections have been already anticipated and refuted by Mr. Mill—part of which are obvious misconceptions of Comte, and part are transparent sophisms. On the whole, it may be fairly left to any one who seriously seeks for a philosophy of science, and is prepared to seek it with that patience and breadth of view which such a purpose requires, to decide for himself if he can discover any other solution of the problem, the general co-ordination of knowledge as a basis of action.

Let us now for a moment turn to the system viewed as a religion, not with the slightest intention of reviewing it, much less of advocating it, but simply to see what it is, and what it proposes to do. Its fundamental notion is that no body of truth, however complete, can effectually enlighten human life; no system of society can be stable or sound without a regular power of acting on the higher emotions. There are in human nature capacities which will not be second, and cannot be dispensed with. There are instincts of self-devotion and of sympathy, love, veneration, and beneficence, which ultimately control human life, and alone can give it harmony. Though not the most active either in the individual character, or even in the social, these powers are in the long run supreme, because they are those only to which the rest can permanently and harmoniously submit. Each separate soul requires to give unity to the exercise of its powers

a motive force outside of itself; for the highest of its powers are instinctively turned to objects without. The joint action of every society is in the long run due to sympathy, and to common devotion to some power on which the whole depends. There thus arises a threefold work to be accomplished—to give unity to the individual powers; to bind up the individuals into harmonious action; to keep that action true and permanent; unity, association, discipline. Without this the most elaborate philosophy might become purely unpractical or essentially immoral, the most active of societies thoroughly corrupt or oppressive, and the result throughout the whole sphere of life—discord. Nothing but the emotions remain as the original motive force of life in all its sides; and none of the emotions but one can bring all the rest and all other powers into harmony, and that is the devotion of all to a power recognised as supreme. To moralise both Thought and Action, by inspiring Thought with an ever-present social motive, by making Action the embodiment only of benevolence—such is the aim of religion as Positivism conceives it.

Now, without debating whether the mode in which Positivism would affect this be true or not, adequate or not, it is plainly what every system of religion in its higher forms has aimed at. And accordingly we see the singular attraction which this side of Positivism possesses for many orthodox Christians. It is entirely their own claim; and, indeed, there nowhere exists in the whole range of theological philosophy an argument on the necessity for and nature of religion in the abstract at all to be compared with that in the second volume of the "*Politique Positive*." Passing over the question whether Positivism has carried out this aim by methods either arbitrary or excessive, it is plain that every system which can claim to be an organised religion at all, has had a body of doctrine, a living object of devotion, observances of some kind, and an associated band of teachers. It is not easy to see how there could be anything to be rightly called a religion without them, or something with equivalent effect. A mere idea is not a religion, such as that of the various neo-Christian and Deist schools.

The hostility, therefore, which the religious scheme of Positivism awakens is one involved of necessity in the undertaking, and should count for very little until it is seen that its critics are prepared fairly to consider any such scheme at all. Those who are most disposed to feel any interest in the scientific or political doctrines of Positivism are just those who almost to a man reject worship, Church, and religion altogether. This, for the most part, they have done, not on any general philosophical reasons, but simply from antipathy to those forms of devotion they find extant. Whether, in rejecting the actual forms of them now or hitherto presented, the very spirit of these institutions

can be eliminated from human nature and from society, is a question which they care neither to ask nor to answer. But in treating of the Positive, or any scheme of religion, this is the question at issue. Nor must it be forgotten that so much is the vital spirit of all religious institutions extinct in modern thought, that even if the doctrines and ceremonies of existing churches escape ridicule by virtue of habit and association, forms less familiar, however rational in themselves, would be certain to appear ridiculous, as doctrines far more intelligible and capable of proof would appear chimerical to men accustomed to listen calmly even to the Athanasian Creed.

Fully to conceive the task which Positivism as a religion has set itself to accomplish, much more fairly to judge how its task has been done, requires the mind to be placed in a point of view very different from that of the actual moment. How little could the most cultivated men of antiquity, who never looked into the inner life of their time, estimate the force of early Christianity, or the most religious minds of the middle ages accept the results of modern enlightenment! What an effort of candour and patience would it have proved to any of these men to do justice to the system which was to supersede theirs, even if presented to their minds in its entirety and in its highest form! It is inherent in the nature of every scheme which involves a great social change that it should bring into play or into new life powers of mankind hitherto dormant or otherwise directed. Whether it be right in so doing, or whether it do so to any purpose, is the question to decide; but it is a question the most arduous which can be put to the intelligence, and involves protracted labour and inexhaustible candour. Random criticism of any new scheme of religious union is of all things the most easy and the most worthless. It can only amuse the leisure of a trifler, but it deserves neither thought nor answer. Positivism in the plainest way announces what is its religious aim and basis. The partisans of the actual creeds may of course resist it by any means they think best. But as it certainly does not seek them, nor address any who are at rest within their folds, they cannot fairly complain of being scandalised by what they may find in it for themselves. Those who attack it from independent grounds show but small self-respect if they do so without accepting the first condition of their own good faith, which is patiently to weigh it as a whole. And those who fairly intend to consider it to any purpose may be assured that they are undertaking a very long and perplexing task; that much of it must necessarily seem repugnant to our intellectual tone. A system which professes to be co-extensive with life and based upon proof would be mere imposture if it could be accepted off hand as true or false, if it did more than assert and illustrate general principles, or if it ended in closing the mind and leaving man but a machine. The

real point in issue is whether it be possible to direct mankind by a religion of social duty, if humanity as a whole—past, present, and to come—can inspire a living devotion, capable of permanently concentrating the highest forces of the soul; whether it be possible to maintain such a religion by appropriate observances and an organised education. This is the true problem for any serious inquirer, and not whether a number of provisions admittedly subordinate approve themselves to the first glance. To travestie a new system by exaggerating or isolating its details is a task as easy as it is shallow.

In its third aspect—that is, as a polity—what is it that Positivism proposes? It is a political system in harmony with a corresponding social and industrial system, tempered by a practical religion, and based upon a popular education. The leading conception is to subordinate politics to morals by bringing the practical life into accord with the intellectual and the emotional. The first axiom, therefore, is this—that permanent political changes cannot be effected without previous social and moral changes. This is a scheme which may be said to be wholly new in political philosophy. Every political system of modern times hitherto has proposed to produce its results by legislative, or at all events by practical changes, and has started from the point of view that the desired end could be obtained if the true political machinery could be hit upon. It is the starting-point of Positivism that no machinery whatever can effect the end without a thorough regeneration of the social system; and when that is done, the machinery becomes of less importance. The principal thing, then, will be to have the machinery as simple and as efficient as possible. Political action, like all practical affairs, must in the main depend on the practical instinct. And the chief care will be to give the greatest scope for the rise and activity of such powers. But as the social system is to be recast, not by the light of the opinion of the hour, but by a study of the human powers as shown over their widest field, so the leading principles in politics will find their rational basis in no corner of modern civilisation, but in the history of the human race as a whole and a complete analysis of the human capacities.

Let us see what this involves. From the nature of its aim it cannot be revolutionary in the ordinary sense. The very meaning of revolution is a radical and sudden change in the constitution of the state. Now, apart from its condemnation of all revolutionary methods, Positivism insists that all political changes so made must prove abortive. But, besides this, it repudiates disorder as invariably evil, and insists that every healthy movement is nothing but the development of the past. But at the same time the change to which it looks is of the greatest extent and importance. It is thus the only systematic attempt to conciliate progress and order, one which

effects revolutionary ends by a truly conservative spirit. Of all charges, therefore, that could be made against Positivism, that of being anarchical is the most superficial. The attempt to connect it with disorder and sedition is scandalously unjust. To the charge of being reactionary the best answer is a simple statement of the future to which it looks forward. That it contemplates a benevolent despotism is an idle sneer, for it conceives the normal condition of public life as one in which the influence of public opinion is at its maximum, and the sphere of government at its minimum.

But just in proportion to the width of the system on which Positive politics rest is the degree of opposition which it awakens. Adapting to itself portions from each of the rival systems, it alienates each of them in turn. It is impossible to do justice to the greatness of past ages, and still more to revive anything from them, without offering a rock of offence to all the revolutionary schools. And it is impossible to propose a reorganisation of society at all without alarming the conservative. These alternations of interest in and antipathy towards Positivist politics, these bitter attacks, these contradictory charges, belong of necessity to the undertaking, and need surprise no one. But those who profess to know what they undertake to criticise, those to whom all matters human and divine are open questions, who spend their time but to hear or to tell some new thing, such, one would think, would be careful that they understand the conditions on which a new system of thought is based.

This hasty outline of the task which Positivism undertakes—the mere statement of its problem—may suffice to explain the continual interest it excites, and also the incessant hostility it meets. Let any one fairly ask himself—if it be possible to accomplish such a task at all without necessarily provoking a storm of opposition, and if the success of the system as a whole could possibly be estimated without a patience which, it may be said, it almost never receives. The mere variety of the objects which it attempts to combine, whilst interesting men of the most opposite views, of necessity presents to each some which utterly repel him. It is impossible to reconcile a Babel of ideas without forcing on each hearer many which he is accustomed to repudiate. The man of science, who is attracted by the importance given to the physical laws, starts back when it is proposed to extend these laws to the science of society. The student of history, who sees the profound truth of the philosophy of history, is scandalised by the very idea of a creed of scientific proof. The politician for a time is held by the vision it presents of social reforms, but he is disgusted at hearing that he must take lessons from the past. The conservative delights to find his ancient institutions so truly honoured, to be shocked when he finds that they are honoured only that they may be the more thoroughly trans-

formed. The man of religion is touched to find in such a quarter a profound defence of worship and devotion, only to be struck dumb with horror at a religion of mere humanity. The democrat, who hails the picture of a regenerated society, turns with scorn from an attempt to lay the bases of temporal and spiritual authority. The reactionist fares no better; for if he finds some comfort in the new importance given to order, he dreads the results of an unqualified trust in popular education and the constant appeal to public opinion. Those whom the philosophy attracts, the religion repels. Those whom the moral theories strike shrink back from the science. Those who believe in the forces of religion are no friends of scientific laws. Those who care most for the progress of science are the first to be jealous of moral control. It is simply impossible, therefore, to address with effect all of these simultaneously without in turn wounding prejudices dear to each. It could not be that the sciences could be organised without hurting the susceptibilities of specialists everywhere, and it is the spirit of our time to create specialists. To bridge over the vast chasm between the Past and the Future, to co-ordinate the opinions and the emotions, to satisfy the heart as well as the brain, to reconcile truth with feeling, duty with happiness, the individual with society, fact and hope, order with progress, religion with science, is no simple task. The task may be looked on as hopeless, the solution of it may be derided as extravagant; but if it were presented to men "by an angel from heaven," it would sound strange to the bulk of hearers, men to whom such a notion is alien, who have sympathy neither with the object nor the mode of pursuing it. Hence the unthinking clamour which Positivism excites. To the pure conservative it offers a fair mark for fierce denunciation. To the jester it offers an opening for easy ridicule, for it offers to him many things on which he has never thought. But by a critic of any self-respect or intelligence it must be treated thoroughly, or not at all. There are persons devoid of any solid knowledge, of the very shreds of intellectual convictions, of any germ of social or religious sympathies,—specialists *ex hypothesi*,—to whom a serious effort to grapple with the great problem of Man on earth is but the occasion for a cultivated sneer, or a cynical appeal to the prejudices of the bigot. *Non ragioniam di lor.*

It must be plain to any one who gives all this a fair judgment that the students of Comte could not possibly suffice for all such controversies, were they ten times as numerous as they are. The critics of Positivism attack on a hundred quarters, and with every weapon, at once. Only those who seriously interest themselves in the progress of thought must remember that they are continually listening to mere travesties, which it is worth no man's while to expose, and to criticisms which no one cares to answer. They would

have only themselves to blame if they choose to suppose that no answer could be given. Now and then some striking case of misrepresentation has to be dealt with ; but, as a rule, the students of Comte are of necessity otherwise engaged. Controversy is alien to the whole genius of Positivism, for the range of objections in detail is entirely infinite. Positivism must make way, if at all, like all efforts at construction, by its synthetic force, by its coherence, and its fitness for the situation. If it has this, it can be neither hindered nor promoted by any controversy, however brilliant as a performance.

It is not an infrequent comment that the points of the Positive system are so widely remote and heterogeneous, that it appears somewhat discursive. They are no doubt far apart from each other, and apparently, perhaps, disconnected. But it would be a most superficial view to regard them as desultory. Now and then these principles are heard of in matters of practical politics,—now in pure science, in religion, in industry, in history, or in philosophy. But this is a necessity of the case, and is a consequence of the connection between all these, which it is the aim of Positivism to enforce, and of their general dependence on common intellectual foundations. Its great principle is, that the errors hitherto committed are due to the separate treatment of these cognate phases of life and thought. And if it treats in turn very different subjects, it is by virtue of this very doctrine that each must be viewed in its relation to the other. That individuals defending these principles wander out of their course, and fall into inconsistencies, is their weakness, not that of the system. Positivism itself stands like an entrenched camp, presenting a continuous chain of works to the beleaguering forces around. Within its own circle the system of defence communicates immediately to, and radiates from, its centre, whilst the attack, being unorganised and ranged in a circle without, is spread over a vastly greater area. It stands as yet almost entirely by the strength of its own walls and the completeness of its works, and not by that of its defenders within.

Metaphor apart, let any one in common fairness consider what students of Comte have to meet. The philosophical basis alone covers a ground far apart from the ordinary education so wide that nothing but general views of it can be possible. To be intelligently convinced of the truth of the Positive Philosophy in a body in such a way as to be a capable exponent, requires, first, a previous preparation which very few have gained ; and, secondly, a weighing of the system by that knowledge step by step, in bulk and in detail, which perhaps not five men in this country have chosen to give. It need not be said that the present writer has as little pretension to belong to one class as to the other. But there is no reason why men, positivist in spirit and in general aim, should feel bound to defend every point in turn in a vast body of philosophy

for which they are not responsible, and which in its entirety they do not pretend to teach. A student of Positivism may hold that which he believes to be true without being concerned to maintain every suggestion of Comte's, which to the infinite wisdom of some critics may appear ridiculous. Deductions of the kind they are fond of treating are just what a serious student bent on mastering a body of principles leaves as open or indifferent matters, and trusts to the future to decide. Besides, even on the assumption that many of these deductions, and even some of these principles, were preposterous or false, still, as Mr. Mill has well pointed out, the same might be said of every known philosopher. Aristotle, Bacon, and Descartes have sown their whole works broadcast with the wildest blunders. What a flood of cheap ridicule their contemporary critics had at their command! What a mass of absurdity might not a smart reader discover who for the first time were to glance through the *Ethics* of Aristotle, or the *Organum* of Bacon! Yet even if the system of Comte were as full of absurdities as those of these philosophers—which I am far from conceding—this would not prevent his philosophy from being as valuable a step in thought as any of the three. There seems a disposition to force men who become students of Comte and accept generally the Positive system, as they might in their day have accepted the Aristotelian or the Baconian philosophy, to defend every statement of Comte's, as if it were a question of verbal inspiration. It seems that men in this country are at liberty to profess themselves adherents of every system of thought but one. A man may—one or two do—study and uphold the principles of Hegel. Benthamism is a creed with living disciples. Mr. Mill may be called the chief of a school. A fair field is open to all of these, at least in any field which is open to freedom of thought. But if a man ventures to treat a public question avowedly from the Positive point of view, he is assailed by professed friends to free inquiry as if he were an enemy of the human race, to whom the ordinary courtesies are denied; and some of the commonest names that he will hear for himself are atheist, fanatic, and conspirator.

Respecting the actual adherents of Comte, perhaps a few words may be permitted, and, indeed, a few are required. It is not usual in this country to "picket" the ordinary doings of a school in politics or opinion, even though you do happen to differ from them. But in the case of Positivism it seems to be thought allowable to dispense with such scruples. Accordingly, the most ordinary utterance of one of those whom they dub as a member of the school is at once set down by anonymous persons as some fresh act of what they are pleased to call "this malignant sect." The mode in use is a very old, a very simple, but not a very candid plan: it consists only in this—the describing every one who has adopted any Positivist

principle as a professed disciple of Comte; next, of attributing to each of such persons everything that any of them or that Comte has at any time countenanced; and lastly, of ascribing to Positivism and to Comte every act and almost every word of any of these persons. And the world seems to relish any preposterous bit of gossip about Positivist churches and ceremonies, schemes, plots, and what not! One can hardly keep one's countenance in doing it, but it seems necessary to state that all this ill-natured gossip is the childish stuff such gossip invariably is. As to telling the world anything about the "sect"—"malignant" or otherwise—there is nothing to tell. Whatever else may be true about Positivism, publicity is its very essence—*vivre au grand jour*—in thought, word, and deed, according to the motto of Comte; and every act and statement it makes is open to any one who cares to look. The utmost publicity about persons, congregations, rites, and preaching, by all means. But the gossip need not be untrue as well as impertinent. As is well known, Dr. Richard Congreve, who has adopted the system and practice of Comte in its entirety, has occasionally made an address to a small audience, and has subsequently published his discourse. He has also from time to time given a course of lectures open to the public. Those who like himself definitely accept Positivism as a religion, and regard themselves as a community, of whom it should be said the present writer is not one, occasionally have met together. But the various observances instituted by Comte are scarcely practicable here. It is obvious that it must be so. A religion, a worship, and an education such as Comte conceived them, are not possible in all their completeness without a body of persons and families steadily desirous of observing them. It need hardly be said that the materials for this do not as yet exist in this country. A system like Positivism does not easily receive complete adherents. It is not like any of the religious, political, or socialist systems—like Swedenborgianism or Communism—a simple doctrine capable of awakening a dominant fanaticism. It cannot possibly be preached beside a hedge or in a workshop, and gain converts by the score, like Methodism or Chartism. To promulgate it duly requires a fresh education, followed by a long course of systematic meditation. To form an honest and solid conviction upon a body of philosophy thus encyclopædic requires years of study. Accordingly, the number of those who have completely accepted the system of Comte as a religion, amongst whom it has been said the present writer cannot count himself, is small. To treat every student of Positivism and avowed adherent of Comte's system as a member of a sort of secret society, and then to pretend that this supposed society is engaged in a series of religious and political plots, the amusement of some busybodies, is an idle impertinence. These tales are worthy only of an imperialist journal

describing an apparition of the Spectre Rouge. The fact that there are men not so nervously afraid of being associated with an unpopular cause as to be engaging in constant controversy or defence, is no honest ground for including them in a body to which they do not belong, for fastening on them any design, whether they have countenanced it or not, and any opinion, whether they adopt it or not. That there are men who think it their duty to say plainly what they think, and to say it always under the guarantee of their own names, is no good cause, though it makes it easy for masqued opponents to eke out the *argumentum ad rationem* by a free use of the *argumentum ad hominem*. If all such attacks, which are the portion of any man who dares to treat a question from the Positivist point of view, are for the most part unanswered and unnoticed, the reason most assuredly is, not that they are true, but that they are unworthy of answer.¹

But enough of such matters. These petty questions of an hour are but dust in the balance by which this question must be weighed. However little it may be thought that Positivism has solved its problem, it can hardly be said that the time is not ripe for its task, that there is nothing that calls for solution. Into what a chaos and deadlock is opinion reduced in spiritual as in practical things! Who seriously looks for harmony to arise out of the Babel of sects which have arisen amid the *débris* of the Catholic Church? Or are any of the Pantheist or Deist dreams more likely to give unity to the human race? The dogmas of Christianity have been by some refined and adapted away until nothing is left of them but an aspiration. Can an aspiration master the wild confusion of brain and will? And has even the most unsparing of adaptations brought the ancient faith really more near to true science or to active life? To science, that which cannot be reduced to law is that which cannot be known, and the unknowable is a thing of naught. Activity on earth can be regulated only by a real not a fictitious, a natural not a supernatural, standard. By their very terms, then, the various forms of spiritualism shut themselves off from the world of knowledge and the world of action; and, more or less distinctly, they assume an attitude of antagonism to both.

And yet, on the other hand, is there any better prospect of harmony in the ignoring of religion altogether? The men of science and of action from time to time form desperate hopes for the triumph of their own ideas and the ultimate extinction of religious sentiment. With them it is a morbid growth of the human mind—a weakness

(1) This language is not used without cause. Positivism, and those who have more or less definitely professed its principles, have been repeatedly charged with abetting the principle of military despotism, the Sheffield murderers, the Fenian rebellion, sedition and revolution at home. It need merely be said that no man has dared or is likely to repeat these calumnies with the responsibility of his name.

bred of ignorance or inaction. They chafe under the grossness of an age which will not be content with the pure love of truth or with the fruits of material success. Yet to how shallow and slight a hope do they trust! Human nature under the influence of its deepest sentiments—veneration, adoration, and devotion—rises up from time to time, and snaps their thin webs like tow. Errors a thousand times refuted spring up again with new life. The instinct of religious feeling is paramount as well as indestructible, and philosophy and politics are in turn confounded by its force. It is an internecine struggle, in which they seem fated eternally to contend, but in which neither can crush its opponent.

In political matters is there any foundation more sure? Constitutions, suffrages, and governments are alike discredited. Some cry for one reform, some for another; but where is the prospect of agreement? The best institutions of the age men cling to at most as stop-gaps, as the practical solution of a shifting problem. But useful as they may be, who believes in them as things of the future, destined to guide man's course as a social being? What a chaos of plans, nostrums, and watch-cries!—how little trust, or hope, or rest!

In things social is the prospect brighter? Is the question of rich and poor, of labour and capital, of health and industry, of personal freedom and public well-being, so much nearer to its answer than it was? With our great cities decimated by disease, famine, pauperism—with the war of master and servant growing louder and deeper—the corruption of industry increasing—and the whole world of commerce and manufactures swept from time to time by hurricanes of ruin and fraud,—is it a time to indulge in visions of content? We all have hope, it is true, in the force of civilisation, in the noble elements of progress, and in the destiny of the human race; but by what path or course they may arrive at the goal what man shall say?

In such a state of things Positivism comes forward with its system of ideas, which, at the least, is comprehensive as well as uniform. To some its solution may appear premature, to some incomplete, to others erroneous. But what thoughtful mind, amongst those to whom the social and religious forms of the past are no longer a living thing, can honestly assert that no such problem as it attempts to solve exists at all, or that this problem is already solved?

FREDERIC HARRISON.

NOTES ON LEONARDO DA VINCI.

IN Vasari's life of Leonardo da Vinci as we now read it there are some variations from the first edition. There, the painter who has fixed the outward type of Christ for succeeding centuries was a bold speculator, holding lightly by other men's beliefs, setting philosophy above Christianity. Words of his, trenchant enough to justify this impression, are not recorded, and would have been out of keeping with a genius of which one characteristic is a tendency to lose itself in a refined and graceful mystery. The suspicion was but the time-honoured form in which the world stamps its appreciation of one who has thoughts for himself alone, his high indifferentism, his intolerance of the common forms of things; and in the second edition the image was changed into something fainter and more conventional. But it is still by a certain mystery in his work, and something enigmatical beyond the usual measure of great men, that he fascinates, or perhaps half repels. His life is one of sudden revolts, with intervals in which he works not at all, or apart from the main scope of his work. By a strange fortune the works on which his more popular fame rested disappeared early from the world, as the *Battle of the Standard*; or are mixed obscurely with the work of meaner hands, as the *Last Supper*. His type of beauty is so exotic that it fascinates a larger number than it delights, and seems more than that of any other artist to reflect ideas and views and some scheme of the world within, so that he seemed to his contemporaries to be the possessor of some unsanctified and secret wisdom, as to Michelet and others to have anticipated modern ideas. He trifles with his genius, and crowds all his chief work into a few tormented years of later life; yet he is so possessed by his genius that he passes unmoved through the most tragic events, overwhelming his country and friends, like one who comes across them by chance on some secret errand.

His *legend*, as the French say, with the anecdotes which every one knows, is one of the most brilliant in Vasari. Later writers merely copied it, until, in 1804, Carlo Amoretti applied to it a criticism which left hardly a date fixed, and not one of those anecdotes intact. And now a French writer, M. Arsène Houssaye, gathering all that is known about Leonardo in an easily accessible form, has done for the third of the three great masters what Grimm has done for Michael Angelo, and Passavant, long since, for Raffaello. Antiquarianism has no more to do. For others remain the editing of the thirteen books of his manuscripts, and the separation by technical criticism of what

in his reputed works is really his, from what is only half his or the work of his pupils. But a lover of strange souls may still analyse for himself the impression made on him by those works, and try to reach through it a definition of the chief elements of Leonardo's genius. The Legend, corrected and enlarged by its critics, may now and then intervene to support the results of this analysis.

His life has three divisions,—thirty years at Florence, nearly twenty years at Milan, then nineteen years of wandering, till he sinks to rest under the protection of Francis I. at the Château de Clou. The dishonour of illegitimacy hangs over his birth. Piero Antonio, his father, was of a noble Florentine house, of Vinci in the Val d'Arno, and Leonardo, brought up delicately among the true children of that house, was the love-child of his youth, with the keen puissant nature such children often have. We see him in his youth fascinating all men by his beauty, improvising music and songs, buying the caged birds and setting them free as he walked the streets of Florence, fond of odd bright dresses and spirited horses.

From his earliest years he designed many objects, and constructed models in relief, of which Vasari mentions some of women smiling. Signor Piero, thinking over this promise in the child, took him to the workshop of Andrea del Verrocchio, then the most famous artist in Florence. Beautiful objects lay about there,—reliquaries, pyxes, silver images for the Pope's chapel at Rome, strange fancy work of the middle age keeping odd company with fragments of antiquity, then but lately discovered. Another student Leonardo may have seen there—a boy into whose soul the level light and aerial illusions of Italian sunsets had passed, in after days famous as Perugino. Verrocchio was an artist of the earlier Florentine type, carver, painter, and worker in metals in one; designer, not of pictures only, but of all things for sacred or household use, drinking-vessels, ambries, instruments of music, making them all fair to look upon, filling the common ways of life with the reflection of some far-off brightness; and years of patience had refined his hand till his work was now sought after from distant places.

It happened that Verrocchio was employed by the brethren of Vallombrosa to paint the Baptism of Christ, and Leonardo was allowed to finish an angel in the left-hand corner. It was one of those moments in which the progress of a great thing—here that of the art of Italy—presses hard and sharp on the happiness of an individual, through whose discouragement and decrease humanity, in more fortunate persons, comes a step nearer to its final success.

For beneath the cheerful exterior of the mere well-paid craftsman, chasing brooches for the copes of Santa Maria Novella, or twisting metal screens for the tombs of the Medici, lay the ambitious desire of

expanding the destiny of Italian art by a larger knowledge and insight into things—a purpose in art not unlike Leonardo's still unconscious purpose; and often, in the modelling of drapery, or of a lifted arm, or of hair cast back from the face, there came to him something of the freer manner and richer humanity of a later age. But in this Baptism the pupil had surpassed the master; and Verrocchio turned away as one stunned, and as if his sweet earlier work must thereafter be distasteful to him, from the bright animated angel of Leonardo's hand.

The angel may still be seen in Florence, a space of sunlight in the cold, laboured old picture; but the legend is true only in sentiment, for painting had always been the art by which Verrocchio set least store. And as in a sense he anticipates Leonardo, so to the last Leonardo recalls the studio of Verrocchio, in the love of beautiful toys, such as the vessel of water for a mirror and lovely needlework about the implicated hands in the Modesty and Vanity, and of reliefs, like those cameos which in *The Virgin*, of the Balances hang all round the girdle of St. Michael, and of bright variegated stones, such as the agates in the Saint Anne, and in a hieratic preciseness and grace, as of a sanctuary swept and garnished. Amid all the cunning and intricacy of his Lombard manner this never left him. Much of it there must have been in that lost picture of Paradise, which he prepared as a cartoon for tapestry to be woven in the looms of Flanders. It was the apex of the older Florentine style of miniature painting, with patient putting of each leaf upon the trees and each flower in the grass, where the first man and woman were standing.

And because it was the perfection of that style, it awoke in Leonardo some seed of discontent which lay in the secret places of his nature. For the way to perfection is through a series of disgusts; and this picture—all that he had done so far in his life at Florence—was after all in the old slight manner. His art, if it was to be something in the world, must be weighted with more of the meaning of nature and purpose of humanity. Nature was “the true mistress of higher intelligences.” So he plunged into the study of nature. And in doing this he followed the manner of the older students; he brooded over the hidden virtues of plants and crystals, the lines traced by the stars as they moved in the sky, over the correspondences which exist between the different orders of living things, through which, to eyes opened, they interpret each other; and for years he seemed to those about him as one listening to a voice silent for other men.

He learned here the art of going deep, of tracking the sources of expression to their subtlest retreats, the power of an intimate presence in the things he handled. He did not at once or entirely break with

art; only he was no longer the cheerful objective painter, through whose soul, as through clear glass, the bright figures of Florentine life, only made a little mellowed and more pensive by the transit, passed on to the white wall. He wasted many days in curious tricks of design, seeming to lose himself in the spinning of intricate devices of lines and colours. He was smitten with a love of the impossible—the perforation of mountains, changing the course of rivers, raising great buildings, such as Giovanni Church, in the air; all those feats for the performance of which natural magic professes to have the key. Later writers, indeed, see in these efforts an anticipation of modern mechanics; in him they were rather dreams, thrown off by the overwrought and labouring brain. Two ideas were especially fixed in him, as reflexes of things that had touched his brain in childhood beyond the measure of other impressions—the smiling of women and the motion of great waters.

And in such studies some interfusion of the extremes of beauty and terror shaped itself, as an image that might be seen and touched, in the mind of this gracious youth, so fixed, that for the rest of his life it never left him; and as catching glimpses of it in the strange eyes or hair of chance people, he would follow such about the streets of Florence till the sun went down, of whom many sketches of his remain. Some of these are full of a curious beauty, that remote beauty apprehended only by those who have sought it carefully; who, starting with acknowledged types of beauty, have refined as far upon these as these refine upon the world of common forms. But mingled inextricably with this there is an element of mockery also; so that, whether in sorrow or scorn, he caricatures Dante even. Legions of grotesques sweep under his hand; for has not nature, too, her grotesques—the rent rock, the distorting light of evening on lonely roads, the unveiled structure of man in the embryo or the skeleton?

All these swarming fancies unite in the Medusa of the Uffizj. Vasari's story of an earlier Medusa, painted on a wooden shield, is perhaps an invention; and yet, properly told, has more of the air of truth about it than anything else in the whole legend. For its real subject is not the serious work of a man, but the experiment of a child. The lizards and glowworms and other strange small creatures which haunt an Italian vineyard bring before one the whole picture of a child's life in a Tuscan dwelling, half castle, half farm; and are as true to nature as the pretended astonishment of the father for whom the boy has prepared a surprise. It was not in play that he painted that other Medusa, the one great picture which he left behind him in Florence. The subject has been treated in various ways; Leonardo alone cuts to its centre; he alone realises it as the head of a corpse, exercising its power through all the circumstances

of death. What we may call the fascination of corruption penetrates in every touch its exquisitely-finished beauty. About the dainty lines of the cheek a rabbit creeps unheeded. The delicate snakes seem literally strangling each other in terrified struggle to escape from the Medusa brain. The hue which violent death always brings with it is in the features—features singularly massive and grand, as we catch them inverted, in a dexterous foreshortening, sloping upwards, almost sliding down upon us, crown foremost, like a great calm stone against which the wave of serpents breaks. But it is a subject that may well be left to the beautiful verses of Shelley.

The science of that age was all divination, clairvoyance, unsubjected to our exact modern formulas, seeking in an instant of vision to concentrate a thousand experiences. Later writers, thinking only of the well-ordered treatise on painting which a Frenchman, Raffaele du Fresne, a hundred years after, compiled from Leonardo's bewildered manuscripts, written strangely, as his manner was, from right to left, have imagined a rigid order in his inquiries. But such rigid order was little in accordance with the restlessness of his character; and if we think of him as the mere reasoner who subjects design to anatomy, and composition to mathematical rules, we shall hardly have of him that impression which those about him received from him. Poring over his crucibles, making experiments with colour, trying by a strange variation of the alchemist's dream to discover the secret, not of an elixir to make man's natural life immortal, but rather of giving immortality to the subtlest and most delicate effects of painting, he seemed to them rather the sorcerer or the magician, possessed of curious secrets and a hidden knowledge, living in a world of which he alone possessed the key. What his philosophy seems to have been most like is that of Paracelsus or Cardan; and much of the spirit of the older alchemy still hangs about it, with its confidence in short cuts and odd by-ways to knowledge. To him philosophy was to be something giving strange swiftness and double sight, divining the sources of springs beneath the earth or of expression beneath the human countenance, clairvoyant of occult gifts in common or uncommon things, in the reed at the brook-side or the star which draws near to us but once in a century. How in this way the clear purpose was overclouded, the fine chaser's hand perplexed, we but dimly see; the mystery which at no point quite lifts from Leonardo's life is thickest here. But it is certain that at one period of his life he had almost ceased to be an artist.

The year 1483—year of the birth of Raffaele and the thirty-first of Leonardo's life—is fixed as the date of his visit to Milan by the letter in which he recommends himself to Ludovico Sforza, and offers to tell him for a price strange secrets in the art of war. It was that Sforza who murdered his young nephew by slow poison, yet was so

susceptible to religious impressions that he turned his worst passions into a kind of religious cultus, and who took for his device the mulberry tree—symbol, in its long delay and sudden yielding of flowers and fruit together, of a wisdom which economises all forces for an opportunity of sudden and sure effect. The fame of Leonardo had gone before him, and he was to model a colossal statue of Francesco, the first duke. As for Leonardo himself, he came not as an artist at all, or careful of the fame of one; but as a player on the harp—strange harp of silver of his own construction, shaped in some curious likeness to a horse's skull. The capricious spirit of Ludovico was susceptible to the charm of music, and Leonardo's nature had a kind of spell in it. Fascination is always the word descriptive of him. No portrait of his youth remains; but all tends to make us believe that up to this time some charm of voice and aspect, strong enough to balance the disadvantage of his birth, had played about him. His physical strength was great; it was said that he could bend a horse-shoe like a coil of lead.

The Duomo, work of artists from beyond the Alps, so fantastic to a Florentine used to the mellow, unbroken surfaces of Giotto and Arnolfo, was then in all its freshness; and below, in the streets of Milan, moved a people as fantastic, changeful, and dreamlike. To Leonardo least of all men could there be anything poisonous in the exotic flowers of sentiment which grew there. It was a life of exquisite amusements—Leonardo became a celebrated designer of pageants—and brilliant sins; and it suited the quality of his genius, composed in almost equal parts of curiosity and the desire of beauty, to take things as they came.

Curiosity and the desire of beauty! They are the two elementary forces in Leonardo's genius; curiosity often in conflict with the desire of beauty, but generating, in union with it, a type of subtle and curious grace.

The movement of the thirteenth century was twofold: partly the Renaissance, partly also the coming of what is called the modern spirit, with its realism, its appeal to experience; it comprehended a return to antiquity, and a return to nature. Raffaele represents the return to antiquity, and Leonardo the return to nature. In this return to nature he was seeking to satisfy a boundless curiosity by her perpetual surprises, a microscopic sense of finish by her finesse, or delicacy of operation, that *subtilitas naturæ* which Bacon notices. So we find him often in intimate relations with men of science, with Fra Luca Paccioli the mathematician, and the anatomist Marc Antonio della Torre. His observations and experiments fill thirteen volumes of manuscript; and those who can judge describe him as anticipating long before, by rapid intuition, the later ideas of science. He explained the obscure light of the unilluminated part of the

moon, knew that the sea had once covered the mountains which contain shells, and the gathering of the equatorial waters above the polar.

He who thus penetrated into the most secret parts of nature preferred always the more to the less remote, what, seeming exceptional, was an instance of law more refined, the construction about things of a peculiar atmosphere and mixed lights. He paints flowers with such curious felicity that different writers have attributed to him a fondness for particular flowers, as Clement the cyclamen, and Rio the jasmine; while at Venice there is a stray leaf from his portfolio dotted all over with studies of violets and the wild rose. In him first appears the taste for what is *bizarre* or *recherché* in landscape—hollow places full of the green shadow of bituminous rocks, ridged reefs of trap-rock which cut the water into quaint sheets of light—their exact antitype is in our own western seas—all solemn effects of moving water; you may follow it springing from its distant source among the rocks on the heath of the Madonna of the Balances, passing as a little fall into the treacherous calm of the Madonna of the Lake, next, as a goodly river below the cliffs of the Madonna of the Rocks, washing the white walls of its distant villages, stealing out in a network of divided streams in La Gioconda to the sea-shore of the Saint Anne,—that delicate place, where the wind passes like the hand of some fine etcher over the surface, and the untorn shells lie thick upon the sand, and the tops of the rocks, to which the waves never rise, are green with grass grown fine as hair. It is the landscape, not of dreams or fancy, but of places far withdrawn, and hours selected from a thousand with a miracle of finesse. Through his strange veil of sight things reach him so; in no ordinary night or day, but as in faint light of eclipse, or in some brief interval of falling rain at daybreak, or through deep water.

And not into nature only; but he plunged also into human personality, and became above all a painter of portraits; faces of a modelling more skilful than has been seen before or since, embodied with a reality which almost amounts to illusion on dark air. To take a character as it was, and delicately sound its stops, suited one so curious in observation, curious in invention. So he painted the portraits of Ludovico's mistresses, Lucretia Crivelli and Cecilia Galerani the poetess, of Ludovico himself, and the Duchess Beatrice. The portrait of Cecilia Galerani is lost, but that of Lucretia Crivelli has been identified with La Belle Feronière of the Louvre, and Ludovico's pale, anxious face still remains in the Ambrosian. Opposite is the portrait of Beatrice d'Este, in whom Leonardo seems to have caught some presentiment of early death, painting her precise and grave, full of the refinement of the dead, in sad earth-coloured raiment, set with pale stones.

Sometimes this curiosity came in conflict with the desire of beauty; it tended to make him go too far below that outside of things in which art begins and ends. This struggle between the reason and its ideas and the senses, the desire of beauty, is the key to Leonardo's life at Milan—his restlessness, his endless retouchings, his odd experiments with colour. How much must he leave unfinished, how much recommence! His problem was the transmutation of ideas into images. What he had attained so far had been the mastery of that earlier Florentine style, with its naïve and limited sensuousness. Now he was to entertain in this narrow medium those divinations of a humanity too wide for it—that larger vision of the opening world which is only not too much for the great irregular art of Shakespeare; and everywhere the effort is visible in the work of his hands. This agitation, this perpetual delay, gave him an air of weariness and ennui. To others he seems to be aiming at an impossible effect, to do something that art, that painting, can never do. Often the expression of physical beauty at this or that point seems strained and marred in the effort, as in those heavy German foreheads—too heavy and German for perfect beauty.

There was a touch of Germany in that genius which, as Goethe said, had "*müde sich gedacht*," *thought itself weary*. What an anticipation of modern Germany, for instance, in that debate on the question whether sculpture or painting is the nobler art!¹ But there is this difference between him and the German, that, with all that curious science, the German would have thought nothing more was needed; and the name of Goethe himself reminds one how great for the artist may be the danger of over-much science; how Goethe, who, in the *Elective Affinities* and the first part of *Faust*, does transmute ideas into images, who wrought many such transmutations, did not invariably find the spell-word, and in the second part of *Faust*, presents us with a mass of science which has no artistic character at all. But Leonardo will never work till the happy moment comes—that moment of *bien-être*, which to imaginative men is a moment of invention. On this moment he waits; other moments are but a preparation or after-taste of it. Few men distinguish between them as jealously as he did. Hence so many flaws even in the choicest work. But for Leonardo the distinction is absolute, and in the moment of *bien-être* the alchemy complete; the idea is stricken into colour and imagery; a cloudy mysticism is refined to a subdued and graceful mystery, and painting pleases the eye while it satisfies the soul.

This curious beauty is seen above all in his drawings, and in these chiefly in the abstract grace of the bounding lines. Let us take

(1) How princely, how characteristic of Leonardo, the answer, "*Quanto piu', un' arte porta seco fatica di corpo, tanto più è vile!*"

some of these drawings, and pause over them awhile; and, first, one of those at Florence—the heads of a woman and a little child, set side by side, but each in its own separate frame. First of all, there is something exquisitely tender in the re-appearance in the fuller curves of the child, of the sharper, more chastened lines of the worn and older face, which leaves no doubt that the heads are those of a little child and its mother, indicative of a feeling for maternity always characteristic of Leonardo; a feeling further indicated here by the half-humorous pathos of the diminutive rounded shoulders of the child. You may note a like tenderness in drawings of a young man, seated in a stooping posture, his face in his hands, as in sorrow; of a slave sitting in an uneasy sitting attitude in some brief interval of rest; of a small Madonna and Child, peeping sideways in half-reassured terror, as a mighty griffin with bat-like wings—one of Leonardo's finest *inventions*,—descends suddenly from the air to snatch up a lion wandering near them. But note in these, as that which especially belongs to art, the contour of the young man's hair, the poise of the slave's arm above his head, and the curves of the head of the child, following the little skull within, thin and fine as some sea-shell worn by the wind.

Take again another head, still more full of sentiment, but of a different kind—a little red chalk drawing, which every one remembers who has seen the drawings at the Louvre. It is a face of doubtful sex, set in the shadow of its own hair, the cheek-line in high light against it, with something voluptuous and full in the eyelids and the lips. Another drawing might pass for the same face in childhood, with parched and feverish lips, but with much sweetness in the loose, short-waisted, childish dress, with necklace and bulla, and the daintily bound hair. We might take the thread of suggestion which these two drawings offer, thus set side by side, and, following it through the drawings at Florence, Venice, and Milan, construct a sort of series, illustrating better than anything else Leonardo's type of womanly beauty. Daughters of Herodias, their fantastic head-dresses knotted and folded so strangely, to leave the dainty oval of the face disengaged, they are not of the Christian family, or of Raffaello's. They are the clairvoyants, through whom, as through delicate instruments, one becomes aware of the subtler forces of nature, and the modes of their action, all that is magnetic in it, all those finer conditions wherein material things rise to that subtlety of operation which constitutes them spiritual, where only the finer nerve and the keener touch can follow; it is as if in certain revealing instances we actually saw them at their work on human flesh. Nervous, electric, faint always with some inexplicable faintness, they seem to be subject to exceptional conditions, to feel powers at work in the common air unfelt by others, to become, as

it were, receptacles of them, and pass them on to us in a chain of secret influences.

But among the more youthful heads there is one at Florence which Love chooses for its own—the head of a young man, which may well be the likeness of Salaino, beloved of Leonardo for his curled and waving hair—*belli capelli ricci e inanellati*—and afterwards his favourite pupil and servant. Of all the interests in living men and women which may have filled his life at Milan, this attachment alone is recorded; and in return, Salaino identified himself so entirely with Leonardo, that the picture of St. Anne, in the Louvre, has been attributed to him. It illustrates Leonardo's usual choice of pupils—men of some natural charm of person or intercourse, like Salaino; or men of birth and princely habits of life, like Francisco Melzi—men with just enough genius to be capable of initiation into his secret, for which they were ready to efface their own individuality. Among them, retiring often to the villa of the Melzi at Canonica al Vaprio, he worked at his fugitive manuscripts and sketches, working for the present hour, and for a few only, perhaps chiefly for himself. Other artists have been as careless of present or future applause, in self-forgetfulness, or because they set moral or political ends above the ends of art; but in him this solitary culture of beauty seems to have hung upon a kind of self-love, and a carelessness in the work of art of all but art itself. Out of the secret places of a unique temperament he brought strange blossoms and fruits hitherto unknown; and for him the novel impression conveyed, the exquisite effect woven, counted as an end in itself—a perfect end.

And these pupils of his acquired his manner so thoroughly, that though the number of Leonardo's authentic works is very small indeed, there is a multitude of other men's pictures, through which we undoubtedly see him, and come very near to his genius. Sometimes, as in the little picture of the Madonna of the Balances, in which, from the bosom of his mother, Christ weighs the pebbles of the brook against the sins of men, we have a hand, rough enough by contrast, working on some fine hint or sketch of his. Sometimes, as in the subjects of the daughter of Herodias and the head of John the Baptist, the lost originals have been re-echoed and varied upon again and again by Luini and others. At other times the original remains, but has been a mere theme or motive, a type of which the accessories might be modified or changed; and these variations have but brought out the more the purpose or expression of the original. It is so with the so-called St. John the Baptist of the Louvre—one of the few naked figures Leonardo painted—whose delicate brown flesh and woman's hair no one would go out into the wilderness to seek, and whose treacherous smile would have us understand something far beyond the outward gesture or circum-

stance. But the long reed-like cross in the hand, which suggests John the Baptist, becomes faint in a copy at the Ambrosian, and disappears altogether in another in the Palazzo Rosso at Genoa. Returning from the last to the original, we are no longer surprised by St. John's strange likeness to the Bacchus, which hangs near it, which set Gautier thinking of Heine's notion of decayed gods, who, to maintain themselves, took employment in the new religion. We recognise one of those symbolical inventions in which the ostensible subject is used, not as matter for definite pictorial realization, but as the starting-point of a train of sentiment, subtle and vague as a piece of music. No one ever ruled over his subject more entirely than Leonardo, or bent it more dexterously to purely artistic ends. And so it comes to pass that though he handles sacred subjects continually, he is the most profane of painters; the given person or subject, Saint John in the Desert, or the Virgin on the Knees of Saint Anne, is often merely the pretext for a kind of work which carries one quite out of the range of its conventional associations.

About the Last Supper, its decay and restorations, a whole literature has risen up, Goethe's pensive sketch of its sad fortunes being far the best. The death in child-birth of the Duchess Beatrice, was followed in Ludovico by one of those paroxysms of religious feeling which in him were constitutional. The low gloomy, Dominican church of Saint Mary of the Graces had been the favourite shrine of Beatrice. She had spent her last days there, full of sinister presentiments; at last it had been almost necessary to remove her from it by force. And now it was here that mass was said a hundred times a day for her repose; and a mania for restoring churches took possession of the duke. So on the damp wall of the refectory, oozing with mineral salts, Leonardo painted the Last Supper. A hundred anecdotes were told about it, his retouchings and delays. They show him refusing to work except at the moment of invention, scornful of whoever thought that art was a work of mere industry and rule, often coming the whole length of Milan to give a single touch. He painted it, not in fresco, where all must be *impromptu*, but in oils, the new method which he had been one of the first to welcome, because it allowed of so many after-thoughts, such a refined working out of perfection. It turned out that on a plastered wall no process could have been less durable. Within fifty years it had fallen into decay. Protestants, who always found themselves much edified by a certain biblical turn in it, have multiplied all sorts of bad copies and engravings of it. And now we have to turn back to Leonardo's own studies,—above all, to one drawing of the central head at the Brera, which in a union of tenderness and severity in the face-lines, reminds one of the monumental work of Mino da Fiesole,—to trace it as it was.

It was another effort to set a thing out of the range of its conventional associations. Strange, after all the misrepresentations of the Middle Age, was the effort to see it, not as the pale host of the altar, but as one taking leave of his friends. Five years after, the young Raffaello, at Florence, painted it with sweet and solemn effect in the refectory of Saint Onofrio; but still with all the mystical unreality of the school of Perugino. Vasari pretends that the central head was never finished. Well; finished or unfinished, or owing part of its effect to a mellowing decay, this central head does but consummate the sentiment of the whole company—ghosts through which you see the wall, faint as the shadows of the leaves upon the wall on autumn afternoons; this figure is but the faintest, most spectral of them all. It is the image of what the history it symbolises has been more and more ever since, paler and paler as it recedes from us. Criticism came with its appeal from mystical unrealities to originals, and restored no life-like reality but these transparent shadows—spirits which have not flesh and bones.

The Last Supper was finished in 1497; in 1498 the French entered Milan, and whether or not the Gascon bowmen used it as a mark for their arrows,¹ the model of the Sforza certainly did not survive. Ludovico became a prisoner, and the remaining years of Leonardo's life are more or less years of wandering. From his brilliant life at court he had saved nothing, and he returned to Florence a poor man. Perhaps necessity kept his spirit excited: the next four years are one prolonged rapture or ecstasy of invention. He painted the pictures of the Louvre, his most authentic works, which came there straight from the cabinet of Francis I. at Fontainebleau. One picture of his, the Saint Anne—not the Saint Anne of the Louvre, but a mere cartoon now in London—revived for a moment a sort of appreciation more common in an earlier time, when good pictures had still seemed miraculous; and for two days a crowd of people of all qualities passed in naïve excitement through the chamber where it hung, and gave him a taste of Cimabue's triumph. But his work was less with the saints than with the living women of Florence; for he moved still in the polished society that he loved, and in the salons of Florence, left perhaps a little subject to light thoughts by the death of Savonarola, (the latest gossip is of an undraped Monna Lisa, found in some out-of-the-way corner of the late Orleans collection), he met Ginevra di Benci, and Lisa, the young third wife of Francesco del Giocondo. As we have seen him using incidents of the sacred legend, not for their own sake, or as mere subjects for pictorial realisation, but as a symbolical language for fancies all his own, so now he found a vent for his thoughts in taking one of these

(1) M. Arsène Houssaye comes to save the credit of his countrymen.

languid women, and raising her as Leda or Pomona, Modesty or Vanity, to the seventh heaven of symbolical expression.

La Gioconda is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece—the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. In suggestiveness, only the *Melancholia* of Dürer is comparable to it; and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least.¹ As often happens with works in which invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master. In that inestimable folio of drawings, once in the possession of Vasari, were certain designs by Verrocchio—faces of such impressive beauty that Leonardo in his boyhood copied them many times. It is hard not to connect with these designs of the elder by-past master, as with its germinal principle, the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it, which plays over all Leonardo's work. Besides the picture is a portrait. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams; and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By what strange affinities had she and the dream grown thus apart, yet so closely together? Present from the first incorporeal in Leonardo's thought, dimly traced in the designs of Verrocchio, she is found present at last in *Il Giocondo's* house. That there is much of mere portraiture in the picture is attested by the legend that by artificial means, the presence of mimes and flute-players, that subtle expression was protracted on the face. Again, was it in four years and by renewed labour never really completed, or in four months, and as by stroke of magic, that the image was projected?

The presence that thus so strangely rose beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years man had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh—the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed? All the thoughts and experiences of the world have etched and moulded there in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form—the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the

(1) Yet for Vasari there was some further magic of crimson in the lips and cheeks, lost for us.

Middle Age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly, Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea.

During these years at Florence Leonardo's history is the history of his art; he himself is lost in the bright cloud of it. The outward history begins again in 1502, with a wild journey through central Italy, which he makes as the chief engineer of Cæsar Borgia. The biographer, putting together the stray jottings of his MSS., may follow him through every day of it, up the strange tower of Sienna, which looks towards Rome, elastic like a bent bow, down to the sea-shore at Piombino, each place appearing as fitfully as in a fever dream.

One other great work was left for him to do—a work all trace of which soon vanished—the Battle of the Standard, in which he had for his rival Michael Angelo. The citizens of Florence, desiring to decorate the walls of the great council chambers, had offered the work for competition, and any subject might be chosen from the Florentine wars of the fifteenth century. Michael Angelo chose for his cartoon an incident of the war with Pisa, in which the Florentine soldiers, bathing in the Arno, are surprised by the sound of trumpets, and run to arms. His design has reached us only in an old engraving, which perhaps would help us less than what we remember of the background of his Holy Family in the Uffizj to imagine in what superhuman form, such as might have beguiled the heart of an earlier world, those figures may have risen from the water. Leonardo chose an incident from the battle of Anghiari, in which two parties of soldiers fight for a standard. Like Michael Angelo's, his cartoon is lost, and has come to us only in sketches and a fragment of Rubens. Through the accounts given we may discern some lust of terrible things in it, so that even the horses tore each other with their teeth; and yet one fragment of it, in a drawing of his at Florence, is far different—a waving field of lovely armour, the chased edgings running like lines of sunlight from side to side.

Michael Angelo was twenty-seven years old ; Leonardo more than fifty ; and Raffaello, then nineteen years old, visiting Florence for the first time, came and watched them as they worked.

We catch a glimpse of him again at Rome in 1514, surrounded by his mirrors and vials and furnaces, making strange toys that seemed alive of wax and quicksilver. The hesitation which had haunted him all through life, and made him like one under a spell, was on him now with double force. No one had ever carried political indifference farther ; it had always been his philosophy to " fly before the storm ;" he is out with the Sforzas and in with the Sforzas as the tide of fortune turns. Yet now he was suspected by the anti-Gallican, Medicean society at Rome, of French leanings. It paralysed him to find himself among enemies ; and he turned wholly to France, which had long courted him.

France was going to be an Italy more Italian than Italy itself. Francis I., like Louis XII. before him, was attracted by the finesse of Leonardo's work. La Gioconda was already in his cabinet, and he offered Leonardo the little Château de Clou, with its vineyards and meadows, in the soft valley of the Masse—not too far from the great outer sea. M. Arsène Houssaye has succeeded in giving a pensive local colour to this part of his subject, with which, as a Frenchman, he could best deal. " A Monsieur Lyonard, peinteur du Roy pour Amboyse," so the letter of Francis I. is headed. It opens a prospect—one of the most attractive in the history of art—where, under a strange mixture of lights, Italian art dies away as a French exotic. M. Houssaye does but touch it lightly, and it would carry us beyond the present essay if we allowed ourselves to be seduced by its interest.

Two questions remain, after all busy antiquarianism, concerning Leonardo's death—the question of his religion, and the question whether Francis I. was present at the time. They are of about equally little importance in the estimate of Leonardo's genius. The directions in his will about the thirty masses and the great candles for the church of St. Florentin are things of course—their real purpose being immediate and practical ; and on no theory of religion could such hurried candle-burning be of much consequence. We forget them in speculating how one who had been always so desirous of beauty, but desired it always in such precise and definite forms, as hands or flowers or hair, looked forward now into the vague land, and experienced the last curiosity.

WALTER H. PATER.

INTERCESSION.

Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituum te saluto.

I.

O DEATH, a little more, and then the worm ;
A little longer, O Death, a little yet,
Before the grave gape and the grave-worm fret ;
Before the sanguine-spotted hand infirm
Be rottenness, and that foul brain, the germ
Of all ill things and thoughts, be stopped and set ;
A little while, O Death, ere he forget,
A small space more of life, a little term ;
A little longer ere he and thou be met,
Ere in that hand that fed thee to thy mind
The poison-cup of life be overset ;
A little respite of disastrous breath,
Till the soul lift up her lost eyes, and find
Nor God nor help nor hope, but thee, O Death.

II.

Shall a man die before his dying day,
Death ? and for him though the utter day be nigh,
Not yet, not yet we give him leave to die ;
We give him grace not yet that men should say
He is dead, wiped out, perished and past away.
Till the last bitterness of life go by,
Thou shalt not slay him ; till those last dregs run dry,
O thou last lord of life ! thou shalt not slay.
Let the lips live a little while and lie,
The hand a little, and falter, and fail of strength,
And the soul shudder and sicken at the sky ;
Yea, let him live, though God nor man would let
Save for the curse' sake ; then at bitter length,
Lord, will we yield him to thee, but not yet.

III.

Hath he not deeds to do and days to see
Yet ere the day that is to see him dead ?
Beats there no brain yet in the poisonous head,
Throbs there no treason ? if no such thing there be,
If no such thought, surely this is not he.
Look to the hands then ; are the hands not red ?
What are the shadows about this man's bed ?
Death, was not this the cup-bearer to thee ?
Nay, let him live then, till in this life's stead
Even he shall pray for that thou hast to give ;
Till seeing his hopes and not his memories fled
Even he shall cry upon thee a bitter cry,
That life is worse than death ; then let him live,
Till death seem worse than life ; then let him die.

IV.

O watcher at the guardless gate of kings,
O doorkeeper that serving at their feast
Hast in thine hand their doomsday drink, and seest
With eyeless sight the soul of unseen things ;
Thou in whose ear the dumb time coming sings,
Death, priest and king that makest of king and priest
A name, a dream, a less thing than the least,
Hover awhile above him with closed wings,
Till the coiled soul, an evil snake-shaped beast,
Eat its base bodily lair of flesh away ;
If haply, or ever its cursed life have ceased,
Or ever thy cold hands cover his head
From sight of France and freedom and broad day,
He may see these and wither and be dead.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

PARIS, *Sept.*, 1869.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

PART I.

SOCIETY, in the course of its progress, presents us with few events more interesting, or more deserving of attention, than the appearance of new forms of religious faith. Generally, however, the complete elucidation of the antecedents of such mental revolutions is rendered difficult or impossible by the fact that the great religions of the world have originated in unenlightened countries, among unhistorical people, who have either preserved no record of the facts to which they were witnesses, or have preserved one of such a character that later historians have been baffled in every attempt to unriddle the truth with certainty from the mass of fictions with which it has been surrounded.

Perhaps the most complete exception to this rule is to be found in that singular body of believers who are known as Mormons. The origin of Mormonism, at least, is hidden from us by no impenetrable veil; and we enjoy the good fortune of being able to trace its history from its earliest conception in the brain of the founder, through all the phases of its eventful career, up to its actual state of prosperity and power.

Widely as the name of Mormonism is known in England, its character and its doctrines are but little understood. Public attention is almost exclusively directed to a single feature—its plurality of wives; though that feature was a comparatively late innovation, and cannot be regarded as, strictly speaking, an essential part of the system. If it be necessary to offer an excuse for making a somewhat deeper examination, it is sufficient to appeal to the extraordinary results which, during its brief existence, this new religion has achieved. Fifty years ago, Mormonism did not exist; forty years ago, it scarcely counted a single convert beyond the family of the founder; to-day, its members are numbered by hundreds of thousands. It has produced results of such surprising magnitude as to have excited to the highest pitch the wrath of its opponents, and to have given colour to the pretensions of its adherents, who attribute them to the manifest favour and protection of the Almighty. In a nation remarkable for its toleration of every creed, it has excited the most implacable hatred, calling down upon itself a sanguinary persecution, from which it has emerged stronger than before. In an unexplored and barren region, it has founded a flourishing colony which is likely before long to take its place as a State of the American Union. In the midst of a Democratic Republic, it has

erected a Theocratic despotism. Among believers, accustomed from infancy to think that all revelation had closed with the last book of the New Testament, it has procured the acceptance of a new revelation as equal in authority to the Bible, and has established the persuasion that men are still inspired, as they were of old, to communicate the will of God to mankind. Among races accustomed for centuries to look with abhorrence upon the practice of polygamy, it has implanted in its followers the firm conviction that to be the husband of many wives is an act of the highest virtue. Lastly, it must be added that the authorities of the Mormon Church have at their command an unfailing supply of missionaries, who shrink from no toil, no danger, and no hardship, in the labour of conversion; who have gathered proselytes not only in Europe and America, but also in Palestine, East India, and China, nay, even in Australia and Polynesia.

Technically speaking, the faith which has been the means of effecting all these things, might be described as one of the sects of Christendom, since the Mormons acknowledge Christ as their Redeemer, and the Bible as their standard of doctrine. But the revolution they have effected in the views of their followers is so complete, their departure from some of the common doctrines of Christendom so fundamental, that this classification would, in fact, be quite inappropriate. Practically, Mormonism is as unlike Christianity as Islamism. It may, therefore, be fitly spoken of as a new religion. The explanation of its rise and progress must be sought partly in its history, partly in its dogmatic teaching. It will be convenient to begin with a brief account of the former.

The man with whom the honour of originating this religion lies, was Joseph Smith, junior, the child of Joseph and Lucy Smith, who at the time of his birth were living in humble circumstances at Sharon, Vermont. He was one of a numerous family, of whom three were older than himself. It is a singular circumstance, deserving to be carefully noted, that his birth and infancy were not surrounded with miraculous occurrences. In this he forms an exception to the rule. Popular tradition has delighted in ushering the founders of religions into the world with signal honours, and embellishing their childhood with conspicuous tokens of future glory. Thus, when the Buddha Sakyamuni was about to be born, the earth shook; sun, moon, and stars, stood still; a supernatural light appeared; and diseases were healed. Mâjâ, his mother, was delivered standing under a tree, the great gods Brahma and Indra attending upon her for the occasion.¹ She suffered no inconvenience from the event, and

(1) "Brahma und Indra verrichten Hebeammendienste." Koeppen, *die Religion des Buddha*, vol. i. p. 77. See also the very interesting sculptures representing Mâjâ's confinement, in Fergusson's "Tree and Serpent Worship."

though she died a week after, this was merely because such was the proper and orthodox course for the mother of a Buddha. Her son was no sooner born than he stood upright, and proclaimed his lofty calling.¹ The royal soothsayers prophesied of the child that he would either be a universal monarch; or, should he select a spiritual life, a supreme Buddha. The Rishi Asita—a holy man, who holds in the Buddhist legend a place corresponding to that of Simeon—pronounced over his cradle a pathetic and beautiful eulogy, mingled with lamentations over his own fate, by which he was destined to die before the days of his greatness.² We are told of Moses, that he could never have been born at all but for the intervention of an angel; for at the time when his mother Jochebed became pregnant, a rigorous decree had completely separated the Hebrew men from the women of their race. After his birth, which was attended with numerous wonders, he evinced his superior qualities by cleansing from leprosy all the daughters of Pharaoh, as soon as they had taken him from the box in which he was floating.³ At the nativity of Christ, a sudden fire withered the hand of the impious midwife who had dared to doubt the virginity of Mary.⁴ Mahomet enjoyed the peculiar privilege of being born ready circumcised, and of not being held by the umbilical cord.⁵ His mother Amina found her pregnancy so easy, that she did not even know she was with child; she was informed of the fact by a heavenly vision, which also told her that she bore the lord and prophet of her people.⁶ During the childhood and youth of Mahomet, his prophetic character was discerned and proclaimed by more than one competent judge of these spiritual mysteries.

Such are only a few of the more noted instances in which the earliest infancy of the heroes of religion has been signalled by some unmistakeable presage of their later career. If these features are absent in the case of Joseph Smith, this should perhaps be attributed to the fact that he was born in a later age, and that his biography has not been left to the exclusive discretion of adoring disciples long after his decease. Be the reason what it may, it is certain that the prophet Smith was born, according to the ordinary laws of generation, on the 23rd of December, 1805.⁷ His mother herself is our authority for this statement, and her silence as to any portents accompanying

(1) Koeppen, vol. i. p. 78.

(2) See the whole speech in Foucaux, *Rgya t'cher rol pa*, p. 106.

(3) Gustav Weil, "Biblische Legenden der Muselmänner," p. 129—138.

(4) Apocryphal Gospel of James, c. 20. Cowper's Apocryphal Gospels, p. 21. The Gospel of Pseudo-Matthew, c. xiii., says, "her hand dried up." See Cowper, p. 52.

(5) Abu'l-féda, "Vie de Mahomet," Desvergers' translation, p. 2.

(6) Sprenger, "Das Leben und die Lehre des Mohammad," vol. i. p. 142.

(7) Olshausen, in his "History of the Mormons," says he was born on the 25th. But this is inaccurate. Joseph himself, his mother, and the other authorities, concur in giving the 23rd as the date.

his birth is extremely significant; especially as, in other cases, she evinces a ready belief in the marvellous and supernatural.¹

Joseph's boyhood, as Mrs. Smith confesses, was undistinguished from that of an ordinary human being. It seems likely, however, that her influence during his early years may have led his mind to many of those notions which he afterwards entertained, or at least professed. It is very evident that Lucy Smith was a woman of sincere piety, but of a credulous and superstitious form. She and her husband were prone to see visions, and to dream dreams of a prophetic character. When recovering from a serious illness she paid a visit to a neighbouring clergyman, whom she blames severely because he had the good feeling to attend to her physical comfort, and not to speak to her immediately of her soul's salvation. In such an atmosphere as this, the young Joseph must have imbibed his tendency to see angelic visitors; or, if these visions were all fictitious, must have perceived that for any tales he might invent he would always find a willing and a believing listener.

It was at a very early age that he began to be agitated with religious uncertainty. When he was in his fourteenth year his parents went to live in Manchester, New York. Here there was much contention and strife among the several religious sects, and Joseph felt himself unable to decide between them. He describes his feelings in his fifteenth year as follows:—

"In the midst of this war and tumult of opinions, I often said to myself, What is to be done? Who of all these parties are right? or are they all wrong together? If any one of them be right, which is it, or how shall I know it?

"While I was labouring under the extreme difficulties caused by the contests of these parties of religionists, I was one day reading the epistle of James, first chapter and fifth verse, which reads 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth unto all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.'"

This verse, he says, entered with great force into his heart; he reflected upon it again and again, and at length resolved to act upon it by asking of God. He retired, with this purpose, into the woods, on the morning of a beautiful day in the spring of 1820. He had scarcely begun to pray when he was seized on by some power that

(1) To save frequent references, it may be convenient to mention here that the principal authorities for the ensuing life of the prophet are, "The History of Joseph Smith," an autobiography, published in the "Millennial Star," vols. 3, 4, 5, 14—25; "Joseph Smith the Prophet," by Lucy Smith (his mother); C. Mackay, "The Mormons;" Olshausen, "Geschichte der Mormonen;" Rémy and Branchley, "Journey to Great Salt Lake City;" the "Book of Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints;" and Richards' "Compendium of the Faith and Doctrines of the Latter-Day Saints" (the Appendix at p. 221). Busch's work, "Geschichte der Mormonen," published September, 1869, did not reach me in time to make much use of it.

bound his tongue; thick darkness gathered round him, and he seemed doomed to destruction.

"Just at this moment of great alarm, I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon me. It no sooner appeared, than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me, I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake unto me, calling me by name, and said (pointing to the other), 'This is my beloved Son, hear Him.'"

When he had recovered from his astonishment, he asked which of the sects was right, and received the unexpected reply that they were all wrong; in fact, the glorious personage went so far as to say that they were an abomination in his sight. He was strictly forbidden to join any of them. When he came to himself again he was on his back, "looking up into heaven." On the 21st of September, 1823, he had another vision, which is thus described:—"The room was filled with a bright light, in the midst of which there appeared a personage who had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness." He told Joseph that he was a messenger from God, Nephi by name. He informed him of the existence of the Urim and Thummim, whose possession constituted seers, and also of the fact that certain plates containing records of the ancient inhabitants of America were buried in a particular spot. Further, Nephi quoted various prophecies from the Old and New Testaments relating to these records, and apparently intended to show that his hearer was destined to bring them to light. Smith then saw "a conduit open right up into heaven," by which the personage ascended. In the night, however, he twice returned, repeating exactly the same things each time. Again, when Joseph went out to his work the next morning, he appeared a fourth time and told him to inform his father of this communication. Joseph did so, and his father believed his statement. On the same day, September 22nd, 1823, the young prophet made an attempt to take out the plates, "but was forbidden by the messenger, and was again informed that the time had not yet arrived, neither would until four years from this time." During this period he came every year on the 22nd of September, according to orders, to the spot where the plates were buried, and received further instruction from Nephi. On the 22nd September, 1827, he was permitted to take them into his own possession.

These plates were discovered in a hill, called Cumorah, about four miles from Palmyra, New York. In this hill the prophet dug a hole, and found—very little below the surface—a stone box. In the stone box were placed some gold plates, about seven inches wide by eight inches long, covered on both sides with Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume, fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. Part of the volume was sealed,

that is to say, closed against inspection. With the records was found a curious instrument, called by the ancients Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. This, we are told, was used in ancient times by seers, and it played an important part in the work afterwards performed by Smith.¹

Joseph Smith, junior, was not too much engrossed by Nephi's visits to be able to engage in more worldly business. Among his other pursuits from 1823 to 1827 not the least interesting was that of finding a wife. His courtship was successful, and he was married on the 18th of January, 1827, to Emma Hale, the daughter of a tavern-keeper. She appears to have been a faithful wife, and it is she who is referred to in complimentary terms in the following—

“Revelation given July, 1830.

“1. Hearken unto the voice of the Lord your God, while I speak unto you, Emma Smith, my daughter, for verily I say unto you, all those who receive my Gospel, are sons and daughters in my kingdom. A revelation I give unto you concerning my will, and if thou art faithful and walk in the paths of virtue before me, I will preserve thy life and thou shalt receive an inheritance in Zion. Behold, thy sins are forgiven thee, and thou art an elect lady, whom I have called. Murmur not because of the things which thou hast not seen, for they are withheld from thee and from the world, which is wisdom in me in a time to come.

“2. And the office of thy calling shall be for a comfort unto my servant, Joseph Smith, jun., thy husband, in his afflictions, with consoling words, in the spirit of meekness. And thou shalt go with him at the time of his going, and be unto him a scribe, while there is no one to be a scribe for him, that I may send my servant, Oliver Cowdery, whithersoever I will. And thou shalt be ordained under his hand to expound Scriptures, and to exhort the Church, according as it shall be given thee by my spirit: for he shall lay his hands upon thee, and thou shalt receive the Holy Ghost, and thy time shall be given to writing, and to learning much. And thou needest not fear, for thy husband shall support thee in the Church; for unto them is his calling, that all things might be revealed unto them, whatsoever I will, according to their faith.

“3. And it shall be given thee, also, to make a selection of sacred hymns, as it shall be given thee, which is pleasing unto me, to be had in my Church; for my soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads.”

Such was the honourable position assigned to Emma Smith; and it appears from an allusion in Smith's autobiography that she actually discharged the functions here allotted to her; though if the hymn-book now published by the Mormons be her work, she cannot be congratulated on the taste and beauty of the selection.

It was some months after his marriage with the elect lady that he was permitted, as we have seen, to take possession of the box con-

(1) Olshausen is inaccurate as to the date of some of these transactions. He places Joseph's first vision in 1822 instead of 1820; his second on the 23rd instead of the 21st September, 1823; and his first sight of the plates on the 24th instead of the 22nd. In the body of the work he states that it was on the 27th September that he received the box, though in the summary at the end this date is correctly given.

taining the gold plates, the Urim and Thummim, the sword of labour, and a valuable piece of armour termed a breast-plate. After this he states that he was exposed to intolerable persecution, in consequence of which he left Manchester and went with his wife to the State of Pennsylvania. It is, however, highly improbable that his enemies were really so anxious to rob him of the golden bible as he pretends.

Arrived at Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, he copied and translated some of the characters on the plates. He sent them to New York by a simple-minded farmer, Martin Harris, whom he had persuaded to believe in his supernatural gifts, and who had lent him fifty dollars for his journey. Martin Harris submitted them to the inspection of a learned man, Professor Anthon, who, according to Harris's account, quoted by Smith, told him that the translation was correct, and that the characters transcribed were Egyptian, Chaldaic, Assyrian, and Arabic. He adds that the professor gave Harris a certificate stating that they were true characters, but tore it up when he heard that an angel had revealed the place of the plates, saying, "I cannot read a sealed book." A very different narrative of the matter was given in a letter by Professor Anthon. He states that upon examining the paper presented to him by Martin Harris he came to the conclusion that it was all a trick; but that on hearing how the gold plates had been dug up, how they were deciphered by a young man hid behind a curtain, through a very large pair of spectacles (this being Smith's way of using the Urim and Thummim), how this young man handed copies of his translation to those outside the curtain, how the poor farmer had been asked to contribute to the publication of the "Golden Book," and intended to sell his farm for the purpose of devoting the proceeds to that object, he then considered the paper as part of a scheme to cheat the farmer of his money, and bade him beware of rogues. Martin Harris was far too sincere a believer to profit by this sensible advice, although the views of the professor were seconded by Mrs. Harris. This worthy woman, who, we are told, "considered herself altogether superior to her husband"—an opinion in which most readers will probably agree with her—has drawn down upon herself the utmost wrath from the prophet's mother by her refusal to be bamboozled by his pretensions. On one occasion she was so enraged by her husband's follies that she "prepared a separate bed and room for him, which room she refused to enter." Anxious to prevent the reckless waste of their substance on the translation of the plates, she brought an action against Smith for obtaining money from Harris on false pretences. She failed in her suit, but succeeded in eliciting the important evidence from one of Smith's youthful companions that the prophet had frankly confessed to him that the whole story of the golden bible was an

invention of his own, intended to deceive his family, at whose credulity he had himself been surprised. The story is a strange one, but there is no sufficient reason to doubt its truth. In spite of his wife's opposition, Harris devoted both his time and his money to the great work of translating the characters inscribed on the plates. He was employed by Smith as his secretary from April to June, 1828. His place was then taken for a short time by Emma, Joseph's wife. On the 15th of April, 1829, a new friend joined the infant Church in the shape of Oliver Cowdery, a schoolmaster, who now took the duty of writing down the translation from Joseph's lips. A little later they became acquainted with David Whitmer, who invited them to his father's house at Fayette, where the work, in which he also assisted, was carried on to its completion. The method in which the so-called translation was conducted was characteristic. The gold plates were carefully concealed from the eyes of the secretaries, the privilege of seeing them being strictly limited to the prophet himself, who professed, by the assistance of the Urim and Thummim, to convert them from "Reformed Egyptian," the language of the ancient inhabitants of America, into English. But the secretaries were not always contented with the excessive humility of their functions. Martin Harris was anxious to see the plates himself. Oliver Cowdery wanted to have power to translate them, vainly imagining that he also could decipher them by means of the Urim and Thummim. To all such inconvenient demands Joseph Smith had a ready and conclusive answer, namely, a revelation from heaven forbidding him to grant them. Poor Martin Harris was told that he exalted himself, and commanded to "humble himself in mighty prayer and faith," by which means he would obtain the favour of "a view of the things which he desires to see." He was also expressly enjoined to say no more concerning these things, "except he shall say I have seen them, and they have been shown unto me by the power of God," which, as we shall see, is exactly what he afterwards did say.

Early in the year 1830 the work thus prepared was ready for publication. The credulity and the property of Martin Harris were again serviceable in defraying the expenses of printing. In a long revelation, the point of which is concealed in a mass of verbiage preceding and following the important words, Harris is commanded, first, not to covet his neighbour's wife, next, not to seek his neighbour's life, and after these very general precepts, is thus addressed :—

"And, again, I command thee that thou shalt not covet thine own property, but impart it freely to the printing of the Book of Mormon, which contains the truth and the word of God, which is my word to the Gentile, that soon it may go to the Jew, of whom the Lamanites¹ are a remnant, that they

(1) In the language of the Book of Mormon the American Indians are termed Lamanites.

may believe the gospel, and look not for a Messiah to come who has already come."

Harris did not covet his own property, and with his aid the Book of Mormon was published in the year 1830. Its contents will be spoken of in another place. It was entitled "The Book of Mormon, an account written by the hand of Mormon, upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi." The real existence of these plates was testified, first, by three witnesses, and then by eight, both testimonies being prefixed to the Book of Mormon. The first is that of the three secretaries, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris. In June, 1829, the minds of these men were prepared for the sight by a solemn revelation. They retired to the woods, where, after long and fervent prayer (at first quite unsuccessful), an angel came down from heaven, and laid the plates before their eyes. To this fact they bear witness, as they had been ordered to do. The second testimony is more important. It is this:—

"Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come, that Joseph Smith, jun., the translator of this work, has shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; and we also saw the engravings thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work, and of curious workmanship. And this we bear record with words of soberness, that the said Smith has shown unto us, for we have seen and hefted, and know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken. And we give our names unto the world, to witness unto the world that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness of it.

"CHRISTIAN WHITMER.

JACOB WHITMER.

PETER WHITMER, JUN.

JOHN WHITMER.

"HIRAM PAGE.

JOSEPH SMITH, SEN.

HYRUM SMITH.

SAMUEL H. SMITH."

All that these witnesses declare is that they saw certain plates, and handled some of the leaves translated. It is, at least, as likely that this is a true statement as that the eight conspired to invent it. Moreover, the probability that Joseph Smith really was in possession of such plates, is strongly augmented by the fact that others of a similar description were discovered afterwards by Professor Rafinesque, at Otolum, in Mexico, and by a merchant named Robert Wiley, at Kinderhook, Illinois. These glyphs, as they are called, are covered with characters; those on the Mexican glyphs bearing some resemblance to the characters shown by Harris to Professor Anthon. It is needless to say that Joseph Smith, a wholly illiterate man, was quite unable to translate the characters; and that, therefore, no such thing as translation is to be thought of in the composition of the Book of Mormon.

Supported by this rather feeble external evidence, that book issued forth upon its career. Happily, there were those still alive who

could explain its true origin; for, being a work of considerable length—nearly as long as the Old Testament—and containing an elaborate plot, it would have been difficult to imagine how a man so deficient in literary skill as Smith could invent it. In 1839, there appeared in an American newspaper a letter from one Matilda Davidson, who stated that she had been formerly married to Mr. Solomon Spaulding, who resided at New Salem, Ohio; that in this place there were mounds and forts, supposed to be the work of an extinct race; that Mr. Spaulding, having a lively imagination, conceived the notion of writing an historical sketch of this lost race, in an antiquated style, a design which he executed in a work called "The Manuscript Found," portions of which he was in the habit of reading to his neighbours during its progress. This was about the year 1812. Afterwards, the book was placed by its author in the hands of a certain Patterson, a printer, at Pittsburgh, but it was not published. In 1816 Spaulding died. After the publication of the Book of Mormon, some of it was read at New Salem, where it was immediately recognised as a reproduction of Solomon Spaulding's work by his brother, John Spaulding, and other inhabitants. This is the statement of Mrs. Davidson, and it is abundantly supported by several friends of the deceased Mr. Spaulding, who unanimously affirmed that they recognised his romance—though dressed up in a religious garb—in the Book of Mormon. The peculiar names, the phraseology, the leading historical conception, were in fact identical. Mrs. Davidson's statement is further corroborated by a virulent and abusive denial, written by Sidney Rigdon, the agent through whom it is believed that this forgotten novel had found its way to the prophet's hands. This Rigdon had been connected with one of the partners in Patterson's printing office; he was one of the earliest converts to Mormonism, and he is known to have been previously acquainted with Smith. It is supposed that he copied or borrowed "The Manuscript Found." Olshausen further states that when the coffer, in which Spaulding's widow had kept his writings, was searched, this one was not discovered in it, although there was a fragment, which seemed to be the beginning of "The Manuscript Found," but of which nothing had been transferred to the Book of Mormon.

Such was the history of that singular volume. During its preparation the gifted translator had not neglected to lay the foundations of his Church in other ways. On the 15th of May, 1829, while Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were engaged on the work, they received a visit from John the Baptist, who conferred upon them the priesthood of Aaron, "which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins." He then ordered them to baptize each other, which they did, and told them that he acted under the direction of

Peter, James, and John, who held the keys of the priesthood of Melchisedek, which would in due time be conferred upon them. There are, in fact, two orders of priests in the Mormon Church,—that of Melchisedek, and that of Aaron. On this occasion Smith and Cowdery received the lower of the two, or the priesthood of Aaron. The priesthood of Melchisedek was not conferred till the 6th of June, 1831. After their baptism, on receiving this communication from John the Baptist, they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to prophesy; but they kept these things secret from the fear of the spirit of persecution. However, they took to reasoning with their acquaintances, and among their earliest converts were two of the prophet's brothers, Samuel and Hyrum Smith.

The actual birthday of the rising sect may be placed on the 6th of April, 1830, for on that day it was organized at Manchester, New York: elders were ordained, the sacrament administered, and hands laid on for the gift of the Holy Ghost. Six members only were present on this momentous occasion,—namely, the prophet himself, his father, his two brothers, Oliver Cowdery, and a sixth, whose name is doubtful. Soon after this the father and mother of Smith, to his great joy, were baptized. The Church now existed in a corporate capacity, and was able to begin its career of conquest. On the following Sunday, the 11th of April, Oliver Cowdery preached the first public discourse on the principles of the new dispensation. On the 1st of June of the same year the Church held its first conference at Fayette. It then numbered about thirty members.

During the same year three important converts were gained—the two brothers, Orson and Parley Pratt, and Sidney Rigdon. Orson and Parley Pratt are the literary bulwarks of Mormonism, and their writings will doubtless be enshrined in the future libraries of Utah in a place of honour among its early Fathers. Sidney Rigdon's conversion, though apparently due to the arguments of two missionaries, Oliver Cowdery and Parley Pratt, was in all probability prearranged. Rigdon was a Campbellite¹ preacher, and he carried with him a considerable number of followers to the new faith. How important his accession was considered may be inferred from the position of eminence which he at once assumed by the prophet's side, and continued to hold during the life of the latter. He was now addressed in very flattering terms in a revelation of December, 1830, in which he was compared to John the Baptist.

Early in 1831 Smith, accompanied by his wife, by Rigdon and others, went to Kirtland, Ohio, which became his principal abode for some time to come, and one of the strongholds of the Church. Such was the progress of the faith that, towards the middle of the year,

(1) Campbellites were a subdivision of Baptists.

there were about two thousand Mormons in Kirtland and its neighbourhood. It was not, however, destined for the honour of becoming the head-quarters of the Saints. On the 19th of June, 1831, Smith left it, and proceeded to Missouri, in order to find what he fondly hoped would be their permanent residence. He selected Independence, in Jackson county, and, in accordance with the Mormon habit of giving Hebrew names to the places of their abode, he named it Zion. In a revelation of the month of July, "on the location of Zion," it is described as the land "appointed and consecrated for the gathering of the Saints," and the "land of promise." The faithful were commanded to buy the tract lying in and around it, "that they may obtain it for an everlasting inheritance." And "my servant Sidney Gilbert" was appointed by this revelation as an agent to receive money and to purchase the land therewith. On the 2nd of August the land of Zion was consecrated by prayer for the gathering of the Saints, and on the 4th the first conference of the Church in this district was held. In August Joseph Smith returned to Kirtland.

The revelations of this year are full of detailed arrangements for the welfare of the Church; especially are they occupied with the appointment of missionaries, who were sent out to preach, by two and two, in various directions, each couple being mentioned by name. Another revelation—given in Zion—contains the following instructions:—"It is wisdom in me that my servant Martin Harris should be an example unto the Church, in laying his moneys before the bishop of the Church." It was not the first time, as we have seen, that Harris had been called on to be an example in this particular way.

But, as the Church grew in power, the hostility of its enemies grew with it. These gave a first indication of their animus on the night of the 25th of March, 1832, when they dragged Smith and Rigdon out of bed, and tarred and feathered them according to American usage.

Nor were the Saints in Missouri suffered to remain long in peaceable enjoyment of the land of promise. They had in some manner—it is not quite plain how—excited the strongest aversion on the part of the inhabitants of Jackson county. The latter, at a meeting on the 20th of July, 1833, determined by formal resolutions, that the Mormons must be required to leave the county, and that in future no Mormon should be permitted to settle in it. The meeting proceeded to demolish the office of the *Evening and Morning Star*, which the Mormons had set up at Independence in the preceding year. On the 23rd, the deputation appointed by the meeting entered into a treaty with the Saints, by which the latter consented to leave Independence within a given time. But, before this treaty could be

carried out they had applied to the Governor for protection, and the Governor had desired them to bring the matter before a court of law. Their enemies, hearing that they intended to evade the execution of the treaty wrung from them by violence, determined to enforce it by the same means. On the 31st of October they attacked the Mormons; on the 1st, 2nd and 4th of November hostilities continued between the two parties. The militia interfered, and induced the Mormons to lay down their arms. Their opponents took advantage of this circumstance to drive them out of Independence in a peculiarly ruthless and barbarous manner, leaving them to wander homeless in the adjoining country.

As the Mormons had in no way violated the laws, this conduct was wholly without excuse; as even if they had, it would have been a very improper way of calling them to account. It is not altogether easy to discover the cause of the violent animosity they had excited. M. Rémy, following Smith, says that it was the Protestant ministers of various denominations who urged on the mob in their lawless excesses. No doubt, wherever we find persecution and outrage on account of religious belief, the obvious presumption is, that there are ministers of the gospel at the bottom of the mischief. But, whatever share these may have taken in the present case, it is difficult to believe that in a country so tolerant of variety as the United States, the anger of the populace was due exclusively to a fanatical orthodoxy. It is far more probable that the offence committed by the Mormons was that, in the *Evening and Morning Star*, they had dared to speak disrespectfully of the sacred institution of slavery,—a view which is confirmed by the fact that the very first object of attack was the office of that newspaper. That institution was as inconsistent with true liberty among the white population as among the negroes. Any opposition to it among the Mormons would bring down upon them the utmost wrath of the slaveholding interest. Two most powerful forces were thus combined against these unfortunate people—pro-slavery and Christianity. Both of them supplied elements of strength to the warfare that had now begun; the friends of slavery lending, it may be supposed, numbers and physical strength, while the teachers of Christian truth brought to the contest that holier and less earthly zeal, which found satisfaction in the expulsion of industrious men from the lands they had tilled, and of helpless women from the homes where they had lived in peace.

During these calamitous transactions at Independence, the prophet had remained at Kirtland. On hearing what had occurred, he stated his view of the case in a lengthy revelation, of which the upshot is that the Saints had been afflicted for their transgressions, for that there had been jarrings and contentions among them, but

that Zion was still to be the place of their gathering, and that they were by no means to abandon their claim to it. By the 24th of February, 1834, his opinion as to the means of reinstating them had become more definite, for he now declared (of course by revelation) that "the redemption of Zion must needs come by power; therefore I will raise up unto my people a man who shall lead them like as Moses led the children of Israel." The Mormons were commanded to assemble around Joseph Smith to carry out this bold design. Accordingly, on the 5th of May, he started at the head of a band of armed men, from 150 to 200 in number, for the "redemption of Zion." The design was not successful, for public feeling in Jackson county was too bitterly excited against the Mormons to admit of their return. Those who had been driven from Independence had fled to the adjoining county, where, in the course of 1834, they took up their abode at Liberty. In the month of July, Joseph returned to his home at Kirtland.

The next few years were peaceful, and were devoted to the organization of the Church. At a conference of elders, held at Kirtland on the 3rd of May, 1834, it had received the name it has borne ever since,—*"The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."* In 1826, the temple which had been constructed at that place was consecrated with extreme pomp. In this temple, Smith and Cowdery were favoured with a visit from Jesus Christ, Moses, Elias, and Elijah.

The year 1837 is chiefly interesting to us from the fact that on the 13th of June, the first mission was sent to England from Kirtland. The missionaries landed at Liverpool on the 20th of July; on the 23rd, the Gospel "as revealed through J. Smith, jun.," was preached at Preston; and on the 30th the first baptism took place in the river Ribble. It was on Christmas-day of this year that the Mormons held their first conference in England. It occurred at Preston. Since that time, the increase of the sect in England and Scotland has been rapid, and it is well known that no soil has proved so favourable to the growth of Mormonism as our own. They have conferences now in most of our important towns, and, if their own statements may be credited, send several thousand emigrants every year to "gather" at Great Salt Lake City.¹

Meanwhile the prophet had been getting into financial troubles, which are far from reflecting honour upon him. He had established a bank at Kirtland, and had contrived to float its notes in the neighbourhood. But the bank had, in fact, no solid foundation, and, as was natural, it broke. Smith was in danger of being tried for swindling. He and Rigdon, being both directors of the bank, fled

(1) The *Millennial Star* states that 2,300 have emigrated from Liverpool during the past season.

secretly from Kirtland in the dead of night (his pious mother says, "he was warned by the Spirit to make his escape"), followed, but in vain, by the sheriff. They escaped from the pursuit of justice to Far West, a Mormon settlement in Missouri. The settlement at Kirtland was practically put an end to by this sudden flight of its head, which occurred in January, 1838.

Public feeling in Missouri did not become more favourable to the Mormons as their religion spread. After their expulsion from Independence, they had settled in three counties. Their principal place was now Far West, in Caldwell county. Their numbers, and the influence they were able to exercise at elections,—still more, their imprudent language as to their expectations of one day possessing the whole State,—appear to have alarmed the Gentile inhabitants. The first disturbance occurred at a county election, in August, 1838; which of the two parties began the attack it is hard to say. A series of hostilities followed this first outbreak, into the details of which it is needless to enter. Among other things, a number of Mormons were massacred in cold blood at Haun's Mills on the 30th of October. The Governor of the State—Lilburn Boggs, whose name deserves to be handed down to execration—instead of seeking to restore order, instead of declaring, as he was bound to do, that he would enforce impartial justice against both the combatant parties, gave instructions to the generals in command of the militia to treat the Mormons as enemies, and either exterminate them, or drive them from the State. Fortunately, General Doniphan, who commanded the militia, had sufficient regard for humanity not to carry out these instructions to the letter. He and the two generals who were associated with him entered into a treaty with the Mormons, by which the latter agreed, first, to deliver up their leading men; secondly, to surrender their arms; thirdly, to abandon their properties; and lastly, to leave the State forthwith. The three first conditions were complied with at once; and with regard to the fourth, General Clark, in an address to the Mormons, distinctly informed them that if they ventured to remain until another season, they must expect no mercy, but extermination. In accordance with this treaty, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and a few other leaders were delivered up to the militia, to take their trial on charges of treason, murder, and other offences; while the mass of their followers were left to find their way as best they could to some more tolerant State. A court-martial was held upon the prisoners on the 1st of November, and they were sentenced to be shot. This outrageous sentence would have been executed at once, but that General Doniphan was opposed to so illegal a proceeding. The prisoners were delivered to the civil authorities, and were taken to Independence. After this, Smith and four other

Mormons of distinction were kept for some time at Liberty, in close confinement. But, in the following April, while they were being transferred from prison to prison, Smith and his companions took advantage of one of these movements to escape from a drunken guard, and to rejoin their friends in Illinois.

Far West had been plundered by the mob in November, 1838. The unfortunate Saints, deprived of their property, their leaders, and their arms, made their way amid the greatest suffering from hunger, cold, and sickness, across the Mississippi. Twelve thousand of them are said to have crossed it in December and January, while others followed in the spring. They settled at a small village—if it was even a village—called Commerce, which, under the influence of Mormon industry, soon rose to a flourishing city. It received the name of Nauvoo, which was explained to mean beautiful. Two political parties were contending for supremacy in Illinois, and as the numbers of the Mormons made their support a matter of importance, they both vied with one another to conciliate them. By means of friends in the legislature, Smith obtained a charter, which conferred unprecedented privileges on Nauvoo. It placed the legislative power within the city in the hands of a mayor, four aldermen, and nine counsellors, who were bound in their ordinances to respect the constitution of the State, but not its individual laws. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent them from establishing a distinct and independent code of laws for Nauvoo, and this privilege they actually exercised. The charter further granted jurisdiction within the city to a mayor's court, and to a municipal court, composed of a mayor and four aldermen. But the privileges of Nauvoo did not stop here. It was authorised to raise an independent militia, under its own officers, which was to be at the disposal of the mayor for executive purposes. Joseph Smith himself was elected mayor and lieutenant-general of the militia. He was now called "General Smith," and combined in his own person the whole of the legislative power, the whole of the judicial power, and the command of an organised body of 3,000 troops.

A period of the utmost prosperity for the Mormon Church now ensued. Smith had attained to the acme of authority and influence. Two requisitions were, indeed, sent for his arrest by the Governor of Missouri; but they were without effect, as the courts in Illinois refused to deliver him. On a third occasion he was accused—utterly without evidence—of an attempt to murder Governor Boggs, who had been shot at, and was taken into custody by the agent from Missouri, but was soon delivered by a body of armed Mormons.

During this prosperous period the number of the Mormons continued rapidly to increase. They were now an important element in the State. Their funds were devoted to the construction of a magni-

ficent temple, which was not destined, however, to become, as they intended, their permanent place of worship. With his power, the vanity and the pretensions of Smith also advanced, and in 1844 he offered himself as a candidate for the presidency of the United States in a long address to the American people.

Unhappily for the Mormons, the privileges that had been granted to Nauvoo were so exorbitant as to excite jealousy and suspicion among the other inhabitants of the country. A military force, devoted to Smith's interests, and owing no allegiance to the Governor; a separate legislative power; and the right, claimed and exercised by the Mayor of Nauvoo, of refusing the surrender of any prisoner arrested in Nauvoo by virtue of a warrant from another place, were indeed elements of an independent constitution wholly inconsistent with the safety of the State. Moreover, the political party who had not received the support of the Mormons were exasperated against them. Yet it was not these things, but the folly and misconduct of Smith himself, that were the proximate cause of the crisis that ensued.

In June, 1844, Dr. Forster, and Law, two men who conceived, rightly or wrongly, that Smith had attempted to seduce their wives, determined to publish a newspaper in Nauvoo, in order to attack him. In alliance with Higbee, another malcontent, they brought out the first number of the *Expositor*. It contained affidavits from sixteen women declaring that Smith, Rigdon, and others, had endeavoured to corrupt their virtue. This was too much for the prophet's forbearance. The municipal council, with himself at its head as mayor, met at once; the *Expositor* was voted a nuisance, and the mayor was authorised to abate it. No time was lost in executing the order. The city marshal, by order of the mayor, proceeded at once, with a division of the legion, to destroy the press, and to scatter the printing materials in the street. The editors fled from Nauvoo, and invoked the aid of the legal authorities against the mayor and other citizens, whom they accused of riot. A constable was sent for their arrest; but the municipal council, who were themselves among the accused, exercised their privileges, and released all the prisoners. Hereupon the constable summoned the inhabitants of Hancock county to his support. Companies of armed men assembled at Carthage and Warsaw. On the other side, preparations were made at Nauvoo to sustain a siege. Before hostilities began, Governor Ford, anxious to avoid bloodshed, had sent the constable again with ten men to Nauvoo, to demand the surrender of the mayor and council. They consented to surrender the next morning; but before morning came Smith had sought refuge from his troubles in an ignominious flight across the Mississippi to Iowa. Brought back by the urgent entreaties of his friends—who implored him not to

sacrifice his authority at such an hour—he consented, along with the rest of the accused persons, to give himself up to justice. They were taken to Carthage, where all but Joseph and Hyrum Smith, against whom there lay a new charge of high treason, were released on bail. It was on the 21st of June that these prisoners arrived at Carthage.

Their arrest had by no means calmed the excitement that prevailed. Though Governor Ford had pledged his personal honour that the lives of the prisoners should be safe, and had obtained a similar pledge from the militia under his command, yet his authority was insufficient to enforce its observance. On the 27th of June, while he himself was marching towards Nauvoo at the head of a small force, a band of armed ruffians, with blackened faces, belonging to the State militia, about two hundred in number, entered Carthage, overpowered the guard at the gaol (who, however, had evidently a secret understanding with them), rushed up-stairs to the room where Joseph and Hyrum were confined, and began to fire upon them through the door. The prisoners—and two friends who were with them, by name Taylor and Richards—defended themselves as best they could with sticks and revolvers. Hyrum was shot dead. Taylor was severely wounded. Joseph was shot, and either leaped or fell from the window. He was received by the other assassins without, four of whom advanced close to him and discharged their muskets at him. It is not perfectly certain whether he was dead when he fell out or was killed by the four men below. Richards, who escaped unhurt, is the witness to whom we owe our account of these tragic circumstances. The murderers were never punished.

Nothing whatever in the character or conduct of Joseph Smith could possibly excuse this atrocious crime. While, however, we condemn the crime, we must guard against being led away by the empty declamation of Mormon writers to believe that their founder died as a martyr to the faith. The original cause of Smith's incarceration was his commission of a grave offence against his country's laws. For a man holding his position as chief magistrate of Nauvoo it would have been difficult to commit a more outrageous violation of public duty. It was for this crime that he was arrested, and had he escaped assassination, he would still have deserved a very serious punishment for his lawless conduct. It is alike fortunate for his own reputation and for the faith of the Saints that his still more lawless persecutors saved him from this ignominious doom.

In attempting to solve the problem, what was the true character of this singular man, we may put aside, as unworthy of determining our final judgment, both the extravagant panegyrics of the Mormons themselves—who of course suppress or distort every discreditable fact—and the bitter attacks, both upon Smith himself and his whole

family, of those who write with the obvious intention of confuting or ridiculing his religion. These, indeed, are elements in the decision—for he is no common man who can inspire fanatical affection and fanatical hatred—but we must be careful not to allow them more than their proper weight.

If, however, we turn to the pages of more impartial writers, we shall scarcely find in them a complete solution of the apparent contradictions of his life. All are unanimous in acknowledging his extraordinary talents. Olshausen, in a careful and judicious summary, dwells with justice upon the immense extent of his practical activity, and his remarkable skill in the administration of the affairs of the Church and of the city of Nauvoo. We must remember that in April, 1830, his Church had comprised but six persons; at his death in 1844 it had reached, according to this writer, to the number of 250,000.¹ There could be no more conclusive testimony to the ability of its head. Nor would it be just to detract from his credit by urging that no learned, and hardly any well-educated men were led to embrace the Mormon religion. Doubtless his followers were chiefly taken from the poor and the ignorant. This, however, according to prevalent notions, should be regarded rather as a presumption in favour of Mormonism than against it; and certainly no Christian could make it a subject of reproach without laying himself open to a very dangerous retort as to the first Apostles of his own religion. But, whatever may be said as to the component elements of the community, it is certain that it was in no small measure by the personal influence of Joseph Smith that they were first assembled and held together. Over this community he reigned with undisputed authority, uniting in his person the supreme administration of the whole mass of their spiritual and temporal concerns. His social bearing, when he could throw off the prophet, must have been attractive and pleasing.

"The Mormons at Salt Lake," says Olshausen, "still relate how Joseph Smith would frequently tear the mask from hypocrisy; how, when a newly-converted man came over to him from other sects with his long face composed into reverend folds, he would receive him with joviality, and challenge him to wrestle with him on the public place; how he would not release the astonished Saint until he had shown him his athletic force, and had stretched him on the ground; how he exhorted another, who had promised the prophet great things from his benevolent disposition, to lend him all his money for the building of the temple, and after he had done so paid no more attention to him than to everybody else, but made him work in poverty with spade and axe until his faith was confirmed. When he had undergone the proof for some months, he was suddenly summoned to head-quarters, and received a good allotment of land, or some other appointment in which he could earn his livelihood agreeably and conveniently."

(1) All estimates of the numbers of the Mormons are purely conjectural. "The prophet has not thought fit to number Israel," was the reply given me by one of their missionaries when I inquired as to their numerical strength at the present day.

In addition to his tact and knowledge of men, Joseph Smith was not wanting in a sort of rough humour. His letter to Mr. Clay, of May 13th, 1844, is one of the most favourable instances of his happier manner, the more so because his indignation is by no means unjustifiable. The occasion was this. In the latter part of 1843 Joseph Smith wrote to Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun—two candidates, or supposed candidates for the Presidency of the United States—to know what course these gentlemen would take in case of their election with reference to the persecutions endured by the Saints in Missouri, in which they had been robbed of their property and driven from their homes. This was a perfectly legitimate question, but Mr. Clay replied to it in that tone of cautious ambiguity which seems to be thought the height of wisdom in an aspirant for political honours. Smith was justly dissatisfied with this evasion. Clay had declared that if he entered that high office, it must be free and unfettered, “with no guarantees but such as are to be drawn from my whole life, character, and conduct.” Seizing upon this phrase, Smith argues at great length, and with considerable force—though I pretend not to decide whether his charges were true—that there was nothing whatever in Clay’s “whole life, character, and conduct” to inspire confidence; everything to warrant distrust.

“Suppose,” he writes, “you should also, taking your ‘whole life, character, and conduct’ into consideration, and, as many hands make light work, stir up the old ‘Clay party,’ the ‘National Republican party,’ ‘High Protective Tariff party,’ and the late ‘Coon-skin party,’ with all their paraphernalia, *ultraism*, *ne plus ultraism*, *sine qua non*, which have grown with your growth, strengthened with your strength, and shrunk with your shrinkage, and ask the people of this enlightened Republic what they think of your powers and policy as a statesman; for verily it would seem from all past remains of parties, politics, projects, and pictures, that you are the *clay*, and the people the *potter*, and as some vessels are marred in the hands of the potter, the natural conclusion is that you are a vessel of dishonour.”

But Joseph’s natural wit was too often marred by his excessive vanity, which made him anxious to appear acquainted with many languages. Thus in his address to the American people as would-be President, he employs these phrases among others: “A Frenchman would say, ‘*Presque tout aimer richesses et pouvoir*’ (Almost all men like wealth and power).” “As the Italian would say, ‘*Buono avviso*’ (Good advice).” “A Dutchman might exclaim, ‘*Ein ehrlicher Name ist besser als Reichthum*’ (A good name is better than riches).” “As a Greek might say, ‘*Hysteron proteron*’ (The cart before the horse).”

Turning from these matters—which serve only to illustrate some minor features—we come to the central fact of Joseph’s life, by which his whole character must stand or fall: his discovery and translation of the Book of Mormon and proclamation of his new religion. Are we to hold him guilty of a deliberate fraud upon mankind, or can he

be acquitted of this odious imputation? Were we to rely upon general presumptions, we should be obliged to prefer the latter alternative. Religious innovators are not generally impostors, and, as Mr. Carlyle has well argued in his lecture on Mahomet, it is unlikely that a religion should be established by "spiritual legerdemain." But in the case of the Mormon prophet there are positive facts which must outweigh all general considerations. He could not have imagined or persuaded himself that he had in reality translated the Book of Mormon. We cannot acquit him of an unblushing fraud in palming off this singular medley of religion and romance as a sacred record descended from the ancient Americans. This alone is conclusive against the integrity of his character; and the fact that he took advantage of this gigantic deception to gain credit as a man favoured of Heaven, and thus to put himself at the head of a community of blind followers, must destroy much of the sympathy we might otherwise feel with the sufferings of his life.

An incident occurred during the translation of the records which admirably serves to reveal the true character of the translator. Martin Harris had "teazed" him, to use his own expression, to be permitted to take the translated sheets home with him. The Urim and Thummim, consulted on this grave question, at first refused. Being pressed, they consented on condition that Harris should show them only to five persons, to which the latter bound himself by a promise. He broke his promise, and showed them to more. Thus it happened the precious MS. was lost, perhaps by the contrivance of Mrs. Harris. To this untoward event Joseph Smith alludes in the following revelation, given in May, 1829:—

"1. Now, behold, I say unto you [Smith], that because you delivered up those writings which you had power given unto you to translate, by the means of the Urim and Thummim, into the hands of a wicked man [Harris], you have lost them; and you have lost your gift at the same time, and your mind became darkened; nevertheless, it is now restored to you again, therefore see that you are faithful, and continue on unto the remainder of the work of translation as you have begun. . . . And, behold, Satan has put it into their hearts to alter the words which you have caused to be written, or which you have translated, which have gone out of your hands: and behold, I say unto you, that because they have altered the words, they read contrary to that which you translated and caused to be written; and on this wise, the devil has sought to lay a cunning plan, that he may destroy this work; for he has put into their hearts to do this, that by lying they may say they have caught you in the words which you have pretended to translate.

"2. Verily, I say unto you, that I will not suffer that Satan shall accomplish his evil design in this thing, for, behold, he has put it into their hearts to get thee to tempt the Lord thy God, in asking to translate it over again; and then, behold, they say and think in their hearts, we will see if God has given him power to translate, if so, he will also give him power again; and if God giveth him power again, or if he translates again, or, in other words, if he bringeth forth the same words, behold, we have the same with us, and we have altered them: therefore, they will not agree, and we will say that he has lied in his

words, and that he has no gift, and that he has no power: therefore, we will destroy him, and also the work, and we will do this that we may not be ashamed in the end, and that we may get glory of the world.

"6. Behold, I say unto you, that you shall not translate again those words which have gone forth out of your hands; for, behold, they shall not accomplish their evil designs in lying against those words. For, behold, if you should bring forth the same words they will say that you have lied; that you have pretended to translate, but that you have contradicted yourself. Thus Satan thinketh to overpower your testimony in this generation, that the work may not come forth in this generation: but, behold, here is wisdom!" and so forth.

Behold, here is wisdom, indeed; but it is the wisdom of knavery and cunning. Joseph Smith was evidently afraid that the sacred MS. had fallen into the hands of some irreverent sceptics, who were determined, if he attempted a fresh translation, to point out any discrepancies they might discover, and thus convict him of pretending to powers which he did not possess. But, to use a favourite expression of the Koran, God is the best contriver of stratagems; and so in this instance the prophet shows that he is quite a match for all the wiles of Satan. He refuses to re-translate the missing portion; or, in other words, does not again make use of the same part of Spaulding's novel. Poor Harris's "perfidy," as Mrs. Smith calls it, was not unpunished. In an agony of despair he called out, "Oh, I have lost my soul! I have lost my soul!" But Providence was contented with a smaller penalty. His sin was forgiven, and instead of his soul, he lost only his wheat. A dense fog, which did no injury whatever to his neighbours' corn, overspread the fields of the luckless farmer, and two-thirds of his crops were blighted by this signal visitation. But the lost pages of the Book of Mormon were never recovered, and the prophet was obliged to content himself, as we have seen, with a crushing exposure of the schemes of the devil, who in this particular instance was probably represented on earth by that obstinate unbeliever, Mrs. Harris.

The above incident is sufficient of itself to convict Joseph Smith of an impudent imposture. M. Rémy, however, while admitting the "eternal censure attaching to his imposture," passes upon the rest of his character an almost unqualified eulogy. He pleads as a strong fact in his favour that he was tried thirty-nine times for various offences, generally by hostile courts, and was never once convicted. This, of itself, would rather prove the malice of his enemies than his own entire innocence, and can scarcely be accepted as an "eloquent answer to all the calumnies against him." As to two of the most serious of these alleged calumnies he never was tried at all. In the case of the bank at Kirtland he escaped in a very suspicious manner. In the case of the *Expositor*, his conduct plainly showed that he was anxious to suppress the evidence against him.

The character of Joseph Smith has been compared to that of

Mahomet. Such a comparison, if it be carried beyond some merely superficial points of resemblance, does the gravest injustice to the Arabian prophet. It is true that Smith made use of revelation to regulate the affairs of his Church, and to gain personal advantages (such as the construction of a house for his own residence), as Mahomet in his later years made use of it for the purpose of legislation, for the regulation of his harem, and in order to exempt himself from the limitation to four wives. Yet it is impossible to doubt that Mahomet was a profoundly religious man, animated throughout his career with a lofty purpose consistently pursued. If he attained honour and power, he could not possibly have expected this result of his mission. Moreover, he really succeeded in reforming the religion of his people. He put an end to their gross idolatry, and established the pure worship of a single God. He abolished altogether the barbarous practice of some Arabians, of burying their female infants alive as soon as they were born. He introduced greater decency in the performance of the annual ceremonies that were performed around the Caaba at Mecca. He improved the position of women as regarded inheritance. Stained as his later life undoubtedly was with excesses, and even crimes, yet these may more probably be attributed to the unhappy effects of unlimited power, than to a character fundamentally corrupt or base. But what are the services to religion or morals that can be attributed to Joseph Smith? He also, no doubt, incurred persecution, but he could no more have foreseen it than Mahomet could foresee that he would be absolute lord of Arabia. True it is that, having once determined to play the part of an inspired and heaven-appointed restorer of the Gospel, he played it unflinchingly to the end. But what was the Gospel he came to restore? His religious views certainly did not rise above those of his countrymen, even if they did not fall below them. There is not a single elevated thought, not a ray of fervour, not a trace of deep religious feeling, to be found in his verbose and tedious revelations. They move on one dead level throughout their weary length, revealing nothing but the worldly ambition and the self-seeking schemes of a common and prosaic mind.

Deprived of their founder and leader by this cruel blow, it became one of the first duties of the Mormons to elect a successor. Sidney Rigdon aspired to the Presidency of the Church, but he was opposed by Brigham Young, the chief of the twelve apostles, who enjoyed the popular favour. Rigdon's pretensions were therefore regarded as unauthorised; he was cut off from the Church, and delivered over to the buffetings of Satan. Brigham Young was elected President on the 7th of October, 1844. He was four years older than Smith, having been born in 1801. By his conduct as head of the Mormons

—a position, especially at first, of much difficulty and some danger—he has proved himself worthy of the confidence of the people, which he still continues to enjoy.

Far from being appeased by the murder of the prophet, the demon of persecution in Illinois seems to have been excited thereby to fresh iniquities. Outrages, such as the burning of houses, were committed upon the Mormons, but this was still insufficient to satisfy their enemies. A meeting was held by the orthodox party in September, 1845, at which it was determined that the Mormons must be expelled from the State. Deputies were sent to convey this intimation to Brigham Young, who replied that it was already his intention to evacuate Nauvoo. A formal treaty was entered into with the deputies to the effect that the mass of the Mormons would leave Nauvoo in the following spring, provided they were in the meantime guaranteed against attack, and suffered to dispose of their property in peace.

Not even after this treaty had been made, were the unhappy Saints allowed to remain unmolested. They were exposed to further annoyances in January, 1846. The utmost speed was shown on their part in urging on the evacuation. Early in February, though at this time the Mississippi was frozen, and the intense cold made the journey a matter of extreme difficulty, a company of pioneers commenced their emigration to the west. They were followed in the same month by Brigham Young and the heads of the Church, leading a band of 1,600 emigrants. They knew not whither they were going; they knew not the country through which they had to pass.

The great body of the Saints remained at Nauvoo until they had performed a sacred duty—the completion of the temple. Although they knew that they could never use it, yet it was finished with the most elaborate care, and consecrated on the 1st and 2nd of May, 1846. Immediately after this, the great majority of the Mormons quitted Nauvoo, to follow their leaders in their march to the unknown regions of the west.

But a few remained behind. Whether it was that they had not the means to join the emigration until they had sold their property, or whatever else the cause might be, they afforded a pretext for persecution. An army of a thousand Christians, with a Reverend Mr. Brockman as one of their leaders, commenced a regular siege of Nauvoo on the 10th of September. They continued their fire for several days, until the small garrison capitulated, and consented to evacuate Illinois in five days.

Nauvoo was thus at length entirely abandoned. Driven, for the third time in their short history, from possessions legitimately acquired, and from homes consecrated by untiring industry, they commenced the wonderful journey, which is known as the Mormon

Exodus. Trying as that journey would have been for strong men in robust health, we may fancy what it was to the many thousands of women and children who now performed it. They had to traverse a distance of some 1,400 miles (their number being at least 10,000) across an uninhabited, uncultivated, and often unwholesome tract. Exposed to cold, to heat, to hunger, to thirst, to sickness, to want and suffering of many kinds, it is no wonder that large numbers perished on the road, and were buried in unremembered graves. One who herself accompanied the exiles from Illinois, and felt in their full bitterness all the sufferings of this period, has confessed, in spite of her general hostility to the Mormons, that this journey "even to this day, lingers upon my recollection, as among the most wonderful and sublime movements of which the world has any knowledge."¹ Nor was this Exodus, like that of the Hebrews of old, aided and encouraged by divine interposition. The Saints had to cross the Mississippi and the Missouri, but these rivers were not cleft in twain for their benefit. They were in want of food, but no manna fell from heaven. They longed for water; no rock was opened to reveal a gushing spring. They were in doubt as to the way they should take; no cloudy pillar went before them to guide their steps. Such things do not happen in the nineteenth century, nor on American soil.

Happily for the Mormons, they had men at their head who, if they could do no miracles, could at least work wonders of organisation and practical skill. Those who went in front, sowed corn for those who were to come behind, and by this and other means the hardships of the way were alleviated as much as possible. On the 24th of July, 1847—an anniversary which is still celebrated by the Mormons—Brigham Young and the pioneers arrived at the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Here it was that Young determined to build a city for the future home of his people. He then returned to the Missouri, near which he had left the rest of the emigrants. He conducted them thence to the Great Salt Lake, where they reached the end of their long wanderings in the autumn of 1848. Some, however, did not arrive till a much later period.

Mormon energy has raised Great Salt Lake City—lying, as it does, in a territory never before inhabited by civilised man—to a prosperous and happy place. Here they still live, and in spite of some differences with the Federal Government, they may be said to have found here that independence and that freedom which had been denied them in States already settled and inhabited by the European race.

AMBERLEY.

(1) Mrs. Mary Ettie V. Smith, "Fifteen Years among the Mormons," p. 54.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW MR. ARNAUD FOUND MISSIONARY WORK ENOUGH TO DO WITHOUT GOING TO THE CANNIBAL ISLES, AND HOW HE RIGGED HIMSELF FOR HIS MISSION AT HOME.

THERE was a lull for a considerable time after the storm which flung one bark on a lee-shore, while it carried the other triumphantly into port. We have leisure, therefore, to attend to other matters of subordinate moment, but not without importance.

Arnaud's return to England had been decided, as we have intimated, before Mr. Sandford's exploit. In fact, if the truth must be told, Mrs. Rowley acted respecting him very much in the way that a minister sometimes despatches upon a foreign service a personage whose presence at home chances for some reason or another to incommode him. The young Waldensian had necessarily been thrown, while he remained in Paris, a great deal into Susan Rowley's society; and Mrs. Rowley, whose keen observation, as we know, but little ever escaped, soon remarked that her daughter's interest in the colossal young missionary was rapidly tending to the point when interest becomes a deeper feeling, and usually goes by a softer name. She had a tender regard herself for Arnaud, and not only regard, but admiration. He was a fine, noble fellow, in every way calculated to exercise a strong fascination upon a girl like Susan, whose character was almost as ardent and enthusiastic as his own; but (to say nothing of his obscure birth) he was very young; and as to the walk of life he had chosen, though she honoured it highly, what was it after all but a career of hazardous adventure, which no prudent mother could conscientiously wish her daughter to share? On the whole, she felt it to be her duty to oppose at least impediment enough to the growth of Susan's attachment as to afford time for such mature reflection as was not likely to be made while Arnaud was on the spot; and with this view the idea occurred to her of employing him in England, not only usefully, but on a service entirely in his own line.

Nobody knew better how to seize the favourable moment for a project on which she was bent; so one day when Arnaud was asking whether there was any possible way in which he could be of use to her, she looked meditative before she replied.

"Not in France, Arnaud; if we were in England I really think I could employ you to some purpose—not indeed to myself, but to others whom I am bound to think of."

"Is your own presence in England absolutely necessary," he inquired, "for the purpose you allude to?"

"Well, no," she answered; "I cannot say it is. It was only a little pastoral duty I was thinking of proposing to you."

Arnaud smiled, thinking she was going to put her South-Downs under his charge, he had heard so much of her farming operations.

Mrs. Rowley went to look for Mr. Cosie's map of the little peninsula, and having found it, she opened and spread it out on the table, while Arnaud stood wondering what she meant. She pointed with her finger, and desired him to look at the group of islets on the chart. There were three of them, two hardly more than rocks, but upon all three there was a population of about a dozen families—between fifty and sixty souls.

"Now, my dear fellow, you will be surprised," she said, "when I tell you that these poor people, though our parishioners and tenants, have been neglected to such a degree, I may say for half a century, that they are little better than pagans. If they have any religion at all, it is a curious jumble of Christianity and Druidical superstitions; and their civilisation is backward in the same proportion. They are half famished and scarcely half clothed; they cultivate a few patches of oats and potatoes, and fish a little in the pilchard season; but that's all."

"What has Mr. Blackadder been about?" said Arnaud.

Mrs. Rowley smiled before she answered.

"Poor Mr. Blackadder! we must not be too hard on him; he means so well, and is such a zealous and active minister, according to his lights; but he has an insurmountable antipathy to salt water, and, unfortunately, for the greater part of the year there is a rough sea always running between us and our islands."

"I see," said Arnaud; "a man is not in a condition to preach in a wilderness or anywhere else after a fit of sea-sickness."

"No," said Mrs. Rowley; "and now you see in what way I think you could do some good—indeed, great good—I mean as long as you are not under orders for Africa or Japan."

Arnaud took two or three turns up and down the room before he answered, and his countenance wore the expression of profound and anxious thought, so deep that, with all her sagacity, Mrs. Rowley was able to conjecture but a small part of what was passing in his mind.

"Do you know, my dear fellow," she continued, resuming whilst he still paced the apartments, "without at all disparaging foreign missions, I have always thought there was ample scope for missionary exertions without wandering from the shores of England; and surely our own pagans and savages have the first claims on us."

He now made a full stop, and sat down beside her.

"I agree with you, Fatima," he said; "I accept the mission to those poor islanders. I'll go and smoke a pipe with them and see what can be done."

"I well knew I could reckon on you for any generous resolution," said Mrs. Rowley. "Go over without loss of time. Mr. Cosie will do his best to provide for your temporary accommodation. You will have hard work and but little comfort."

Mrs. Rowley was more surprised than with her sagacity and her knowledge of Arnaud's character she ought to have been at the promptitude with which he accepted the employment that involved his immediate departure. In truth he knew quite as well as she did within what strict limits his obscure position in life made it his duty to confine his affections, and though he probably had no distinct consciousness of being dangerously near that delicate line with Susan, he embraced Mrs. Rowley's wily proposition with an instinctive sense of its opportuneness and propriety.

Arnaud tarried some days in London to have the meeting already described with Mrs. Rowley's lawyers, and to transact some business with the society he was connected with. In that interval Mrs. Upjohn had perpetrated her second crime; but, of course, nothing was known in the country except that Mrs. Rowley was out and the Upjohns in.

Arnaud found the Meadows in affliction, and all the Cosies wringing their hands. They in common with all Mrs. Rowley's friends when they heard of her husband's death, had been looking forward to having his widow permanently established in their neighbourhood, diffusing happiness round about her, and now fortune had decided otherwise, and if she came back to them at all, they could only expect to see her involved in the misery of a tedious and precarious litigation, and stripped in the meantime of almost all her power to do good.

"What will become of us all, Mr. Arnaud, dear," cried Mrs. Cosie, literally crying (for his coming made the tears of the whole family flow afresh), and wiping her soft brown eyes with her apron; "and what will become of the poor people; and, dear, dear me, what were the lawyers about to suffer it; and what were all Mrs. Rowley's friends about; and was there nobody to do anything to prevent such terrible wickedness?"

"And that horrible woman was at the bottom of it all, now wasn't she, Mr. Arnaud?" said Dorothy.

"We must not say that, until it is proved," said Arnaud.

"But don't you think so?" persisted Dorothy. "You know you do; it stands to reason she was."

"The greater the wickedness," urged Arnaud, "the slower we

must be to impute it to any one; and we are never so liable to error as when we presume to read the secrets of hearts."

"But don't we often read people's hearts in their faces? Don't we read Mrs. Rowley's heart in her face? And I don't see why we shouldn't read a bad heart in a lady's face just as well; it stands to reason, so it does."

"I don't know what to think," said poor Mrs. Cosie, clasping her hands, and then unclasping them and clasping them again.

"I know very well what to think, mother," said Margery.

"It is wiser, Margery, not to say what we think sometimes," said her father.

"I was only going to say," continued the uncontrollable Margery, "that those things don't happen to good people."

"Don't say that," said Dorothy, the pushing girl, giving her sister the usual little dig with her elbow.

Arnaud gravely desired them to remember the story of Job; and Mr. Cosie thanked him for recalling his daughters to a more becoming way of speaking, excusing them, at the same time, on account of their love for Mrs. Rowley.

"She deserves it all," said Arnaud, "as nobody knows better than I do; and when I tell them that it would only grieve her to hear that bitter things were said of any member of her family before it is possible to know for a certainty that they are deserved, I am sure your daughters will say nothing more of the kind."

"Of course they won't," said Mrs. Cosie; "nor I either—to set them an example. None of us will say another hard word, except to pray God to bring wickedness to light, whoever committed it; and I am sure I hope it will not turn out that it was not that wicked woman."

"My dear, you are forgetting your promise already," said Mr. Cosie, smiling, and taking Arnaud away with him.

"It's quite true," said Margery; "she is just that, and nothing else; and she did it all, as sure as if I was standing by and looking at her."

"But you mustn't say so now you know it would vex Mrs. Rowley," said Dorothy; "we must all hold our tongues."

"He is a fine, tall, likely young man," said Mrs. Cosie, "as ever I laid my two eyes on, and it is easy to see he has the gift of preaching; he has the Bible at his finger-ends, from what he said about Job, and he'll do a world of good to the poor people on the islands, if they mind what he tells them."

"Then they won't, mother," said the incorrigible Margery, "if he bids them not talk of Mrs. Upjohn. When they know as much as we know, won't they talk of her, if he was to preach till doomsday?"

Mr. Cosie and Arnaud walked out together to call on Mr. Blackadder, Arnaud tucking the old man under his arm, and towering over him like the giant of a fable; and on the way they took counsel as to what was to be done to set Arnaud's ministration among the islanders afoot.

"Mrs. Rowley tells me," said Cosie, "that you intend going amongst them as a missionary, and she desires me to do all that is usual and proper to start you well; but she forgets that I have no experience in that line. I never fitted out a missionary in my life. What do you think you will want?"

"What does any one want here below, but bread to eat and a roof over his head?"

"Well, we may safely leave the victualling to Mrs. Cosie; she is a capital hand at all that. As to a roof or a decent abode on any of those rocks, you may as well put it out of your head; there's no such thing on the best of them."

"Then I must only live under canvas, which I have done before now."

"You don't think of merely going across now and then, and giving them a sermon, when the sea's not too rough?"

"That wouldn't do, Mr. Cosie; that's not my way of going to work. Isn't there a hut of some kind?"

"We must only try and knock you up one."

"All right," said Arnaud; "any shed will do for me that keeps out the rain and wind and has two holes in it—one to let in the light, and the other to let out the smoke. And now for my rig out."

"You had better consult Mr. Blackadder about that; he gets his clothes from Plymouth."

"This will be a good thing for him," said Arnaud; "he will have a better fortune with his wife."

"I don't think he cares much for that," said Mr. Cosie; "he has been in very low spirits since the news came of Mrs. Rowley's misfortune."

They found the curate at home. Arnaud introduced himself in his blunt, manly way, stating his business, which Mr. Blackadder was glad to hear, frankly confirming all that Mrs. Rowley had said about the necessities of the poor fishermen and his own unfortunate incapacity to do his duty towards them. He heartily approved of Arnaud's resolution to sojourn for some time on the islands, and devoutly wished him God-speed.

As his visitors were going, he took Mr. Cosie aside, and told him with emotion that he was going away for some time, and it was not impossible he might never return to the parish. Without assigning any reasons, he informed Mr. Cosie that orders had

come down to get Foxden ready without delay for Mrs. Upjohn's reception.

Mr. Cosie had no reason to be surprised at this, and he had only to couple it with Mr. Blackadder's intended departure to see that the marriage so long talked of was not likely to take place.

"Three months ago," said Mr. Cosie, after a long silence, when they had taken leave, "if any one had prophesied that I should deeply regret that man's leaving us, I should not have believed it; but he is an honest man, Mr. Arnaud, too honest to enter the family that is coming to ride over us: God help us all!"

"Be of good cheer, my old friend," cried Arnaud, struck by the desponding tone of Mr. Cosie's observations; "there's always a heaven above us; no Mrs. Upjohn can deprive us of that. Mr. Blackadder, it is plain, cares nothing for money, no more does Mrs. Rowley; why should her friends be cast down? Be of good cheer, Mr. Cosie, and cheer up your wife and daughters."

"I'll try," said the old man.

After a few minutes he stopped short, struck the ground with his stick, and said—

"We must go back—you never asked Mr. Blackadder the name of his tailor."

Arnold laughed, and replied—

"Because I don't want him; I saw a shop in Oakham where I can get all I want."

"No you won't; I know better," said Cosie.

"Let us walk down and see," said Arnaud; and on he strode again with Mr. Cosie trussed under his arm.

He drew up at the shop he meant. It was a mere slop-shop, such as are commonly to be found in small towns on the sea-coast, where sailors and fishermen are the chief customers. A variety of rough coats, of the coarsest materials, huge baggy trousers to match, blue shirts and oil-skin hats, were dangling from pegs outside, and tossing to and fro in the wind.

"Show me a pea-jacket," said Arnaud, "or something of that sort, the biggest and warmest you have."

He bought a pilot's coat as rough as a bear's-skin, though not as glossy and fine; Mr. Cosie looking on amazed.

"Now trousers to match, I'm not a dwarf you see; let there be plenty of room in them."

He bought the trousers, then an oil-skin hat, and some other articles to complete his missionary toilette, directed them to be sent up to the Meadows, and away they went, Mr. Cosie actually speechless.

"I shall look very well in that suit," said Arnaud, looking down sideways upon his astounded companion.

"You will look extremely like a pirate," said Mr. Cosie, with difficulty recovering his breath.

"Well, I hope to take a prize or two in a spiritual way," said Arnaud; "and now all I want further is a double-barrelled gun and a pound or or two of tobacco."

Mr. Cosie, at length beginning to enter into Arnaud's conception of a Cornish missionary, undertook to provide gun, ammunition, and not only tobacco, but a keg of old Scotch whiskey, to which the spiritual corsair made not the slightest objection.

The next day being favourable they both crossed over to the largest of the islands (called Purple Island, from the rich hue of the heath that clothed it), to afford Arnaud a general survey of the field of his future labours, and after some roaming about over the rocks they came to a small disused enclosure, intended for sheep, and Arnaud at once declared that it was just the thing, if it had only a window and a chimney and was covered with a few planks and a layer of peat over them. It took rather more than a week to do all this, and to put in some rude but indispensable articles of furniture, with a store of substantial provisions, in which Arnaud had no small trouble to prevent Mrs. Cosie from including twenty good things which would have been entirely out of keeping with the residence.

The interval he spent in strides over the estate, often accompanied (*haud passibus æquis*) by the Cosie girls, from whom he gathered a great many useful hints as to the ways and usages of the wild people he was going to live amongst. Before Mrs. Upjohn came down, he was settled in his pastoral cure and had made some progress in cultivating the acquaintance of the islanders.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW MRS. UPJOHN BEGAN TO ENJOY HER PROSPERITY. HOW PROVIDENCE SENT HER A PEER FOR A GUEST, WITH THE GRIEVANCES OF THE REV. MR. CHOKER.

Mrs. Upjohn remained not long in town after we saw her last. Not only was London grown empty, but her house there felt more uncomfortable than houses usually are at the fall of the season, particularly her boudoir, which seemed always to smell of something like tinder, with perhaps just a sniff on the air of the peccadillo committed in making it. Miss Upjohn left town along with her mother; Carry, as usual, alone remaining to keep her uncle company, and console him in his new distress.

Poor Upjohn! never before had his pen and his speculations served so little to support him in trouble. He wandered about his dreary dismantled house, stumbling over the rolled-up carpets, still ransacking impossible places in search of what was never to be found; and (unheard-of event!) the Review which usually published his lucubrations, appeared without the promised continuation of one of his most elaborate papers.

Mrs. Upjohn rather hoped than expected to be received by the people with some demonstration of respect, if not of attachment; but she drove through Oakham without receiving any greater homage than the uncouth salutations of a few of the small shopkeepers, and a solitary cheer from the landlord of the Rowley Arms, who saw in her arrival some prospect of a stir in the neighbourhood to his advantage. The ladies scattered their smiles and nods broadcast round them without calling forth the least enthusiasm, and arrived at Foxden in very bad humour.

In truth, their state of mind, particularly the mother's, was far from being enviable. She was terrified when she thought of what she had done, and imagined in her fright a hundred possible and impossible ways by which the deed might be brought to light. The locksmith was for ever before her. He, at least, possessed a key to the mystery of her iniquity; she shuddered to think what it was in that man's power to reveal, and (utterly unable to conceive the magnanimity which influenced Mrs. Rowley's conduct) she felt convinced that no stone would be left unturned to unravel the whole transaction by those whose interests it so seriously affected.

Accordingly, she was in no mood to think of gaieties at present, or even to assume the airs and state of the great lady of the neighbourhood. Her first absorbing anxiety on coming down was to get into flesh again. It was with nothing short of dismay that she found, on weighing herself in the yard the day after her arrival, while the men were at dinner, that the life she had been leading had taken a full stone out of her. Her complexion was a minor consideration, for that was a question of cosmetics; but though the brush can lay on artificial roses, it cannot fill up the hollows of the faded cheek under them, whether furrowed by grief or scooped by the claws of conscience. Then, when the cheeks fall in, personal repairs are notoriously requisite in other parts of the frame as well, and in some where it is difficult to mask the want with all the tricks and resources of millinery. Such was the condition Mrs. Upjohn was in, or had reduced herself to, and her daughter, though in a less degree, was in the same plight; accordingly, their common solicitude, now that they were country mice again, was the carnal one of recovering the flesh they had both lost; and a quiet life for a few weeks, with the fresh breezes of air and ocean blowing about

them, and filling their lungs, was certainly the best prescription for the purpose.

Miss Upjohn had to bear, on arriving at Foxden, the additional vexation of Mr. Blackadder's behaviour, which amounted as palpably to a deliberate break off of their engagement as if he had put it into black and white. Mrs. Upjohn was very indignant too; but she comforted both herself and her daughter by the reflection that, after all, the Curate's chance of the Stromness peerage depended on the life of a man who was not a bad life himself.

"And as to the mere connexion with a noble family, what signifies it, my dear? Our house, I hope, requires no paltry Scotch peerage to prop it up. Believe me, Harriet, there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught."

It was only when the quiet life and the good air, with total abstinence from crimes and misdemeanours, began, after some weeks, to tell favourably on both ladies, rounding off the angles, filling up the cavities, and restoring the florid hues of health, that they had leisure to lay their plans for a pleasant autumn, when the partridge-shooting would induce gay men to come, in addition to the festivities of various kinds which Mrs. Upjohn's passion for dissipation was always fertile in devising. She proposed archery meetings, regattas, picnics, and frequent dances and dinners, all which, indeed, she held to be the positive duty of a large proprietor to give at the proper season of the year; a much better way to do good, she said, and make himself popular in the country, than going about like some people she would not name, prying into the cottages of the poor, and bothering them about cleanliness and education. As to expense, what was money for? How often had she not asked that question, when money was a more serious consideration? Her dear good husband might, and probably would, demur a little still, and shrug his shoulders a few times when he came down, but she was used to his little objections, and had her own ways of getting over them. Besides (though she did not mutter this even to her inmost self), did she not know much better than he did what little reason there was to be uneasy about the future?

Mrs. Upjohn was so little afraid of finding her husband's presence an obstruction to her plans, that she was beginning to be very anxious to have him with her; for when guests began to arrive, it would not do at all that there should be only the ladies of the family to entertain them. As one way of coaxing him down, she tenderly recalled several defects he had often spoken of in the little den or study where we first made his acquaintance, and she had them rectified, and everything done to make it as snug and commodious for him as possible; so snug, indeed, that there was every likelihood, when he had once ensconced himself in it of a

morning, of his remaining the livelong day in convenient ignorance of all that went on in his house. It was very affectionate and very thoughtful of Mrs. Upjohn.

While she was making out a list of people to be invited, she was suddenly honoured with a guest whom she had never dreamed of, and a most auspicious incident his arrival was. Mrs. Upjohn drove down to the village late one afternoon to see if orders had been executed which she had given to have a few rooms at the inn freshly papered and painted, as there would sometimes be more people at Foxden than the house could conveniently accommodate with bedrooms.

She called out the landlord, and after questioning him about the rooms, she asked him if there was any one in his house.

Yes, there was, and so great a personage that the innkeeper swelled like a turkey-cock while he informed Mrs. Upjohn who it was,—no less than Lord Stromness himself, or rather, the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Stromness, for the landlord gave him all his additions religiously. His lordship had come down to spend a month with his cousin, Mr. Blackadder, as he had done once or twice before in former years at the same season, and finding his bird flown, there was nothing for it but to go to the inn.

As Mrs. Upjohn knew Lord Stromness, she alighted and went into the inn, with an alacrity not very consistent with the tone in which she had recently spoken of his peerage. She found his lordship just about to sit down to a sorry bit of roast mutton. He was rather a short man, between fifty and sixty, complexion sandy, hair foxy, with bushy whiskers to correspond, so that, saving his nobility, he was not personally very attractive.

"I hope, my lord," said Mrs. Upjohn, with the most elaborate graciousness, "you did not know I was in the country?"

"No, no, I did not, Mrs. Upjohn, I assure you; I had no idea of it, particularly when I found that unaccountable cousin of mine had marched off with himself."

"Most fortunate for us, I hope," said Mrs. Upjohn, "for I trust you will condescend to be our guest at Foxden; we shall only be too happy to have you as long as you can stay."

"And you are really so kind as to take me in?—it is very good of you, I'm sure—there is no resisting you charming women."

"And, my dear lord, you must allow me to carry you off at once; my carriage is at the door,—I will really take no excuse."

His lordship looked at Mrs. Upjohn, then at the sorry neck of mutton, which it needed no great eloquence to induce him to leave behind; so, with a hundred thanks for her hospitality, he accompanied her back to Foxden, ordering his things to be sent up after him.

This was a prize indeed! the first time Mrs. Upjohn had ever "picked up a peer" to shed the lustre of nobility over her parties. Before she was half way home, she forgot entirely how little the house of Upjohn stood in want of noble alliances, and began already to speculate upon the brilliant prospect opened to her in so singular a way, actually owing to Mr. Blackadder's desertion. Nay, devout creature that she was, instead of thanking her good fortune, like a heathen, she actually saw the finger of Providence in it.

The curious thing of all was, that, had he been wealthy, he would perhaps not have been so precious in Mrs. Upjohn's eyes; but the reason for this was simply that his wealth might probably have placed him out of her daughter's reach; the poverty of the noble bachelor was precisely his merit; he sadly wanted to have his coronet burnished up, not having much to live on beyond the rents of a few moors in the Highlands, which fluctuated from year to year with the promise of the grouse-shooting.

Miss Upjohn, as may well be supposed, was by no means so quick to appreciate the advantages that dazzled her mother; but, nevertheless, she took rather more pains with her toilette than she had lately done, indeed more than was actually necessary even with a Viscount for her guest. They had a dummy whist in the evening, and got through it, on the whole, pretty well; but the ladies agreed, when they were alone together at bedtime, that many such evenings would weary them out. The time was come when the presence of the master of the house was absolutely indispensable.

"He must positively come down, and come at once," said Mrs. Upjohn; "common respect for Lord Stromness requires it; besides, how can I ask other gentlemen until he is here to receive them?"

"Why, even for poor Carry's sake, he ought not to stay in London at this season."

"To be sure; that's another consideration," said Mrs. Upjohn.

Another urgent letter was despatched the next day to London, and, as a desperate effort, to get a gentleman to meet his lordship, and make a party of four, Mrs. Upjohn proposed to invite the poor young clergyman who was doing Mr. Blackadder's duty.

Miss Upjohn gave a little shrug; she supposed there was no help for it.

"He seems a decent gentlemanly young man," pursued her mother. "It was one of my poor dear father's rules, never to despise any one for being poor; the man who hasn't a shilling to-day, he used to say, may be a millionaire to-morrow."

"Ask him, by all means," said her daughter, "I only hope it won't turn the young man's head."

The second dinner certainly went off better than the first. Mr. Choker, the "occasional," had plenty of small talk, such as it was;

and he was very amusing, without in the least intending it, with all the hardships and grievances he had to undergo when he first arrived, Mr. Blackadder having gone away without making any arrangements to make him comfortable.

"He left out no sheets for my bed," said Mr. Choker, with the most pathetic earnestness, "and I had to send up to the house of a neighbouring farmer to borrow some mustard. I had a great mind to write to the Bishop."

"Very bad of Blackadder, indeed," said Lord Stromness; "but he treated me even worse, if that's any comfort to you."

"I never was used so before, wherever I have done occasional duty," continued the aggrieved minister of the gospel; "there was not even beer in the cellar, and it's the rule in all respectable parishes to provide beer at least, and there are very few cases where I've not found a bottle or two of port and sherry into the bargain."

"My cousin is a sad fellow, I must admit," said Lord Stromness; "I'll scold him well the next time I see him."

"Do, my lord; I hope you will. Why a friend of mine, who is only a Literate, once actually found a bottle of champagne which the rector left behind him—I always thought it must have been a mistake—but only think of a St. Bees-man being in such luck!"

Mr. Choker, however, was only diverting as long as he kept to his grievances: he spoiled all when he aimed at being entertaining; for he was so far from being overawed by the company he was in, or having "his head turned," that he began to poke fun at the viscount; and his puns not hitting the mark, he let off a volley of riddles at him, most of them of the irreverent kind known at Clapham and the evangelical watering-places as Sunday riddles, which, instead of amusing, utterly disgusted the strait-laced Scotchman, and much to his credit, for there is no kind of facetiousness more offensive to good taste.

So it was decided next day that Mr. Choker was not to be asked any more, except to tea or breakfast; and Mrs. Upjohn was forced to replace him with the village doctor, and a small squire in the neighbourhood whom she had never noticed before.

Again she wrote to her husband, this time with the bitterest urgency; she must invite suitable people to meet Lord Stromness whether he came or not.

But still it was to no purpose. Foxden, which poor Upjohn once so dearly loved for its tranquillity and beauty, was intolerable to him now. In vain he was minutely informed of all the improvements made in the little retreat where he had spent many of the happiest hours of his life. He wrote the most affectionate letters, and sent Lord Stromness the politest messages; but still pleaded business, and lingered at Cumberland Gate until the summer sun had

burnt up all the verdure of the Park, and would have continued to linger on, if one day the doctor who occasionally visited his niece had not startled him by his account of the state of her health, and strongly advised her uncle to take her without the loss of a day to a German watering-place.

He had left England before his letter informing his family of this unexpected turn of events reached Foxden. He reported the physician's opinion to his wife with every possible mitigation; told her, what was indeed true, that the waters were also recommended to himself, and entreated her upon no account to allow his absence to interfere with her autumnal amusements.

Now Mrs. Upjohn, be it known, had never put the least faith in the doctors, who from time to time attended her niece, when they suggested Spas and Kissingens, and she had never once acted on their advice; so this move of her husband's made her very angry. She thought, and perhaps she was right, that the air of Cornwall would have been quite as good for poor Carry as any German waters. However, anything was better than the state of suspense she had been left in. She had now the very best reasons to give her friends for Mr. Upjohn's absence from home; and having been assured on the best authority that there was no immediate cause for alarm about "her dear child," she issued her writs of hospitality, and had soon as large a party assembled as Foxden, with the help of the inn, could conveniently accommodate.

Lord Stromness had in the meantime made himself agreeable, sometimes riding with Miss Upjohn, which her mother encouraged as much as she could, sometimes driving with both ladies, sitting a fair time over his wine, insisting on having a whist in the evening, and proving in every way that he could make himself perfectly at home, although the master of the house was not. Mrs. Upjohn had been afraid at first that she would not be able to keep her distinguished guest for more than a few days; but she was soon at her ease on that head, he never talked of leaving; and had, in fact, no notion of leaving a house in a hurry where he was so comfortable and made so much of.

The noble lord was fond of rabbit-shooting; and it was indeed for this sport, which was very good in the islands, that he usually came in the autumn to spend some time with Blackadder; but Mrs. Upjohn never could persuade him to go shooting as long as he was the only gentleman in the house. There would be time enough to think of the rabbits, and he protested he was more agreeably occupied in squiring the ladies.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FESTIVITIES AT FOXDEN, AND WHO GRACED THEM. HOW MRS. UPJOHN WAS USED IN HER OWN HOUSE, AND HOW MR. COSIE'S PROMOTION SPOILED HER APPETITE.

WHEN the gaiety once commenced there was plenty of it. If Mrs. Upjohn loved anything more, it was state and importance, and she now began to make herself really felt as the great lady of the country. Suddenly she now blazed forth as Mrs. Rowley Upjohn Rowley of Oakham. People lengthen their names as they grow great; the world smiles at first, but it acquiesces at last; it being worth nobody's while to ask questions.

The party now in the house, beside Lord Stromness, consisted of the two Miss Lovibonds, a pair of rattling beauties whose faces were all their fortunes; they were invited because such girls were necessary to attract the kind of men Mrs. Upjohn wanted. Heavy men enough they were, heaven knows; so much so that Captain Motley, a heavy dragoon, and one of the heaviest, was a star amongst them; and it would not have been easy to say in what his starriness consisted, except that he changed his costume five or six times a day. There was Mr. Bittern, too, with a beak and voice like a macaw's, and whose sole merit was a knack he had of saying unpleasant things, with the air of meaning nothing particular. There was also a Mr. Strangeways, who never knew anybody, but knew everybody's brother or cousin; and Mr. Paul Pickford, a relative of the Rowleys, who passed his life with a cigar in his mouth, on the look-out for something under Government. Paul happened once to be at a house where Mrs. Rowley was staying, and one day in taking a short cut across the lawn, where the ground was marshy, he got himself into a mess. Mrs. Rowley, who saw him from a window, exclaimed, "Paul has got into something at last."

There was also Colonel Bungalow, a dreary old Indian, who had killed a tiger, and made every one wish that the brute had killed him; and Mr. Greenwich, a would-be astronomer, who lounged about half-asleep all the day, but as soon as the sun set was as lively as a bat; came out with a telescope under his arm, and insisted on teaching the ladies the names of the stars, and showing them Jupiter's belts, without being very particular whether the planet was Jupiter himself or Venus. This scientific gentleman, with Mr. Bittern and the Indian, were quartered at the hotel.

The ladies, besides the Lovibonds, included a keen corpulent card-playing dowager, Mrs. Rollick, well known in every continental casino, and her niece, Miss Bracken, a buxom botanist, with a spe-

ciality for lichens and ferns ; there was also Mrs. Rous, a bustling widow, who controlled the arrangements of every house she was in, if her usurpation was for a moment brooked ; Miss Tucker, tall, thin, and thirty, with blue spectacles, and the march of a drum-major ; and little Mrs. St Ives, from the Land's-End, who knew all the cromlechs in the shire, and had the story of the "Nine Merry Maidens" at her fingers' ends.

Several families too, whose houses were within practicable distances, were now beginning to come down to their seats ; so that there were soon young people enough for balls and archery meetings, and all the amusements that require a large muster. In short, there was promise of dissipation enough to glut even Mrs. Rowley Upjohn, who grew brighter daily, as did her daughter also, who was beginning to see Lord Stromness with her mother's eyes, and get reconciled to his years and whiskers. His lordship, on his part, without being demonstrative, was behaving as well as any mother could wish, and except that Mr. Bittern every now and then made untoward allusions to family matters, Mrs. Upjohn's felicity was perfect as long as she was allowed to be mistress in her own house. But, unfortunately, the success of Mrs. Upjohn's hospitalities depended on all occasions as well as this, much less on herself than on her guests. Parties in country houses are managed in as many different ways as parties in politics, and it is not always the nominal head who rules. Some people have the good sense to leave their guests to amuse themselves—only providing the means (horses, carriages, boats, billiards, &c.)—as well as they can. Others insist on being supreme under their own roofs, but in this case all depends on the tact and taste with which the supremacy is maintained. As long as Mrs. Upjohn took the reins she miscarried deplorably ; and, sooner or later, she was always obliged to resign the box, and allow a faction of her guests to order everything, which they generally did in secret committees, generally held after breakfast, at which, if the lady of the house had been present, she would often have heard remarks that were not flattering.

One particular morning, for instance, after the company had been not many days assembled, it would not have gratified Mrs. Upjohn to have heard such a discussion as the following.

"This won't do at all," said Mrs. Rous, "if we are to stay here for two or three weeks. I have no notion of coming down to breakfast at any hour I am ordered. Dinner is another thing, of course ; but I won't be rung down to breakfast."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Ives, "though I always like to comply with the mistress of the house."

"The matron of the establishment, you mean," said Mr. Bittern, subduing his scream to an audible whisper.

"Fie, Mr. Bittern," said Mrs. Rollick; "remember walls have ears; and, besides, she really does act the lady surprisingly sometimes."

"And there's another thing," said Mrs. Rous authoritatively; "why shouldn't we have coffee on the terrace on a fine evening, instead of sitting in a stupid circle in the drawing-room?—after all, this is not Windsor Castle."

"Let us have it on the terrace to-night," said several voices.

"You shall," said Mrs. Rous; "I take it on myself."

"And, Mrs. Rous, dear," said Mrs. Rollick, "when you are about it, could you not manage to get poor Captain Motley a rubber before dinner?"

"One word for Motley and two for herself," murmured Mr. Bittern, but not in a tone for Mrs. Rollick to hear.

"I'll see about that too," said Mrs. Rous. "Oh, in a day or two, I hope, we'll get things right. After all, to do her justice, she is not hard to manage; one has only to tell her that such a thing is done in one grand house and such a thing in another, that they do this at Trentham and that at Knowsley, and you can make her do anything. I think I can promise you and Captain Motley your rubber before dinner."

"Oh, don't think of me at all," said Mrs. Rollick, who was just the most inveterate whist-player in England; "but the poor Captain always looks, about six o'clock, as if he were going to hang himself, and I know it's for want of his innocent rubber. We never play higher than half-sovereigns."

"For my part," said Mr. Bittern, "I have everything I want in this house, except freedom of speech."

"Oh, really Mr. Bittern, I never should have expected you to make that complaint," said Mrs. St. Ives.

"And why not? I'm positively tongue-tied. I never was in a house where so many topics are tabooed, or where there seem to be so many cupboards and a skeleton in every one of them."

"You tongue-tied, indeed!" said Miss Lovibond; "do let me cut the string." And she ran over to him with a pair of scissors.

"Hush, hush!" said Mrs. Rollick, raising her finger.

"The matron coming?" said Mr. Bittern.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Rous.

And the sweeping in of Mrs. Upjohn broke up the committee.

If Mr. Bittern's tongue was tied in the morning, it was rather too loose at night for the comfort of his hostess. But, to do him justice, he trod on her corns on this occasion without *malice prepense*.

"What have you been doing with yourself all day, Mr. Bittern?" said Mrs. Rous, as soon as they sat down to dinner.

"Strolling about," he replied; "and I had an adventure. I was really in a most dangerous situation."

"Fell among thieves!" said Miss Bracken.

"Worse," said Mr. Bittern; "among beauties. I came upon a gang of them on the other side of the river—three bouncing rosy country girls, with the delicious name of Cosie. Really, Mrs. Upjohn we must petition you to ask them to your next dance."

Mrs. Upjohn pretended not to hear, but Miss Upjohn gave Mr. Bittern to understand that the Cosies were not people to be invited; they were only retired tradespeople from London.

"But when the father's a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county?" said Mr. Bittern.

"Oh no," said Mrs. Upjohn, "you are misinformed, Mr. Cosie is no such thing."

"I can only say," said Mr. Bittern, "that my authority is his own daughters; he has just been appointed."

Nobody at the table could understand why Mrs. Upjohn was so annoyed as she was by this seemingly unimportant event. Her face suddenly assumed that black look, and her eye flamed with that sinister expression, which they had not worn for some time, at least before company. However, she controlled the busy member until she was alone in her dressing-room with her daughter when the evening was over. There she indulged it with her usual freedom, attributing Mr. Cosie's promotion to Mrs. Rowley's influence, and ending by declaring that her husband should never wear his uniform of D.L. again.

Another exasperating incident, even more exasperating, happened not long after, but it will be related more properly in connection with the events in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LORD STROMNESS GOES RABBIT SHOOTING. MR. ARNAUD PREACHES AN ODD SERMON, AND MRS. UPJOHN GIVES A PIC-NIC.

THERE being nothing now to interfere with his rabbit-shooting, Lord Stromness took his gun one fine morning, and accompanied by three other men of the party, went over to the islands. The best shooting was on the island where Arnaud had quartered himself. His hut was situated on a narrow plateau of heath and gorse, both now in high bloom. A wall of lofty rocks sheltered it on one side, while the other sloped sheer down to the sea, which on the calmest of summer days breaks on that coast in musical thunder. The path the sportsmen followed on landing led them, after some time, to the wall

of rocks through a cleft in which it wound upwards, by a sort of rude spiral stair, until you gained the top of the gorge, and stood right over the hut or shed. Except for a slender column of smoke, nobody would have suspected the existence of a human habitation in such a spot, for it was as solitary as it was wild; the dwellings of the natives being on another side of the island. Among the crags, as they ascended, Lord Stromness and his friends got some shots, and bagged a few conies, after which they descended towards the hut, the door of which stood open; but there was no one there. They looked in, and were greatly surprised at what they saw. On a rude table in the middle lay a gun and powder-flask, a pocket telescope, a Bible, which was open, several other books, and, what surprised them most of all, some letters were lying about in a lady's hand. The floor was covered with coarse matting, the walls were merely white-washed, the furniture of the most modest kind, the only wardrobe was a rope slung across the hut from which hung all the raiment the owner probably had beyond the clothes on his back. On a slow peat fire simmered a pot, which sent forth a savoury smell, as if something like an Irish stew was in preparation for the dinner of the luxurious proprietor.

"Very extraordinary!" said Lord Stromness; "at once so wild and so civilised. I only wish the master of the house were at home."

"I feel as if I could sit down and dine with him," said Captain Motley, "that mess smells so well; he seems to take good care of himself, great a divine as he is."

"Let us leave him a brace of rabbits," said Lord Stromness, "and proceed; we may possibly meet this singular personage on our walk."

They left the place, and wandered here and there through the bracken and purple heath, enjoying the beauties of the isle too much to do the rabbits much harm; but for some time not a human being appeared. At length, near the top of a granite ridge which ran across the island, Captain Motley, whose sight was the best of the party, descried a remarkable figure, which he pointed out immediately to his companions. Whoever it was, his back was turned to the sportsmen; he seemed to have climbed the ridge, and to be now about to go down on the other side.

"He's a giant," said Lord Stromness; "we ought to have left him all the rabbits."

"Hermit, or pirate, or whatever he is," said the Captain, "how he strides along, and how lustily he smokes; what a cloud he sends out at every puff!"

Arnaud, for of course it was he, was soon hidden from them by the nature of the ground, and it took a quarter of an hour to gain the summit of the ridge themselves. When they did, they saw a curious and striking spectacle.

On a number of huge stones, arranged in a small irregular semi-circle, and probably one of the countless Druidical monuments of the county, were seated some twenty or thirty people of both sexes and all ages, probably the majority of the wild population of the island. In front of this uncouth audience, on a block more elevated than the others, sat Arnaud with one leg across the other in a careless, lounging, conversational posture, still smoking his pipe energetically, but talking powerfully between the puffs, and evidently riveting, both by his speech and gesticulations, the attention of his hearers in a marvellous way. Some of them were smoking too, but the pipes of many had gone out in the earnestness of their listening.

The sportsmen held their breath with curiosity and interest, and gradually approached the spot. They were observed by all without any interruption either of Arnaud's talk or of his hearer's attention.

It was a kind of conversational sermon or lecture he was delivering in this odd fashion, and they soon discovered that the pipe itself was supplying him with quaint but striking illustrations of the lessons he wished to enforce.

"It was once a green leaf," he told them, the weed that stuffed their pipes, "such was all flesh, such the state of man—to-day green and flourishing, to-morrow cut down and withered. When you smoke, my friends, think of your mortality. And when you knock the ashes out of your pipes, as they fall to the ground, and mix with the dust, think of it again, for your dust returns to the earth also. Let us take another lesson from our pipes. See how foul they soon grow within, and must be cleansed, or they are only fit to be flung away. So it is with ourselves—foul with evil thoughts and evil passions, until the words of truth awaken the conscience, or until God touches our hearts. Think of all this, good people, when you smoke. Again; this tobacco, given us for our use and comfort, is but a small plant, but let it remind us that a great plant likewise was cut down for our advantage—a divine plant, no less great than the Vine of the heavenly vineyard, the Vine of God's own husbandry, planted in His mercy for us, and cut down for our eternal welfare."

Here he stopped to rekindle his pipe which had gone out, borrowing a light from the fisherman nearest to him. While he was doing this he continued: "We cannot light our pipes, my friends, without fire; and even so, when our hearts are cold and our souls dark, we must light them up and warm them with the heavenly flame of love—the love of God, or, which is the same thing, the love of one another."

Here he stopped again, and gave one of his strenuous puffs. The spiral wreath of blue vapour mounted slowly to the sky, and gradually melted away in the firmament. Arnaud gazed upwards and followed it with his bright earnest eyes while it ascended the blue concave.

"Mark," he cried, with solemnity, "how it climbs the sky; behold how it goes up from earth to heaven and seems to unite both! Let our hearts ascend in like manner in prayer to our Father which is in heaven. Prayer is the incense of a sincere and fervent heart, and never goes up to God but His mercy and His love come down to man. Let us therefore pray in the words which our great Prophet and Master has himself taught us."

He knelt; all knelt with him; the sportsmen who had not come there to pray, knelt down with the rest, and Arnaud repeated the sublime and simple form which priests, in flat disobedience to the express words of Christ himself, dilute into tedious liturgies with such vain superfluity of verbiage.

So ended the short service, the strangest, but the most impressive, that the sportsmen had ever assisted at, though Lord Stromness, at least, had heard in the Highlands, during the Secession, rough and eloquent men minister and preach on the hill-side under the roof of heaven.

Lord Stromness and the rest would gladly have introduced themselves to Arnaud when the meeting broke up, but he had not the opportunity, for Arnaud was gone almost as soon as he rose from his knees, and strode away in an opposite direction. On their return to Foxden, the account they gave the company at dinner of the scene they had witnessed, and the striking figure, and still more striking and eccentric preaching of the singular missionary, excited so much interest in the company, a little jaded with the heavy routine of the Foxden entertainments, that an expedition to the island was immediately proposed for an early day, if the sea should be smooth enough to make it safe and agreeable. What chiefly, however, piqued Mrs. Upjohn's curiosity was, not the account of the sermon, but an observation made by Mr. Pickford, who sat beside her.

"I don't know," he said, "whether you ever saw the late Mr. Evelyn?"

"No, never," she replied.

"Well," said Mr. Pickford, "I knew him, and this strange preacher reminded me of him in several respects, not only his features, in which there is a strong resemblance, but his voice and gesticulation, which are Mr. Evelyn's all over, particularly when he was riding one of his benevolent hobbies. Do you know anything about him? I should not be surprised if he was an Evelyn."

Mrs. Upjohn knew nothing, but said that a picnic on the island would probably enable them to find out who he was, and in announcing the picnic to her guests, she spoke in a highly patronising way of the admirable young man who was sacrificing himself for the benefit of the poor ignorant people, and, only for the presence of

Lord Stromness, would not have lost the opportunity of hitting Mr. Blackadder hard for having left the good work to be done by a stranger.

The day on the island was a very jolly one. A place was fixed for the dinner on the heath, and while the servants were spreading it out, Mrs. Upjohn and her friends strolled about, in knots of two or three, taking different directions, it having been previously agreed that whoever fell in with Arnaud, should invite him, in Mrs. Upjohn's name, to the banquet. Lord Stromness, fearing that the gayest and most thoughtless of the party might not behave with becoming reverence, in case another service should be found going on, such as he had been present at, affected to have forgotten the way to the place, but when the party had broken up into knots, he conducted Mrs. Upjohn herself, her daughter, and Mr. Pickford, as nearly as he could in the proper direction. But when they reached the spot it was deserted and silent, only some ravens were croaking among the stones, where "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" had been heard on the former occasion.

"Perhaps we shall find him in his hut," said Mrs. Upjohn.

"Let us try," said Lord Stromness, and led the way to the spot.

This time the wild man was at home; they found him lying at full length on his back, in the heath before his door, reading a letter, his gun at his side, corresponding with his costume much better than his costume did with the duties which he discharged. Lord Stromness was well pleased that he had not brought the rollicking Miss Lovibonds with him, for it would not have been easy to keep them to their good behaviour in presence of a spectacle which certainly had its ludicrous side. But whatever might have been the first impulse of Mrs. Upjohn and her daughter, the moment Arnaud rose to salute them, his dignified deportment suppressed every inclination to ridicule. Without making a word of apology for the poverty of his mansion, he merely said that he could offer them more luxurious seats out of doors than he could within, and at the same time motioned the ladies to a divan of nature's upholstery, which might indeed have vied with any couch at Foxden, both for softness and colour.

Mrs. Upjohn was condescending enough to take the seat offered her, which she did however in her grandest way, spreading out her voluminous silks over the heather. She had already learned Arnaud's name, and addressed him by it with many more fine speeches than it is necessary to record. She had heard such reports of his eloquence and of the wonderful good he was doing that she could not rest until she had made a pilgrimage to his cell. No words could express her admiration for the heroic self-sacrifices he was making, giving up all the pleasures of this life and all the opportunities of

distinguishing himself in the world. She declared she would not have believed such a man existed if she had not seen him with her own eyes.

"As to the pleasures of this life, Mrs. Upjohn," replied Arnaud, who did not doubt for a moment who this very superb lady was, "that depends on the notions of pleasure a man has. According to my notions of things the life I lead is as pleasant as a man can reasonably expect to have."

"But you must still allow me," she insisted, "to admire more than I can express the sacrifices you make of yourself for others, with talents like yours, which, if they were only known to the public, would almost certainly lead to promotion, perhaps even to a bishopric."

Arnaud now laughed outright.

"A bishopric!" he cried, "why, madam, I consider myself a bishop already:—

'I'm bishop of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute:'

this hut is my palace; this island is my see; and if I have no fine linen to boast of, I think I've got purple enough, for you see I roll in it. Don't talk to me of bishoprics. I once saw a bishop in London, and I wouldn't have all the buttons of his gaiters to do and undo every day of my life for his rank and his fortune."

"You would have a valet or a chaplain to do all that for you," said Lord Stromness, who, being a Presbyterian, had no objection to the fling at episcopacy.

"Well, at all events, dear Mr. Arnaud," persevered Mrs. Upjohn, "it must be a great privation to a man like you to live in this kind of society."

"Very good society, madam, I assure you," replied Arnaud, warming and growing impatient: "I don't think there's a sycophant, or a hypocrite, or a tuft-hunter, or a spendthrift in all my diocese; the men are honest and laborious, the women industrious and chaste, and they drink their tea, let me tell you, without taking away the characters of their neighbours."

"Oh, no doubt," said Mrs. Upjohn, who did not like some points in this speech, and fidgeted on her seat, as if there was a little of the furze latent among the heather, "the poor have their humble virtues, which nobody admires more than I do. I make it a rule to stand up for the poor, as my poor dear father always did; but then I can't forget that they have their faults too."

"Oh yes, they have," said Arnaud, regarding her fixedly and almost sternly; "they have their faults and their passions like other people. I am sorry to say I have even met with instances of envy

and covetousness among them, though you would hardly believe it. When I came here first there were two sisters——”

“I’m afraid, Mr. Arnaud, we must leave you,” said Mrs. Upjohn, wriggling again on her soft cushion.

“Let us hear about the two sisters,” said one of the gentlemen.

“Oh, it’s a very short story,” said Arnaud, “and only shows that the poor have the same passions as the rich. One of the sisters had an old copper kettle willed her on a dirty scrap of paper by an uncle who was dying, and the other was as furious as if it had been a landed estate; so she stole into the dead man’s hut, the night before he was buried, and what do you think she did?”

“Made away with the kettle, I presume,” said Mrs. Upjohn, growing very impatient.

“No, ma’am,” said Arnaud, “she made away with the will.”

“Very interesting, indeed—a very amusing story,” said Mrs. Upjohn, getting up in as great a hurry as if she was pricked all over, through silks and buckram and everything. If Lord Stromness had not reminded her, she would have gone away without inviting Mr. Arnaud to dinner, which, however, she did with tolerable courtesy, though it cost her an effort.

But Arnaud declined the honour with studied civility. The letter he held in his hand, he said, announced the death of an aged relative in the valleys of Piedmont.

Before they went, however, Mr. Pickford, in saluting Arnaud, asked him—if the question was not impertinent—whether he was not a relative of the Evelyn family, excusing himself for making the inquiry by the strong resemblance which he had remarked.

“Not at all,” replied Arnaud; “I knew Mr. Evelyn when I was a boy; but my family are simple Vaudois peasants.”

Saying this, he bowed to the whole party, and turned into his hut.

“It is very strange,” said Mr. Pickford to Mrs. Upjohn, who had meanwhile been recovering from the perturbation into which the parable of the copper kettle had thrown her; “but the likeness strikes me even more to-day than it did on the former occasion.”

“He has plenty of self-conceit, whoever he is,” said Mrs. Upjohn. “It is easy for a man to despise bishoprics and other good things, who has never been tempted, nor is likely to be tempted, with them. I dare say he is very good, and all that, but he may have other reasons for burying himself here besides those he wishes to get credit for.”

Mr. Pickford, having his own thoughts to occupy him, continued to walk at her side without attending to what she was saying. At length he said, rather abruptly—

“What a serious matter it would be to Mrs. Rowley if her brother were to turn up!”

Mrs. Upjohn gave a little start, but whatever motion she betrayed at the new idea suggested by the question, her parasol concealed from Mr. Pickford, who, without waiting for a reply, or pursuing the topic further, joined the other ladies of the party.

In a few moments more they arrived at the place where the dinner was spread, and in the general devotion to the cold chickens and claret-cup, Arnaud was soon forgotten, except by one member of the party, who seldom did so little justice to her dinner.

The sun had sunk in the Atlantic when the party regained the *terra-firma*. They landed, not at the place where they had embarked, but on a point close under the decayed manor-house of old Oakham, near which the carriages had been ordered to take them up. Mrs. Upjohn and her daughter were walking side by side, talking earnestly together of the singular likeness observed by Mr. Pickford. When they came under the old house, they observed, with nothing short of amazement, that there was a scaffolding about one side of it, and, scattered about, were heaps of lime and sand, and masons' tools, unmistakable signs that repairs were intended, if they had not been actually commenced.

"What can this mean?" said Mrs. Upjohn aside to her daughter, for the rest of the party were close to them.

"It just means, mamma," replied Harriet, in the same tone, "that we are not done with Mrs. Rowley yet."

"Was there ever such audacity? It must be the girls who are doing it, or she must be doing it with their money."

"It comes to the same thing," said Harriet.

As Mrs. Upjohn was stepping into her carriage, she asked her footman whether he knew anything about the building that was going on, or who ordered it?

"Mr. Cosie, ma'am, they say; the works were only begun this morning."

Lord Stromness was just behind, so no remarks were made, and the deepening twilight helped the ladies of Foxden to conceal their feelings.

Mrs. Upjohn had a headache when she got home, and kept her room that evening.

Before she went to her pillow she was joined by her daughter, but it cannot be necessary to repeat in detail the amiable conversation which they held together. In the course of it the fair mother got up repeatedly and raged about the room in her dimity, like a white squall. She saw, as clear as daylight, that she was not going to have a quiet reign of it, with all her precautions. As her daughter had said, they were not done with Mrs. Rowley yet.

"It is plain she has too much left," said Miss Upjohn, rather sleepily, for she was tired after the day.

"Nothing left, perhaps, if everybody had his rights!" stormed the mother.

"Some people are very hard to crumple up," said the daughter, going away to her room.

"Crumpled up she shall be!" said the mother, passionately stamping the floor when she was alone. "I have an account to settle with her yet, great an accountant as she thinks herself. I'll never rest until I find out who that young man is, little as I like him."

By a remarkable coincidence, the same question that molested Mrs. Upjohn's slumbers that night, was also disquieting, in his solitude, the very gentleman in whom she was so amiably interested. He did not know who he was any more than the lady of Foxden. The letter, already alluded to, had informed him of something that touched him nearer than the death of the old pastor, the protector of his childhood, who had so long survived in complete mental paralysis the night in which his life had been saved by Alexander's prowess.

"Your old friend," said the letter, "has at last been released, and had, in his last moments, an extraordinary, but not, I believe, unprecedented, revival of his faculties vouchsafed to him—it would seem providentially—to enable him to make a disclosure, which has astonished us all here, and will no doubt equally astonish you. Briefly, he was not your uncle, nor were you the child of your reputed Italian parents. Who your parents were he knew not. All we could gather from him was, that, on the death of your reputed mother, she had confided you to his care, with the custody of a box containing documents of the utmost importance, exacting from him a solemn promise not to deliver it to you, or acquaint you with the fact that you were not her son, until you should attain the age of five-and-twenty. That box—most unfortunately, I fear, for you—lies buried for ever with the ruins of the house in which you passed your childhood, and if ever the secret it contains shall be disclosed, it must probably be by means impossible for us to divine. We must only pray that the same Power which has permitted even so little to be revealed in so strange a way, will, in His own good time, bring the whole mystery to light. There is nothing more for me to add, but that all these valleys pray for you as I do; and whatever may be your true origin, will always honour and love you as one of their worthiest sons."

Such was the singular communication which Arnaud held in his hand, and had only glanced at, when Mrs. Upjohn and her friends visited him, and which left him the same problem to solve which that beneficent lady was so anxious to solve for him, if only she could do so in a way of her own.

In one sense he was no longer a man of obscure origin, he was

not the son of the Vaudois peasant; but, in another sense, his birth was obscurer than ever; for he had now no known father at all. Reflecting on this, his thoughts naturally reverted to his old benefactor, Mr. Evelyn, whom he had often heard, not only from Alexander and Woodville, but from Mrs. Rowley herself, and, last of all, that very day from Mr. Pickford, that he so strongly resembled. Beyond the likeness, and the circumstance that his age would tally with that of Mrs. Rowley's brother, if he was in existence, there was nothing to give the colour of probability to such an idea; and if he did not at once dismiss it from his mind, it was only to think what a calamity it would be if he were indeed Mr. Evelyn's son and heir, and what a monster he would be to wish it. He would have counted himself the most abject slave of Mammon that ever crawled the earth if he had not shrunk with horror from the idea of ousting his sister from the only property her enemies had left her, only because they could not touch it. If that was the secret the box contained, he rejoiced that the fallen mountain covered it. His first natural impulse was to communicate to Mrs. Rowley the news he had received from the Valleys. He intended it that night when he went to rest, but he reflected, on his pillow, that she might possibly jump at the very inferences he dreaded, and take he knew not what steps to work them out. She was capable of sparing no expense to disentomb that box out of friendship for him, regardless of any consequences to herself. The thought delayed the approach of sleep, and troubled it when at last it came. Arnaud seldom woke so unrefreshed as he did on the following morning, but after a plunge in the Atlantic his giantship was himself again.

Mrs. Upjohn was calmer the next morning also, on reflection that the manor-house was much too dilapidated to be made fit for habitation at least for several months; and where else could Mrs. Rowley possibly plant herself, if she had the brass to attempt another invasion of Cornwall?

In the hall of Foxden, which was also the billiard-room, hung a counterpart of Mr. Cosie's map of the little peninsula, which the reader has already seen. Often had Mrs. Upjohn stood before it, exulting in the thought that Foxden and "The Meadows" were the only houses in the district which a family of any position could possibly occupy. Where else could her rival lay her head, unless she pitched her tent on the common like a gipsy, or settled in some cavern along the coast? Now that sense of perfect security, the sauce of all human enjoyment, was gone, but still the dreaded danger was not immediate; there would be time enough to take her measures when she had made up her mind what measures to take. For the present season, at least, her supremacy seemed safe enough.

MARMION SAVAGE.

THE WORSHIP OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

PART II.—TOTEM-GODS AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

WE now proceed to examine the case of the ancient nations. Inasmuch as these had, before the dawn of their histories, advanced far in civilisation (otherwise their histories, which depend on monuments and literary records, could not have commenced) we should expect that in the interval which intervened between their being in the Totem stage—supposing they were ever in it—and the beginning of authentic records, the Totems, if they were to become gods, would be promoted to a distinct place as the gods of the tribes that possessed them, and be the objects to them of regular religious worship. Looking again to the results of exogamy and female kinship, we might expect that while here and there, perhaps, a tribe might appear with a single animal god, as a general rule tribes and nations should have as many animal and vegetable gods as there were distinct stocks in the population. Some one animal we should expect to find in a first place among the animal gods of a people as being the god of the dominant tribe; but we should not expect to find the same animal dominant in all quarters, or worshipped even everywhere within the same nation. Moreover, since if the ancient nations came through the Totem stage their animal and vegetable gods must have been of more ancient standing than the anthropomorphic gods, such as Zeus, Apollo, and Poseidon, we should expect to find in the sacred legends some hints of that priority. If we find any great number of such gods worshipped by the ancients, and if we find hints of their priority; still more if we find tribes named after the sacred animals, and having them for their ensigns; and, lastly, should we find the worshippers believing themselves to be, or having traditions, such as the Kirghiz have, that they were of the stock or breed of the animal they worshipped,—then we think we may safely conclude that so many concurring indications of the Totem stage having been passed through are not misleading—that, in fact, the ancient nations had in the pre-historic times been in the same case as that in which we now find the natives of Australia. It will be a confirmation of this conclusion should we find the hypothesis that they *had* been in the Totem stage, to make intelligible numerous legends that have hitherto appeared entirely without meaning. It will be a further confirmation should we find that there is evidence that the ancient nations had been exogamous, and had the system of kinship through females only.

What evidence then have we to show that the ancient nations

came through the Totem stage? If they did, it was in pre-historic times. About these we have some facts preserved in the signs of the Zodiac, the majority of which are animals, or compounds of human and animal forms. We have another set of facts in the fanciful forms of those constellations which were figured, pre-historically, in animal forms.¹

Some of the stellar groups, we know, were named after gods or deified heroes. Were the animal groups named after gods also, or how was it the animals came to be promoted to the heavens? There is nothing in the grouping of the stars to suggest the animal forms: no one can seriously pretend to perceive materials for any such suggestion. The stars, we must believe, were long familiar objects of study and observation before they were grouped and named; that they were conceived to be *beings* we may say we know. How came the early students of the heavens to name the groups from animals, and even many of the individual stars? The probability is, that in ancient as in modern times, stars, when named, were given names of distinction, that commanded respect, if not veneration; and the suggestion therefore is, that the animals whose names were transferred to the stars or stellar groups, were on earth highly if not religiously regarded. The legends that have come down to us explanatory of the transference to the heavens of particular animals, bear out this suggestion. It will immediately be shown that nearly all the animals so honoured were anciently worshipped as gods.

Let us see what the animals are. There is first of all the serpent in the constellation Serpentarius, which some said represented Æsculapius; there are also Scorpio and Draco—the scorpion and dragon; there is the horse—Pegasus; the bull—Taurus; the lion—Leo; the dog—Canis (major and minor); the swan—Cygnus; the doves (according to some)—the Pleiades; the ram—Aries; the goat—Capricornus; the fishes—Pisces; the bear—Ursa (major and minor); the crab—Cancer; and the asses' colts—the Aselli. There are others, but this selection will suffice for our purposes at present.

1. *The Serpent.*—We take the case of the serpent first, because

(1) The Zodiacal constellations figured on the pecticoes of the Temples of Denderah and Eme, in Egypt, are of great antiquity. "M. Dupuis, in his '*Origine des Cultes*,' has, from a careful investigation of the position of these signs, and calculating precession at its usual rate, arrived at the conclusion that the earliest of them dates from 4,000 B.C. M. Fourier, in his '*Recherches sur la Science*,' makes the representations at Esne 1,800 years older than M. Dupuis. . . . The truth seems to be that nothing is as yet definitely known of these ancient representations; for the manner in which the investigations have been mixed up with the Biblical question of the antiquity of man has prevented any truly scientific research."—Chambers's Encyc. Art. Zodiac. The ancient Zodiacal figures of the Hindus, ancient Persians, Chinese, and Japanese, in some respects resemble those of the Egyptians. Mr. Williams, of the Astronomical Society, informs me that three of the Chinese signs are named from the quail. The symbols of the years in the Aztec Cycle were named after plants and animals. Neither these nor the two hundred gods in the Aztec Olympus have yet been examined.

for several reasons it has been more studied than any other. The serpent faith was very wide-spread, and it has attracted special notice from the part assigned to the serpent in Genesis in connection with the fall of man. Faber and Bryant have both pretty fully investigated this subject, which has also been treated in a separate work by Mr. Bathurst Deane.¹ Lately (in 1864) M. Boudin handled it in what may be called a large pamphlet rather than a book,² and last year Mr. Fergusson's elaborate work³ threw much light upon it, at the same time that it has done more than any previous work to draw public attention to this extraordinary religion.

It is unnecessary to adduce the evidence which establishes the prevalence, in ancient and modern times, of this worship. It is a fact conceded on all hands, and in Mr. Fergusson's book it is demonstrated. That work, also, is very important in this respect, that it abounds in photographic illustrations from the Buddhist Topes of Sanchi and Amravati, which enable the reader to realise the fact that the worship was *real* worship. Men and women are exhibited in the sculptures in the act of adoring the Serpent God, so that the actuality of the worship is, by the book, as vividly impressed on the mind as it could be by attendance at divine service in a Serpent Temple—say at Cambodia. In Cambodia, indeed, one would have found the god to be a living serpent—a Totem—whereas these sculptures show that the living serpent had, among the Buddhists, lost rank, the god being a heavenly (Ophi-morphic) being whose symbol was a serpent of five, seven, or nine heads, such as never had been seen upon earth. In short, we are enabled to see from Mr. Fergusson's work that the serpent religion, starting from the worship of the living animal as its root, had grown into a refined faith, comprising a belief in a spirit world in which the Serpent God held high rank; and in an Olympus in which other gods were combined with him, and in which, below the gods, were angelic beings of various orders of standing and power. It is remarkable that the divine nature of these angelic beings in human form is demonstrated by serpents springing from behind their backs or from their shoulders, as the divinity of angels and cherubs in our own symbolism is indicated by their wings.

Mr. Fergusson's introductory essay shows that the worship of the serpent has, at some time or other, found a place in the religious system of every race of men. It had its place in Egypt and in Palestine, even among the Hebrews; in Tyre and Babylon, in Greece and Rome; among the Celts and Scandinavians in Europe; in Persia and Arabia; in Cashmere and India; in China and Thibet; in

(1) "The Worship of the Serpent." London, 1830.

(2) "Culte du Phallus; Culte du Serpent. Études Anthropologiques." Paris, 1864.

(3) "Tree and Serpent Worship," by James Fergusson, F.R.S. India Museum, London.

Mexico and Peru; in Abyssinia, and generally throughout Africa, where it still flourishes as the state religion in Dahomey; in Java and Ceylon; among the Fijians, with whom, as we saw, it still prevails; and in various quarters in Oceania. Not less well established is the fact that it was a terribly real faith, with its priests and temples, its highly-organised ecclesiasticism and ritual, its offerings and sacrifices, all ordered according to a code. The code, the ideas of the divine government, the god himself even, varied from point to point, there being no more uniformity observable here than elsewhere in a matter of faith. In one place the god was a living serpent; in another a collection of serpents, as if the whole species was religiously regarded. Here, again, the object of worship was an image of a living serpent; there, an image of a creature of the religious imagination—a spiritual ideal—the five-headed, seven-headed, or nine-headed Naga. The god in some systems stood alone, was *the* god—God; in others he had associates, sometimes equal, sometimes even superior to himself, such as the sun, or fire, an anthropomorphic god, the emblems of the procreative power, some other animal, like the horse, or some tree or vegetable, or the ocean. But under all the varieties the fact is manifest of the serpent having attained *divine* honours; the character of being a good, wise, beneficent, powerful deity, to adore and propitiate whom was man's duty and privilege. We have cited no authorities in support of these statements, because the facts are indisputable and well known, and a general reference to the works of Bryant and Fergusson is therefore sufficient.¹ Two points, however, must be touched upon before we

(1) As to the *doctrines* of the serpent faith, we have, unfortunately, but meagre accounts. The Dahomans have both an earthly serpent and a heavenly. The earthly serpent (called *Danh gbwe*) is the first person in their Trinity, the others being trees and the ocean. Burton says of this serpent, "It is esteemed the supreme bliss and general good. It has a thousand *Danh-si*, or snake wives, married and single votaries, and its influence cannot be meddled with by the two others [trees and ocean] which are subject to it." It is believed to be immortal, omniscient, and all-powerful. In its worship there are solemn processions; prayers are addressed to it on every occasion, and answered by the snakes in conversation with the high-priest. The heavenly serpent is called *Danh*, and has for his emblem a coiled and horned snake of clay in a pot or calabash. He is the god of wealth. The priestesses, in this serpent system, are girls resembling the Nautch girls in the temples of Southern India, and when of age they are married to the god, who himself sets his seal upon them, marking them with his image under circumstances and with mysteries that are undivulged. Ancestral worship is conjoined with that of the snake in Dahomey, as it has been and is in other places, and with it almost certainly, and not with serpent-worship, are connected the horrible human sacrifices that occur on the coast of Guinea. The state of our information on the Dahoman religion is to be regretted, as a minute knowledge of the beliefs of the worshippers, and of their traditions regarding the history of their religion, would be valuable in this inquiry. It is equally to be regretted that we are without details as to the beliefs of the snake-worshippers of India, who, we learn from the Indian newspapers, are to be found throughout our Eastern empire. How much have we yet to learn of our contemporaries even under the same Government with ourselves! As we write, a letter appears from Bishop Crowther, re-

can advance with our argument. The first respects the antiquity of the faith; and the second, the relations between the god and his worshippers.

(1.) Of the great antiquity of the faith there can be no doubt. Compared with it, all the religions are modern; they imply it at their foundations, and their earliest history is the record of its more or less complete suppression or subordination. The cultus prevailed, for example, among the Hebrews before the true faith. "With the knowledge we now possess," says Mr. Fergusson, "it does not seem so difficult to understand what was meant by the curse of the serpent [in Genesis]. When the writers of the Pentateuch set themselves to introduce the purer and loftier worship of Elohim, or Jehovah, it was first necessary to get rid of that earlier form of faith which the primitive inhabitants of the earth had fashioned for themselves." The curse, of course, was not on the serpent, but on the cultus. We find a similar story in Persia and in India, in both of which places this religion prevailed. "The serpent that beguiled Eve," says Max Müller, "seems hardly to invite comparison with the much grander conception of that terrible power of Vritra and Ahriman in the Veda and Avesta."¹ In the Avesta there is a great battle between Thraëtaona and Azhi dahâka, the destroying serpent.² The greatest exploit of Indra was the slaying of the serpent Ahi. "Where, O Maruts," he is made to say in one of the Vedic hymns, "was that custom of yours that you should join me who am alone in the killing of Ahi."³ In another song Traitana takes the place of Indra in this battle; more frequently it is Trita who fights, but other gods also share in the same honour.⁴

specting serpent-worship at Brass, a station of the Niger mission. "No poultry," the Bishop says, "can be reared on account of the snake cobra, which is held sacred here. Not to be killed because sacred, they become possessors of the bushes, and prove a great nuisance to the country. They very often visited the poultry coops at night, and swallowed as many as they wanted; in consequence of which no poultry could be kept, either by the natives themselves, or by the supercargoes in their establishments on shore: neither goats, sheep, nor small pigs escaped them. Thus the country is literally impoverished by them." To support the superstition there are two articles in the treaty made and sanctioned by her Britannic Majesty's Consul for the Bight of Biafra and the island of Fernando Po on November 17, 1856, one of which runs thus:—

"Article 12. That long detention having heretofore occurred in trade, and much angry feeling having been excited in the natives from the destruction by white men in their ignorance of a certain species of boa-constrictor that visits the houses, and which is ju-ju, or sacred, to the Brassmen, it is hereby forbidden to all British subjects to harm or destroy any such snake, but they are required, on finding the reptile on the premises, to give notice thereof to the chief man in town, who is to come and remove it away."

(1) Chips from a German Workshop, vol. i. p. 155.

(2) *Idem*, p. 100.

(3) Müller's "Rig-Veda Sanhita," vol. i. p. 165.

(4) The Vedic Ahi was three-headed, like the heavenly Nagas in Mr. Fergusson's photographs, or like the Persian Zohâk, only one of Zohâk's three heads had become human.

The result of Mr. Fergusson's investigations is to represent serpent-worship as the basis of the religions of India, excepting Sivaism, in which the bull has had the first place.¹ In Africa we most probably have the faith as it existed before the dawn of history.

"We know from the Egyptian monuments," says Mr. Fergusson, "that neither the physical features nor the social status of the negro have altered in the slightest degree during the last four thousand years. If the type was then fixed which has since remained unaltered, why not his religion also? There seems no *a priori* difficulty. No other people in the world seem so unchanged and unchangeable; movements and mixtures of races have taken place elsewhere. Christianity has swept serpent-worship out of what were the limits of the Roman world, and Mahomedanism has done the same over the greater part of Northern Africa. Neither influence has yet penetrated to the Gold Coast; and there, apparently, the negro holds his old faith and his old feelings fast, in spite of the progress of the rest of the world. It may be very horrible, but so far as we at present know, it is the oldest of human faiths, and is now practised with more completeness at Dahomey than anywhere else, at least at the present day."

(2.) It was common for those who had this worship to believe that the serpent was their progenitor. They were called, and called themselves, *Serpents*, after, and as being of the breed of their god. Whole peoples, says Bryant, had the serpent-name, and counted themselves as being of the Serpent-breed. The Æthiopians, for example, derived their name from the Serpent-God, Ops. So, he says, did the Elopians, Europeans, Oropians, Asopians, Inopians, and Ophionians.² The original title of all of these was *Ophites*. "In Phrygia and upon the Hellespont, whither they (the Ophites) sent out colonies very early, was a people styled Ὀφιογενεῖς, or of the Serpent-breed, who were said to retain an affinity and correspondence with serpents."³ In Rhodes, an old name for which was Ophiusa; in Tenos, one of the Cyclades; in Cyprus, also of old styled Ophiusa and Ophiodes; in Crete and in the island Seriphus, it is related there were Serpent-tribes, or, as fable put it, swarms of *Serpents*, the personality of the tribes-men being lost in their name, as derived from the god. That this is the fact may be inferred from the tradition regarding the swarm at Paphos, where the serpents *had two legs*—Ὀφίς πῶδας ἔχων δύο.⁴ Similarly at this day in India there are numerous tribes of *Nagas* on the north-eastern frontier, i.e., literally, *Serpents*, who were undoubtedly so named from the Serpent-God, as the Snake Indians are named from their Totem.

(1) This, we shall see, is a very partial view. Besides the serpent and bull, the sun and moon; the sheep, goat, and elephant; and the tortoise, fish, boar, and lion, enter (as Totems) into the bases of the Hindu mythologies. *Fire* also we may believe was a Totem in India. The Piqua tribe (one of the tribes of the Shawanoese) are descended from a fabulous man generated in a fire.—Archæ. Amer., vol. i. p. 275.

(2) Ancient Mythology, vol. i. p. 481. The references to Bryant are to the Second Edition. Lond., 1776.

(3) See Bryant *ut supra*; Strabo, L. xiii. p. 880; Pliny, L. vii. c. 2. "Cræces Pergamenus in Hellesponto circa Parium, genus hominum fuisse tradit, quos Ophiogenes vocat."

(4) Apollon. Discolus. Mirabil. c. 39. Cited by Bryant, l. c. vol. i. p. 482.

The name *Nag* has passed into a family or stock named among Hindus generally. Colonel Meadows Taylor says, "It is a common name both for males and females among all classes of Hindus, from Brahmins down to the lowest classes of Sudras and Mléchhas."¹ The Athenians were esteemed *Serpentigenæ*; Ægeus, one of their kings, was reputed of the Serpent-breed; and the honour of having been first king of their country they assigned either to Δράκων, a dragon, or to Cecrops, who was *half* a snake—probably as being on the mother's side not of the Serpent stock. Sparta is said of old to have swarmed with serpents; and the same is related of Amyclæ, in Italy, which was a Spartan colony, the meaning of the tradition being that the inhabitants in either case were what in India would be called Nagas, and, in America, Snakes.² The kings of Abyssinia put the Serpent first on their list of kings as the progenitor of the royal line. In Peru, where the worship of the serpent was conjoined (as in many other cases) with sun-worship, the principal Deity in the Pantheon was the Sun-Serpent, whose wife—the female Serpent or female Sun—brought forth at one birth a boy and girl who became the first parents of mankind. So the Caribs—a fact already glanced at—relate that the first of their race was half a serpent, being the son of a Warru woman by a river-god. Being slain and cut in pieces by his mother's brothers, the pieces, when collected under a mass of leaves, grew into a mighty warrior, the progenitor of the Carib nation.³

The legends of Cashmere throw not a little light on these beliefs. They show us a doctrine resembling that worked out in the story of Elsie Venner—the serpent nature in the human body capable of being displaced by a proper human nature. An ancestor of Sakya Muni, for example, fell in love with a serpent-king's daughter, and married her. She could retain her human body, but occasionally a nine-headed snake sprang out of her neck. Her husband having struck it off one time when it appeared, she remained human ever after. Others of these legends represent a serpent-king (Naga Rajah) as "quitting his tank," becoming converted, and building churches; and a sinful Brahman as being turned into a Naga, and spending his life for some years thereafter in a lake.

It was a natural consequence of the serpent being believed, where

(1) "Tree and Serpent Worship," Appendix D. We infer from the statement that *Nag* is the name of a *gotra*.

(2) It is remarkable how many fables become intelligible when read in the light of this and similar facts which we shall produce. Take, for example, the case of Cadmus as interpreted in this light by Mr. Fergusson: "Cadmus fought and killed the dragon that devoured his men, and, sowing his teeth, raised soldiers for his own purpose. In Indian language, he killed the Naga Rajah [Serpent-king] of Thebes, and made Sepoys of his subjects."

(3) Brett's "Indian Tribes of Guiana," pp. 390—393.

he was dominant, to be the first father, that he should be believed to be the first instructor of men. Accordingly we find that it was "the feathered serpent" who taught the Aztecs a knowledge of laws and of agriculture, and the principles of religion; and Cecrops (who was half a serpent) that introduced marriage to Greece, and taught the people laws and the arts of life.

Let us now see the results we have reached. They are—1. That the serpent was in numerous quarters of the world worshipped as a god by the most diverse races of men. 2. That serpent-worship is of the highest antiquity. 3. That the worshippers, in many cases, believed themselves to be of the Serpent-breed, derived from a serpent ancestor. 4. That the worshippers were in numerous cases named after the god—*Serpents*. We now notice (5) that the serpent was used as a badge in many cases among the tribes that had the cultus. It was so used, for example, in Egypt, where was the sacred serpent Thermuthis.

"The natives are said to have made use of it as a royal tiara," says Bryant, "with which they ornamented the statues of Isis. We learn from Diodorus Siculus that the kings of Egypt wore high bonnets which terminated in a round ball; and the whole was surrounded with figures of asps. The priests likewise on their bonnets had the representation of serpents."¹

Menelaus, a Spartan—and Sparta, we saw, was Ophite—is represented as having a serpent for a device upon his shield. One of the names of the serpent-god was Pitan—whence Pitanatæ and Serpentigenæ or Ophite were equivalents.

"A brigade or portion of infantry was, among some Greeks, named Pitanates, and the soldiers, in consequence of it, must have been termed Pitanatæ, —undoubtedly because they had the pitan or serpent for their standard. Analogous to this there were soldiers called Draconarii among other nations. *I believe that in most countries the military standard was an emblem of the deity there worshipped.*"²

The deity might also be expected to find his place on the coins of his worshippers, and the ancient coins having the serpent are accordingly numerous. It appears on early Egyptian coins of uncertain towns, and also on other early African coins; on early coins (all of date B.C.) of Heraclea in Lucania; of Perinthus in Thracia; of Homolium in Thessalia; of Cassope in Epirus; of Buthrotum and Coreyra in Epirus; of Amastris in Paphlagonia; of Cyzicus and Pergamus in Mysia; of Dardanus in Troas; of Cos,

(1) Ancient Mythology, vol. i. p. 475.

(2) Bryant, *idem*, p. 488, and authorities there cited. Bryant, in a foot-note, says the serpent was among the insignia of many countries, and quotes Sidon. Apollinarius, Carm. 5, v. 409:—

"Textilis anguis

Discurrit per utramque aciem."

In India a golden serpent was the banner of the Ravasa Indrajit. Muir's Texts, iv. 349.

an island of Caria; and of Magnesia, Nacrassa, and Thyatira, in Lydia.¹

2. *The Horse*.—The Horse figures in the heavens as Pegasus, and we find him on the coins of numerous cities.

"He is on the coins of various cities of Hispania and Gallia; of Fanum in Umbria; Beneventum in Samnium; Nuceria in Campania; Arpi and Luceria; Salapia in Apulia; Grumentum in Lucania; Thurium in Apulia; *Ætna* in Sicilia, and also Camarina, Gelas, and Panormus, in Sicilia; of Syracuse; *Melita* (Malta); Panticapæum in Taurica; Cipsela, Maronea, *Ægospotamus*, and Cardia, all in Thracia; Amphipolis, Bottiæa, and Thessalonica, all in Macedonia. On the coins of Thessalia *in genere*, and on those of Atrax, Crannon, Demetrias, Elatea, Gyrtou, Larissa, Pelinna, Phalanna, Pharcadon, Phæræ, Perræbia, Ctemene, Scotussa, and Tricca, in Thessalia; of Alyzia in Acarnania; Locri-Opuntii in Locris; Phoci in Phocis; Tanagra in Boeotia; Pheneus in Arcadia; Gargara in Mysia; Parium in Mysia; Alexandria in Troas; Cyne in *Æolis*; Colophon in Ionia; Magnesia in Ionia; Mylasa in Caria; Tarmessus in Pisidia; Antioch in Cilicia; Adana in Cilicia; Aninesum in Lydia; Epictetus in Phrygia; Larissa in Seleucia; Cyrene in Cyrenaica; Tarentum in Calabria, and," adds Mr. Sim, "perhaps on many others. The coins are all of date before the Christian era."

Was the Horse, who was thus honoured, a god? In the photographs in Mr. Fergusson's book we have some evidence that he was a god among the serpent-worshipping Buddhists. "The Horse" first occurs in Fig. 1, Plate xxxv. Mr. Fergusson remarks on it, "In this bas-relief the principal object is the Sacred Horse, richly caparisoned, who heads the procession, and towards whom all eyes are turned; . . . behind him a chief in his chariot, bearing the umbrella of State, not over himself, but apparently in honour of the horse." It next occurs along with Siddhârtha on Plate lix., but the worship in this case seems to be all given to the prince. It occurs again on Plates lxxx. and lxxxi. On these Mr. Fergusson observes:—

"Fig. 2 and 3 of this Plate (*i.e.* lxxx.), and Fig. 3 of Plate lxxxi., instead of the emblems we are usually accustomed to, contain two medallions, the upper representing the worship of the Horse, the lower, Buddha, seated cross-legged, surrounded by listeners or adorers. As we have frequently had occasion to remark, the Horse plays an important part in the sculptures at Amravati. It is once represented as honoured at Sanchi; but this form of worship occurs here several times, but nowhere so prominently as in those three Dagobas (and it is to be presumed that there was a fourth). It is not easy to say what we are to understand from the prominence of the Horse in such a position as this. Is it an importation from Scythia, brought by immigrants from that country? Is it the Horse of the Sun or of Poseidon? Is it the Avalokites'vara of the Thibetan fables? Some one must answer who is more familiar than I am with Eastern mythology. At present it will be sufficient to recall to memory how important a part the Horse sacrifice, or As'wamedha, plays in the Mahâbhârata.

(1) The lists of coins cited in this paper have been furnished to the writer by an accomplished numismatist, Mr. George Sim, Curator of the Coins in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh.

and in all the mythic history of India. What is still more curious is, that the worship of the Horse still seems to linger in remote parts of India. At least, in a recent work by Mr. Hislop, missionary at Nagpore, edited by Sir R. Temple, he [Mr. Hislop] describes the religion of the Gonds in the following nine words:—‘All introduce figures of the horse in their worship.’ Other instances might, no doubt, be found if looked for; but the subject is new and unthought of.”

If Mr. Fergusson had looked further in Mr. Hislop’s book he would have found that the fact of Horse-worship is not left to inference or conjecture. In a foot-note at p. 51, Sir R. Temple says:—“The god Koda Pen, or Horse-god, is sometimes worshipped by the Gonds, and sometimes there are sacred images of this animal.” So we have in India a horse-god now. What tribes beside the Gonds have worshipped him?

The Horse occurs again in Mr. Fergusson’s plates. In Plate xcv., Fig. 4, he is introduced in mid air, alongside the wheel (a Buddhist idol¹), as an object of equal reverence; and on a piece of sculpture, where the wheel just above him is the special object of worship. In Plate xcvi., Fig. 3, he issues from the portal with the umbrella of State borne over him, the hero of the representation. The same subject is repeated on another slab, Plate xcvi. Fig. 2. The opinion formed by Mr. Fergusson is that the bas-reliefs show that the Horse was an object of reverence, if not exactly of worship, at Amravati, and that the reverence paid to him is the counterpart of the worship of the Bull Naudi by the Sirites.

Let us now see what evidence there is of this worship elsewhere. Mr. Bryant supplies a goodly array of facts. In his Essay² on Metis and Hippi, after disposing of the former as one of the most ancient deities of “the Amonians,” represented under the symbol of a beautiful female countenance surrounded with serpents, he proceeds to say:—

“Hippi was another goddess of like antiquity, and equally *obsolete*. Some traces, however, are to be still found in the Orphic verses, by which we may discover her original character and department. She is there represented as the nurse of Dionysius, and seems to have been the same as Cybele, who was worshipped in the mountains of Phrygia, and by the Lydians upon Tmolus. She is said to have been the Soul of the World—*Ἡ μὲν γὰρ Ἰππὰ τοῦ παντός ἔσθ’ ὡς ψυχή*; and the person who received and fostered Dionysius when he came from the thigh of his father. This history relates to his second birth, when he returned to a second state of childhood. Dionysius was the chief god of the Gentile world, and worshipped under various titles, which at length came to be looked on as different deities. Most of these secondary deities had the title of Hippius and Hippi; and as they had female attendants in their temples, these, too, had the name of Hippai. What may have been the original of the term Hippi and Hippus will be matter of future discussion. Thus much is certain, that the Greeks uniformly referred it to *Horses*.”

(1) See Ezekiel, chap. x., vv. 8 ff.

(2) Vol. ii. p. 25.

(3) See, in proof of this, Orphic Frag. 43; Orpheus Gesneri, Lipsie, 1764, p. 401.

Ares was Hippius; so was Poseidon, although a god of the sea, being so called from raising a horse out of the earth in his contest with Athene for the superiority at Athens; but Athene herself was Hippias, as were also Demeter and Hera. Demeter, styled Hippa, the Greeks represented as turned into a mare;¹ Hippius Poseidon, in like manner represented as a horse, they supposed in that shape to have had an intimate connection with the goddess.² The nymph Ocyroë was changed into a mare, and so was Philyra, whom Saturn, in the shape of a horse, followed neighing over the mountains of Thessaly!³

Bryant, who conceived that the ancients knew nothing of their own mythologies, and whose great discovery was that every mythological fact anywhere to be found related either to Noah, the ark, or the deluge, thinks the Greeks were quite wrong in fancying Hippa and Hippius to have had anything to do with the horse. These gods, he says, came from Egypt, and were one with the sun and Osiris, and ultimately with the ark.⁴ He tells us, however, that the *horse* (like the ox and eagle, which we shall see were gods) was a sacred symbol in Egypt, where almost every animal, from beetles to bulls, was worshipped, so that the Egyptians made the mistake equally with the Greeks, if there was one. Mistake or not, there is no question of the reality of the faith that followed on it. The horse-gods and mare-goddesses had their temples and regular worship, and not only gods and goddesses, but places, and presumably tribes of men, were named from the horse. There were the Hippici Montes in Sarmatia; Ἴππου κομη in Lycia; Ἴππου ἀκρα in Libya; Ἴππου ὄρος in Egypt, and a town Hippios, both in Sicily and in Arabia Felix. The horse-name occurs frequently in composition, as in Hipporum, Hippouris, Hippiana, Hipponesus, Hippocrène, and many others; and, indeed, horse-names are so frequent in Homer alone—a fact observed by Mr. Gladstone—as to suggest that there were horse-tribes in, and bordering on, Greece, as there were Nagas and Ophites. One of the twelve Athenian tribes was Hippothoontis, their eponymous progenitor Hippothoon, who was nurtured by mares! Æolus and his family were Hippotades, and a village in the tribe Ceneis was Hippotamada. There was a tribe, Hipporeæ, in Upper Æthiopia, and the Hippopodes were a people of Scythia, who had horses' feet!⁵ There was a city Hipponesus, in Caria, and another of that name in Lydia. There were two towns, Hippo in Africa, and a

(1) Pausanias, l. 8, 25, § 4; and see Smith's Dict. s. r. Arion.

(2) Ovid, Metam. l. 6, v. 117; Ovidius Janii, vol. ii. p. 344.

(3) *Idem*, l. 2, v. 668; l. c. vol. ii. p. 141; Virg. Georg. l. 3, v. 91.

(4) Vol. ii. p. 408. That the Totem should be identified with the Sun is what we should expect.

(5) Arion was a horse, with a man's feet and a human voice.

town, Hippola, in the Peloponnesus; also one in Spain, a town of the Bruttii, now Monte Leone.

The horse appears on the coins of four cities of Thrace, where Dionysius Hippius was worshipped, and where, also, were the horses of Diomedes, that fed on human flesh—a suggestion that these horse-tribes men were cannibals. Bryant says these horses were the priests of the god; *his* theory also is that they were men. He tells us the god was worshipped on islands opposite Apulia; and on the coins of four cities in Apulia we have the horse, that accordingly may be assumed to have been a god on the mainland also. When we turn to Thessaly—*equorum alitrix*—on the coins of fourteen towns in which we find the horse, we are in the country of the Centaurs, half men and half horses—no doubt men who were yet called horses, after their animal god. Their battle with the Lapithæ, springing out of a quarrel at the marriage of Hippodamia, is famous in fable. Chiron, the most celebrated of the Centaurs, was a son of Saturn (by repute), who changed himself into a horse to avoid his wife Rhea. Intimate relations these between the horse and the oldest anthropomorphic gods. He was the instructor of mankind in the use of plants, the study of medical herbs, and the polite arts, having in these even the great serpent Æsculapius for a pupil. Finally, Jupiter made a constellation of him under the name Sagittarius.

Pausanias says that Demeter, worshipped by the Phigalians, was represented as a woman with the head of a horse.¹ Marus Balus, an old Italian god, who lived three times, was bi-faced like Janus, having a human face before and a horse's behind;² and in Hippa Triceps, figured on Plate xiii., vol. ii., in Bryant's work, we have a female with three horse-heads—a horse divinity recalling the serpentine Zohak of the Persians, and the three-headed Naga. In Pegasus we have a winged horse sprung from the blood of Medusa, and that flew up to heaven immediately on being born. He was the favourite of the Muses, figured in various exploits on earth, and was finally placed among the constellations. He was the special insigne of Corinth, and occurs on ancient coins of that place, of Syracuse and Corcyra.³ A Gaulish coin belonging to the first century B.C. has the horse with a human head. We have heavenly horses in Homer; the horses, ordinary and winged, of Agni, Indra, and Soma, and the eight-legged horse of Odin. There is a controversy as to whether Agni himself was not a horse.⁴ In Max Müller's "*Rigveda Sanhita*" (p. 15) the reader will find the distinguished professor combating

(1) L. 8, p. 272. Ed. Francofurti, 1583.

(2) Ælian. Var. Hist. l. 9, c. 16. Cited by Bryant, l. c. ii. 409.

(3) Spanhemii Numismata, vol. i. p. 274, *et seq.*

(4) Whether he was a horse or not, he was certainly a goat, as we shall see. Like the other men-gods, he was in turn identified with the Totem, whatever it was, of the tribe that took him up.

Messrs. Boehtlingk and Roth over certain Vedic passages, in which these gentlemen, in their Dictionary, say:—"He (Agni) himself appears as a red horse." We cannot pretend to enter into the merits of the controversy, but the reader may already be satisfied that an Agni Hippius should create no more wonder than a Hippius Poseidon.¹

We conclude, then, that the horse had been anciently a god in India, in Egypt, in Greece, and many other quarters; that it was such before most of the deities figuring in the Olympus appeared; that it became the insigne of many tribes of men; and that it is certain there were numerous tribes named after it.

3. *The Bull*.—The Bull figures in the heavens; and bulls, bisons, minotaurs, and parts of these on coins are too numerous for specification. A few will be found figured in the "*Numismata Spanhemii*." As the bull and cow are well-known sacred animals, we may be brief with them.

"The living animal," says Bryant, "was in many places held sacred, and revered as a deity. One instance of this was at Memphis, where they worshipped the sacred bull Apis; and another was to be found at Heliopolis, where they held the bull Mnevis in equal veneration. The like custom was observed in Mo-memphis, Aphroditopolis, and Chusa, with this difference, that the object of adoration in these places was an heifer or cow."²

The animal was also worshipped under symbols, or as represented by images. We see this illustrated in the case of the Jews, who fell into the idolatry with the sanction of Aaron himself.³ An apology made for Aaron is, that he adopted this image not from Apis or Osiris, but from the *Cherubim* having the faces of oxen!⁴ The idolatry was probably never fully suppressed. It was openly renewed under Jeroboam, who made two calves, and set one up in Bethel, the other in Dan. In this case, as in the preceding, the calf was recognised as the god that had brought the people out of the land of Egypt! The calves of Jeroboam are spoken of by Hosea (x. 15) as young *cows*; as also by the Septuagint and by Josephus, who says that Jeroboam made two heifers of gold, and consecrated to them two temples. The Bull Nandi is, at the present day, a quasi-god in India, worshipped by the Sivites; while by all Hindus the cow is religiously

(1) See "*Rigveda Sanhita*," pp. 14—18; and see p. 27. In the *Padma Purāna*, Kriahna in the form of a horse is represented as rescuing the vedas when "the worlds" were burnt up (Muir's Texts, iii., second edition, p. 28); and in the *Vishnu Purāna* we have the Sun as a horse teaching a horse-tribe—men called *Vāgins* (i.e., horses), from being instructed by the Sun-horse (Muir's Texts, iii., second ed., 51, and see p. 52). The horse gives his name to a Brahmanic gotra. The Sun (*Aditya*) appears again as a horse in the *Sātapatha Brāhmaṇa* (Id. iv. 62, and see Vol. I. second ed. pp. xii and 12, where the horse is also identified with Yama and Trita. We have no doubt that these partial contributions to ancient Indian literature were made by men of the horse stock.

(2) Vol. ii. p. 415.

(3) See a curious chapter on this subject in Lewis, "*Origines*," vol. iii. p. 32.

(4) The later Jews say that the insigne of the tribe of Ephraim was an ox.

regarded. Of course, in Bryant's system, the bull is Noah, while the crescent on the side of Apis is the Ark. Every one knows what cows are in the Dawn system of Mr. Max Müller.

As in the case of the serpent and horse, the religious imagination conjured into existence a variety of spiritual bovine beings—bulls with men's bodies, men with bull's bodies, bulls with two heads, and so forth. Some of these will be found figured in Plate xvi. of Bryant's "Ancient Mythology," vol. ii., where the most prominent figure is a human body with two bulls' heads, worshipped by a man presenting to him a *cone* on the palm of each hand—the Assyrian *Linga*. Of course the bull stood in parental relations to his worshippers. Bryant assures us Apis means father, and he derives from it the names of various lands. Mnevis, or Mnenis, he identifies with Minos, whose city was Minoa, and emblem the Minotaur; also with King Menes, the first lawgiver who raised men from the savage state. He was to the Bull tribes what Cecrops was to the Pelasgic Nagas. There was an Apia, also identified by Bryant with Rhea and Demeter. Astarte, we saw, had, according to Sanchoniatho, a bull's head, and Diana was worshipped by the Scuthæ, under the title of Tauro-polus and Taurione. In the Orphic fragments Dionysius is represented as having the countenance of a bull, and also as *being* a bull. In Argos he was *βουγενής*, the offspring of a bull; *ταυρογενής* is one of his epithets in the Orphic hymns. Poseidon was Taureus as well as Hippius, and so also was Oceanus. The bull-faced people are frequent in the legends of India, where the bull *is* a god; and in Japan we find a deity, Goso Tennoo—the ox-headed prince of heaven.¹

The people of the Tauric Chersonesus were named, according to Eustathius, from the bull—Taurus—*οἱ δὲ ταυροὶ τὸ ἔθνος ἀπὸ τοῦ ζώου ταυρον, φασὶ, καλοῦνται*. So were the following mountains, places, and peoples:—Taurus, Taurania, Taurica, Taurinium, Taurcum, Taurenta, Tauropolis, Tauropolium, Taurominium, Taurantes, Tauri, Taurini, and Taurisci. How far the god might be followed as giving names to other places and peoples by the process of etymologically analysing the names in different languages, we have not the means of ascertaining.

We have found the bull figured in the heavens and on numerous coins, and giving his name to numerous tribes of men, worshipped as a god, and regarded as the father and first lawgiver by his worshippers. We have found him also in intimate relations with the earlier gods and goddesses, who either drew titles from him or wore his form, as if they supervened upon a system in which he had been chief, and from which, in the process of time, they displaced him. His case thus resembles that of the two animal gods previously considered.

(1) Kaempfer's "Japan," p. 418, cited by Bryant.

4. *The Lion*.—The Lion is in the heavens as Leo, and figures on the ancient coins of many cities, *e.g.* :—

“On coins of Hispania and Gallia;¹ Teate in Marrucini; Capua in Campania; Arpi in Apulia; Venusia in Apulia; Pæstum in Laconia; Heraclea and Velia in Laconia; Rhegium in Bruttium; Leontini, Panormus, Syracuse, and Messina, in Sicilia; Chersonesus Taurica; Panticapæum; Tomis in Moesia Infer; Abdera, Perinthus, Cardia, Lysimachia, and Chersonesus, in Thracia; Thasos; Amphipolis, Macedonia; Thessalia *in genere*; Corcyra in Epirus; Heraclea in Acarnania; Corinthus in Achaia; Gortyna in Creta; Adrianotera vel Hadrianotera in Bithynia; Metroum in Bithynia; Germe in Mysia; Magnesia and Miletus in Ionia; Smyrna in Ionia; Acrasus, Apollonia, Attalia, Blaundos, Gordias-Julia, Hyrcania, Magnesia, Philadelphia, Sæteni, Sardes, Silandus, Temenothyraë, Thyatira, all in Lydia, being thirteen towns; Acmenia, Cadi, Cybira, Peltæ, Sala, and Sinaos, towns in Phrygia; Pessinus in Galatia; Cyrene in Cyrenaica; in Libya *in genere*. The coins are all of date before the Christian era.”

Was the lion who was thus honoured a god? He was; but his worship must have early become obsolete, as we have only one well-vouched instance of it within the historical period, namely, in Leontopolis, the capital of a district of the same name in Egypt. Ælian and Porphyry both say it was worshipped there—was the deity of the place.² There is a considerable amount of evidence, however, that this animal had, in pre-historic times, been more generally worshipped, and that tribes of men had been named after him.

We have become familiar with compounds of human and bestial forms in connection with the worship of the serpent, horse, and bull; the serpent body with human head; the female human form with one or more horse-heads; the Minotaur; and should expect that if the lion were a god, he should, by the same mental processes, be made to enter into similar compounds. Since we have him in one place as a god, and have him in the heavens and on numerous coins, and, what is familiar as the symbol of many tribes, should we find such a compound of the human and leonine forms worshipped, venerated, or feared, or with a remarkable hold on the imaginations of men, it will not be unreasonable to infer that the compound had an origin similar to the others we have become acquainted with. Now we have such a compound in the Sphinx, which therefore may throw some light on the cultus of the lion.³ In the Egyptian hieroglyphics, we are told, the sphinx bears the name of *Neb* or Lord, and *Akar* or Intelligence—the form of it being a

“ (1) Mr. John Evans, in his work on British Coins, p. 180, says the Lion *frequently* occurs on Gaulish coins.

(2) Bryant's “Observations and Inquiries,” Cambridge, 1767, p. 128. Ælian do Animal. lib. 12, c. 7.

(3) The reader will find a long treatise on the Sphinx in the “Numismata Spanhemii,” where also the Sphinx is figured on several coins. It is hardly necessary to say it is common on coins.

lion's body with human head. The Great Sphinx at Gizeh is colossal, and hewn out of the natural rock.¹ It is of great antiquity—an age at least equal to the Pyramids. In front of the breast of this sphinx was found, in 1816, a small chapel formed of three hieroglyphical tablets, dedicated by Thothmes III. and Rameses II. to the sphinx, whom, it is said, they adored as Haremukhu, *i.e.*, the sun on the horizon.² The fourth tablet, which formed the front, had a door in the centre, and two couchant lions placed upon it. "A small lion was found on the pavement, and an altar between its fore-paws, apparently for sacrifices offered to it in the time of the Romans."³ In 1852 discovery was made of another temple to the south of the sphinx, built at the time of the fourth dynasty, of huge blocks of alabaster and granite, and which was most probably, like the former, devoted to its worship. Numerous sphinxes have been found elsewhere in Egypt, as at Memphis and at Tanis. That found at the latter place is assigned to the age of the Shepherd dynasty. Sphinxes have also been found in Assyria and Babylonia, and they are not uncommon on Phœnician works of art. Mr. Layard mentions having dug out of the Mound of Nimroud "a crouching lion, rudely carved in basalt, which appeared to have fallen from the building above, and to have been exposed for centuries to the atmosphere;" also a pair of gigantic winged bulls, and a pair of small winged lions, whose heads were gone. Human-headed lions he found, of course; also human figures with lions' heads.⁴

The Egyptian sphinx had the whole body leonine, except the face, and this would appear to be the most ancient form; the sphinxes with wings are later, and are supposed to have originated with the Babylonians or Assyrians. The Greek sphinxes were still further from the primitive type; they were all winged, and had other elements in their composition besides the human and leonine. Probably they were unrelated to the Egyptian as an original. The Theban sphinx, whose myth first appears in Hesiod (*Theog.* 326), had a lion's body, female head, bird's wings, and serpent's tail,—a suitable emblem, we should say, for a composite local tribe, comprising Nagas (snakes) as well as lions, and, say, eagles or doves. She was a supernatural being, the progeny of the two-headed dog of Geryon, by Chimæra; or of Typhon, by Echidna. If of the latter parentage, she was a snake on both sides of the house; if of the former, she combined the leonine with the serpent nature,—as the Chimæra had a lion's head as one of her three. Indeed, on either

(1) It is upwards of 172 feet long and 66 feet high.

(2) "*Isis sub forma Leonis itidem et cum facie muliebri occurit non nunquam in nummis Ægyptiorum sicuti in quodam Antonii Pii quem feruit Gaza Medicea.*"—Spanhemii Numismata, tom. i. De Sphinge in nummis.

(3) See article Sphinx, Chambers's Encyc., and authorities there cited.

(4) Nineveh, vol. ii. p. 463.

view she had lion kindred as well as Naga, for Typhon, although a Naga, had one celebrated lion among his offspring, the Nemean lion to wit (mother unknown), who infested the neighbourhood of Nemea, filling its inhabitants with continual alarms. The first labour of Hercules was to destroy him, and the Nemean games—instituted in honour of one who had fallen a victim to a snake—were renewed to commemorate the destruction of a lion! A strong suggestion, this, of the new-comer, the Heraclidæ being alike antipathetical to the snakes and lions,—to the tribes, as we read it, who had these animals as gods, and were called after them.

Lion names were common, and the name remains. We believe the result of inquiry will be to establish, by etymological evidence, that the animal gave its name to numerous tribes. Such evidence as we have to adduce of this fact, however, will be better appreciated when produced further on in this exposition.

5. *The Dog*.—The Dog gives its name to three constellations—Canis Major, Canis Minor, and Canicula, as well as to the stars Canis Sirius (*Cahen Sehur*), the brightest in the heavens; Procyon and Cunosoura, “the dog’s tail.” It appears on various ancient coins; for example, on uncertain coins of Etruria; on coins of Pisaurum in Umbria; Hatria in Picenum; Larinum in Frétani; on the coins of Campania *in genere*; notably of Nuceria in Campania; of Valentia in Bruttium; Agyrium in Sicilia; of Erix, Messana, Motya, Panormus, Segesta (very many), and Selinus, all in Sicilia; of Chersonesus Taurica; Phalanna in Thessalia; Celta-Aidone in Epirus; Coreyra in Epirus; Same in Cephallenia; Cydonia in Creta; Colophon in Ionia, and Phocæ in Ionia. Besides these, which are all of date B.C., there are coins figured in the “Numismata Spanhemii” with the legend of the dog Cerberus, and one in Mr. Evans’s “British Coins,” of which that learned author says:—

“The reverse is very remarkable, and must be regarded as in some manner connected with the early British mythology, though I must confess myself entirely at a loss to offer any satisfactory elucidation of the device. The attitude of the dog [which has one of its fore feet placed on a serpent] is very like that in which it is represented on the small brass coins of Campanian fabric, bearing the name of Roma, but there is no serpent on those coins. The type is hitherto unpublished, and belongs to the third class of the coins of Cunobeline—those with the name of his capital upon them.”¹

With such facts before us, and the knowledge we have already attained to of their probable significance, it need not surprise us to find that the dog was a deity. Bryant, after doing all he could to work him into his Ark scheme, has to confess that his view, that the belief in the worship of the dog was derived from Cahen being the Egyptian name for a priest or sacred official, won’t meet the facts.

(1) Evans, “British Coins,” p. 316.

"Though I have endeavoured to show," he says, "that the term of which I have been treating was greatly misapplied in being so uniformly referred to dogs, yet I do not mean to insinuate that it did not sometimes relate to them. They were distinguished by this sacred title, and were held in some degree of veneration."²

The facts are as follows:—Juvenal states that dogs were worshipped in some places, "*oppida tota canem venerantur*;"² Diodorus Siculus says the same thing;³ Plutarch, relates that in Egypt they were *holy*, but not after the time of Cambyses, when they misbehaved themselves by devouring the bull Apis, whom that king slew;⁴ and Herodotus informs us they were so regarded by the Egyptians in his own time that when a dog died the members of the family it belonged to shaved themselves all over.⁵

The dog was called Cahen and Cohen—a title given by the Egyptians to the animal and vegetable gods they worshipped in general—(query, an equivalent of Totem?); and while the living dog was thus esteemed, there were spiritual dog-beings or gods, such as Canuphis, or Cneph (Anuphis and Anubis of the Greeks and Romans), some represented as having the human body and dog's head, and others conceived as having the full canine figure, with one, two, or more heads, just as in the case of the heavenly Nagas, bulls and horses. As the animals last named gave titles to the gods who superseded them, so did the dog; Hercules, Hermes, and even Zeus were Cahen. Hecate had three heads,—one a dog's, one a horse's, and one a boar's,—which suggests, on the system of interpretation we have been propounding, that she originated in a compromise of a local tribe, which contained gentes of the dog, horse, and boar stocks. The boar will be shown to have been a god,—at least a Totem. Cerberus is mentioned by Homer, and we learn from Hesiod that he had fifty heads. In the gardens of Electra there was a golden dog, and also gaping dogs that were at once statues and yet alive. Gold and silver dogs, creations of Vulcan, guarded the house of Alcinous.⁶ In a temple of Vulcan near Mount Ætna was a breed of dogs that treated good men gently, and were ferocious to bad men, which is curious, as we have similar fables respecting serpents in Syria (given by Aristotle), and birds in the islands of Diomedes (given by Pliny). In the myth of Cephalus we have "a dog that was sure of his prey, and a dart that never missed its aim,"—the dog here being familiar to every reader of Campbell's Celtic tales, or the collections of Grimm and Dasent. On these dog-beings Bryant has some remarks in which we are disposed to concur. "When I read of the brazen dog of Vulcan," he says, "of the dog of Erigone, of Orion, of Geryon [a two-

(1) L. c. vol. i. p. 351.

(2) Sat. 15, v. 8. 71

(3) Lib. i. p. 16.

(4) Is. et Os., Ed. Cantab. 1744, Squire's Trans., p. 61.

(5) L. 2, c. 66.

(6) Odys. l. 7, v. 92. The reference is wrong in Bryant.

headed dog], of Orus, of Hercules, of Amphilochus, of Hecate, I cannot but suppose that they were titles of so many deities, or else of their priests, who were denominated from their office."¹

There were dog-tribes as a matter of course. Such we must assume the Cunocephali in Libya to have been, whom Herodotus mentions as a race of men with the heads of dogs; and the Cunodontes, both named, as Bryant observes, from their god—fable adding in each case the physical peculiarity in explanation of the dog-name. Ælian and Plutarch, besides bearing witness to the veneration paid to dogs in Egypt, relate "that the people of Ethiopia had a dog for their king; that he was kept in great state, being surrounded with a numerous body of officers and guards, and in all respects royally treated. Plutarch speaks of him as being worshipped with a degree of religious reverence."² No doubt they had heard something like this, and misunderstood it. The king was a dog, in the same way that a Naga Rajah is a serpent, and the reference is to a dog-tribe. What the lamented Speke tells of the traditions of the Wahuma in Central Africa suggests to us that inquiry may yet show that there *was* a tribe in that quarter with the dog for its Totem, and it is probably there still.³

6. *The Swan*.—The Swan is in the heavens as Cynus, and figures on the coins of Camarina in Sicilia; Leontini in Sicilia; Argæa in Thessalia; Clazomene in Ionia; on the coins of other uncertain cities of Ionia, and of Eion in Macedonia. The coins of Eion, says Mr. Sim, are of date 500 B.C., while the others having the swan are probably of date about 300 B.C.

We have no direct evidence of the swan having been a god—that is, having temples of his own; but two great gods, Zeus and Brahma, wore his form, and the latter was named after him; and there is a considerable quantity of myth and fable explainable on the supposition that the bird had been at least a Totem. Bryant says it was undoubtedly the insigne of Canaan, as the eagle and vulture were of Egypt, and the dove of Babylonia. The evidence for this, however, seems not very satisfactory; but part of it is philological, and we are incompetent to judge of it. One fact he founds on it is that there was but one philosopher styled Cynus he could recollect—Antiochus the Academic, mentioned by Cicero and Strabo, surnamed the Swan, and he came from Ascalon in Palestine. The fact is of some importance, as giving us the swan as a stock name in that country. Mr. Evans inclines to think the swan was Phœnician. It is found figured on ancient Phœnician works of art.

Three persons are named by Ovid as having been changed into swans:—a son of Poseidon, who was killed by Achilles before the Metamorphosis; a son of Apollo, who in a fit of vexation committed

(1) Bryant, l. c. vol. i. p. 347.

(2) Bryant, l. c. vol. i. p. 329; Ælian, l. c. p. 246 (lib. vii. c. 40).

(3) Speke's Journal, pp. 252, 257.

suicide, and was changed into a swan;¹ and a son of Sthenelus, of Liguria, who in his affliction for the death of his friend Phaethon was changed into a swan. Of the last story there is another version given by Lucian, who speaks of swans in the plural in his jocular account of an attempt to discover the sweet-singing birds when boating on the Eridanus. In the Prometheus of Æschylus, Io is directed to proceed till she reaches the Gorgonian plains, where reside the three daughters of Phorcys in the shape of swans, with one eye and one tooth between them. Socrates is represented as speaking of swans as his fellow-servants, and Porphyry assures us that he was very serious in doing so. Calchas, a priest of Apollo, was called a swan; and at the first institution of the rites of Apollo it is said many swans came from Asia, and went round the island Delos for the space of seven days. The companions of Diomedes, lamenting his death, were changed into birds resembling swans. They settled in some islands in the Adriatic, and were remarkable for the tameness with which they approached the Greeks, and for the horror with which they shunned all other nations. Lastly, the singing of swans was very celebrated, and spoken of not only by the poets, but by such men as Plato, Plutarch, Pliny, and Cicero as a thing well known. Their melancholy strains were never so sweet as when they were dying. The only instance of the form of this bird being assumed by a Greek god is in the case of Leda or Nemesis. Zeus, in the form of a swan, deceived the lady. She produced two eggs in consequence, from one of which sprang Pollux and Helena, and from the other Castor and Clytæmnestra!

In explanation of some of these histories Bryant has a long argument, the purpose of which is to show that in those places reputed to have been much frequented by swans celebrated for their singing—as on the rivers Eridanus and Strymon—colonies from Canaan had settled. In early times, he says, colonies *went by the name of the deities they worshipped, or by the name of the insigne of their country*; so that, when swans were spoken of, settlers from Canaan were really intended. Thus the ancients, instead of saying that Egyptians, Canaanites, or Tyrians carried off such and such persons, said Jupiter, in the shape of an eagle, swan, or bull, did so; the eagle meaning Egypt, the swan Canaan, and the bull Tyre. The Phorcides were thus Canaanitish settlers among the Atlantes of Mauritania; the Delian and Pythian swans, priests of Apollo; and the swans that went round Delos, a choir of the settlers officiating at the opening of the new temple. The sweet singing was the property, of course, not of the birds, but of the settlers, who delighted in singing mournful dirges for the loss of Adonis or Thamuz, such as were customary in their native land.

(1) Besides these there are two mythical persons of the name, both sons of Ares.

The traces of the Swan as a Totem in India are more distinct. It is said in the Bhagavata Purana (ix. 14, 48) that at one time there existed but one Veda, one God (Agni), and one caste. This we learn from the Commentator was in the Krita age, and the one caste, he tells us, was called "Hansa"—the Swan. The Hansas again are, in the Vishnu Purana, said to be one of four castes or tribes existing in a district exterior to India (v. 20, 4); and finally, we learn from the Linga Purana that Hansa was a name of Brahma himself—i.e., Brahma was called the Swan. How this god, reputed among some tribes to have been the Creator, came to be so named is explained at length in the last-mentioned Purana. When he and Vishnu had grown hot in controversy as to which of them had made all things, there suddenly appeared before them a luminous *Luiga* "encircled with a thousand wreaths of flame, incapable of diminution or increase, without beginning, middle, or end, incomparable, indescribable, indefinable, the source of all things." What happened on this appearing Brahma thus recounts:—"Bewildered by its thousand flames, the divine Hari (Vishnu) said to me (Brahma), who was myself bewildered, 'Let us on the spot examine the source of (this) fire. I will go down the unequalled pillar of fire, and thou shouldst quickly proceed strenuously upwards.' Having thus spoken, the universal-formed (Vishnu) took the shape of a boar, and I immediately assumed the character of a swan. EVER SINCE THEN MEN CALL ME HANSA (SWAN), for Hansa is Viraj.¹ Whoever shall call me 'Hansa Hansa' shall become a Hansa." There follows an account of their respective expeditions to explore the Linga, which occupied them for a thousand years. The one found no top to it, the other no base. Bewildered, they both vowed to it, saying, "What is this?"—in answer to which the eternal loud-resounding Linga is reported to have said "Om."²

It is reasonable to conclude that we have a Swan-tribe in the Indian Hansas: the tradition that Brahma was a Hansa is not likely to have originated except with swans. Again, the inhabitants of islands who, though in the swan form, were yet human, like the birds of Diomedes, can only mean a Swan-tribe, we think. The fact of the swan figuring in the heavens and on ancient coins, taken along with the fact that it was a tribal name, makes it probable that the swan was a god, and highly probable that it was at least a Totem elsewhere than in Australia, where it is a Totem now.

J. F. M'LENNAN.

(To be continued.)

(1) Viraj appears to be the first-begotten of the male and female divisions of the Procreator. We formerly saw that according to another set of the Vedic writers Viraj was a cow!

(2) Muir's "Sanskrit Texts," vol. i. Second Edition, pp. 158, 498. Vol. iv. pp. 323, 329.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Strong and Free; or, First Steps towards Social Science. By the Author of "My Life, and What Shall I do with It?" Longmans. 10s. 6d.

A COMPOSITION of essay and dialogue, setting forth, and in some sort discussing, certain conditions of the growth and progress of societies, and of the well-being of their individual members. The authoress professes to answer the two specific questions—as part of the wide subject of social science—How can men become strong, and how free? In other words, her book is a disquisition: first, on education or mental discipline in its widest sense; next, on political and social liberty. The writer's temper is partially scientific, but the book is too little systematic, and too little independent in tone or original in matter, to be a very effective contribution to the science of society. The writer, however, only aims at "suggesting thoughts, not at teaching opinions." How far the present state of the science warrants this rather desultory, and non-constructive treatment is itself a very interesting question.

Tales of Old Travel. Re-narrated by HENRY KINGSLEY. With eight full-page Illustrations. Macmillan & Co. 1869. 6s.

A GATHERING under a single roof of some of the most famous of the old discoverers and explorers, from Marco Polo down to the expeditions which led to the establishment of our empire in Australia. The tales are, of course, not new, but many of them are no more familiar than they are new, and Mr. Kingsley has told them over again with a great deal of spirit.

The Early Years of Christianity. By EMILE DE PRESSENSÉ. Translated. Hodder, Houghton, & Co. 12s.

THIS English translation of M. de Pressensé's work—a sequel to the same author's well-known "Life of Christ"—is something else than a mere presentation of the original, for it is partially curtailed. A single volume thus contains the whole history of the apostolic age. It opens with the foundation of the Church on the day of Pentecost, continues its annals up to the death of Paul, and closes with the period of St. John. The next volume is to comprise the Martyrs and Confessors; the present volume, meanwhile, being complete in itself.

The Universe; or, the Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little. By F. A. POUCHET. Translated from the French. Illustrated. London: Blackie and Son. 31s. 6d.

M. POUCHET's book was published some two years ago in France, and though it is avowedly meant only to popularise physical knowledge, and not to propagate new discoveries, it has achieved a high reputation. It is descriptive of the external universe; simply telling people in vivid language what life and movement is going on, and has gone on, among the creatures around them, and

in the globe and the heavens. Anybody of ordinary intelligence can understand it—so simple and so little technical is the style, and scarcely any book in French or in English is so likely to stimulate in the young an interest in physical phenomena. It includes the Animal Kingdom, from microscopic animalculæ upwards, the Vegetable Kingdom, Geology, and the Sidereal Universe. The English edition is superbly printed, and profusely illustrated with something like 350 wood engravings of excellent quality.

The Last of the Tasmanians; or, the Black War of Van Diemen's Land. By JAMES BONWICK, F.R.G.S. With Illustrations. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 16s.

A HISTORY of the relations between the now extirpated Tasmanians and their European extirpators, beginning practically with the massacre of the Blacks in 1804, and ending with Lanné, the last man, who died in the spring of this year, and Lalla Rookh, the last woman of the race. The narrative, in point of literary execution rather indifferent, is sufficiently copious, and presents the whole story for the first time to the English public, which ought to be so deeply interested in it, in its full form. The writer's sympathies are strongly on the side of the aboriginal race.

Names of Places. By FLAVELL EDMUNDS. London: Longmans. 7s. 6d.

AN analytical inquiry into the sources of place-names in England and Wales, whether descriptive or historical, to what period their formation belongs, and so forth. The writer treats them as the fossils of history and language; and examines which of them indicate the fauna of localities, which their prevalent religions, which the occupations of their people; what names were produced by the Conquest, what belong to the period of the breaking up of feudalism. A vocabulary is appended, containing the roots out of which names of places are formed.

Old English History for Children. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A. London: Macmillan. 6s.

A HISTORY of England from the earliest times, when it was only Britain, down to the Norman invasion of 1066. The writer's object—and the book was written bit by bit for the use of his own children—is to give clear and accurate notions of the beginnings of our history to the youngest pupils. Mr. Freeman's own unrivalled knowledge of his subject is well known, and nothing can exceed the simplicity of the language in which he comes down to the level of untrained intelligences. Though protesting against the confusion of legends with history, the writer has been careful to preserve all the legends for us, but in their own style and place, as legends. Nothing in the book is more likely to be of value than the maps, which are historical, and which will do more than anything else to rescue children—and older people, too, for that matter—from what Mr. Freeman calls "bondage to the modern map."

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXXVI. NEW SERIES.—DECEMBER 1, 1869.

MASTERLY INACTIVITY.

Few regions in the world have claims on our interest comparable in extent and variety to those which Central Asia possesses. As the eye travels southward from Orenburg to Peshawur, there is a fresh picture at every stage of the country. First, steppe and desert, scanty herbage or deep sand, vast expanses vexed by mirage and simoom; the home of marauding nomads, in whose hordes survive unchanged the Mongols of Chinghiz-Khan, the Toorks of Attila and Timour-Lung, myriads of barbaric horsemen, ready as ever, if civilisation would but give them the chance, to again obliterate all the kingdoms of Asia in ruin, again surge in resistless tumult to the shores of the Baltic and the Danube. Then, rivers, the ancient rivers Oxus and Jaxartes, rolling, turbid and yellow, through shifty channels to their rest in the Aral Sea. And between these fertilising floods, like "a jewel set in sand," the oasis-lands of the Mawur-oo-Nahr, teeming with every crop and fruit that a temperate climate, kindly soil, and abundant irrigation can produce; rich too in the renown wherewith by-gone dynasties and the fanaticism of modern Islam have combined to clothe the names of Bokhara and Samarcand, of Ferghana and Kharesm. Lastly, Afghanistan, a mass of barren rocks for the most part, and stupendous mountain-ranges crowned with eternal snow, yet rejoicing here and there in green-wood vallies, lovely as a dream; its people, the physical perfection of humanity, and bearing in their faces strange confirmation of the tradition that refers a part at least of their lineage to Jews of the Dispersion, transported hither from Babylon by successors of Nebuchadnezzar. In Central Asia philology has discovered the cradle of that great Indo-Germanic race, from which conquering Anglo-Saxons and conquered Hindoos are equally descended. In Central Asia Alexander of Macedon founded a sovereignty, the traces of

which are locally extant to this day, as well in the freshness of the great "Sikunder's" fame, as in the Greek characters inscribed on the old coins which a Toorkish beauty strings round her neck. Across Central Asia, as neutral ground, the Romans of the Byzantine empire stretched a hand to the Chinese monarchs of the Han dynasty, and the recollection of that period serves to explain the historic awe with which every Tartar still turns to Constantinople—"Room" or Rome still in his phraseology—as the seat of an omnipotence not to be gainsaid. Central Asia, in the eighth century, became the eastern terminus of Saracenic conquest; here the idolatry of China and the monotheism of Arabia met in sanguinary collision; and either prescribed bounds not to be transgressed by the other. Central Asia, in the middle ages, held so large a leaven of Christianity, according to the Nestorian form, that Popes busied themselves in quests of an imaginary priest-king, whose odd cognomen of Prester John sends a vague familiar echo even to the ears of the present generation. Christianity nowadays has wholly disappeared from the scene, but not so the clash of rival empires contending for supremacy. Two powers at this moment are again in motion, mightier than any that have preceded them in the same field; and on the issue of their meeting hang consequences most momentous, not only to the continent of Asia but to all mankind. One of these powers is Great Britain; her antagonist, Russia.

The approach of Russia's Siberian frontier towards India has for half a century filled English statesmen with alarm. To fend it off by artificial barriers, innumerable schemes of diplomacy have been woven, and repeated wars with Afghanistan and with Persia have been undertaken, costing thousands of valuable lives, and over twenty millions of money. In this cause was encountered the greatest disaster which has ever befallen the British arms. The shock which the Cabul massacre gave to our prestige in India remained vivid enough sixteen years afterwards to inspirit discontented Sepoys into mutiny, and even now has not altogether been forgotten. Yet, despite of all our efforts, Russia's progress has not been arrested by one inch of space, or for a single hour of time. On the contrary, the strides of her southward march, since the Crimean war, and especially during the last five years, have been enormous. At the present time her troops are in occupation of Samarcand, and dominate all the three Khanates of the Mawur-oo-Nahr. Her influence extends to the Oxus, and nothing now remains to separate the Cossack from the Sepoy save only Afghanistan. Hence to us the importance of that territory—through it we feel the palpable presence of Russia. Hence also our communications with Afghanistan are no longer matter of local Indian politics, which the British public may incuriously leave to fortune for settlement. They now touch the relations subsisting

between the imperial cabinets of London and St. Petersburg, and may at any time produce some "question" in which Parliament and the people shall find themselves very deeply concerned.

On this ground I venture once more to invite popular attention to recent events in Afghanistan. Hitherto, I am aware, the majority of my countrymen has been much of a mind with Goldsmith's squire, who "no more troubled his head about Hyder Ally, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker." It is a natural aversion; nor should I care to brave it but for a sustaining sense that the uncouth names of men and places in which my chronicle deals represent forces charged with mischief to the national peace. Ordinarily, the intestine brawls of a pack of poverty-stricken and semi-savage mountaineers would be of little interest to anyone; but when they come to affecting the course of English policy towards one of the greatest military powers of Europe, the warning, "*tua res agitur*," may well be impressed on every tax-payer.

The death, in 1863, of the famous Dost Mahomed was followed, as every student of Afghan affairs had predicted it would be, by a fierce scramble among his sons for the inheritance. The earlier incidents of this fratricidal contest have been already described elsewhere.¹ I resume the tangled thread of the story from the issue of the battle on the 10th May, 1866. In the pause that then ensued, the position of the principal competitors was as follows:—Shere Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan by the double right of paternal selection and of the acknowledgment which all men, including his rival brethren, had in the first instance accorded to his accession, was at Candahar, still reeling under the disastrous recoil of the blow at Sydabad, by which he had vainly hoped to recover possession of his lost capital. Ufzul Khan, also calling himself Ameer of Afghanistan in virtue of primogeniture and of his occupation of the royal citadel, was at Cabul, having by his side his son, Abdool Rehman, and his full-brother, Azim Khan, by whose allied arms he had been recently rescued from Shere Ali's grasp. Beyond Cabul, in the territory lying between the mountains of the Hindoo Khoosh and the river Oxus, which may best be described by the name of Balkh, a new potentate had unexpectedly sprung into existence in the person of Fyz Mahomed, a younger prince of the Barukzye house, who aspired to convert the lieutenant's commission he held over that country into an autonomy, independent of any control, whether from Cabul or from Candahar. The conclusion therefore to which matters appeared for the time to have arrived was a dismemberment of Afghanistan between three separate powers; the north to Fyz Mahomed, centre to Ufzul Khan, and south with west to Shere Ali. But this superficial view needs certain corrections. We must note that Fyz Mahomed had not

(1) *Edinburgh Review*, No. 255, January, 1867.

in himself strength to maintain his bold attitude of isolation for any considerable period; and, in the next place, that Ufzul Khan, in spite of the outward observances of sovereignty which surrounded him, was in truth a nonentity, set up by Azim Khan as a convenient and decorous screen to cover the motive power of his own superior will. These deductions made, we find the factions in the field reduced practically to two; one headed by Shere Ali at Candahar, the other by Azim Khan at Cabul. In the rivalry between these two parties, Shere Ali's right pitted against Azim Khan's ambition, the whole civil war of Afghanistan has almost from the outset been comprised.

Absolute and complete as Shere Ali's late defeat had been, he neither despaired, nor had any need to despair, of his fortunes. The wholesome spur of adversity had quickened his sullen nature, and he applied himself with resolute activity to the task of organising a force for the prompt renewal of hostilities. Besides Candahar, he still held the whole westward country up to the Persian border; and even towards Cabul, whence his danger lay, the fortress of Khelat-i-Ghilzye was yet in his possession, constituting for him an outpost of greater natural strength than that of the enemy at Mookhur, which it faced. At Herat he could depend upon his second son, Yakoob Khan, a youth of remarkable shrewdness and energy, to send him every man that could be safely spared from the garrison of that important city. Present with him in Candahar he had his full-brother Shureef Khan, fickle and untrustworthy in temper, but not without value as a source of pecuniary loans, and as an instrument of extorting revenue from the people. From Balkh he justly calculated on obtaining, sooner or later, Fyz Mahomed's active co-operation; and in Cabul itself there were not a few persons of great influence corresponding with him regularly, and only biding their opportunity to rejoin his cause. Above all, he held distinct assurance that the Anglo-Indian Government, though on terms of civil communication with his foes, had hitherto refused to recognise any one but himself as Ameer. On the other hand, almost all his guns had been captured, and he was in great straits for small-arms and for money. New cannon he might certainly get cast, after tedious delay, by the artificers at Candahar; but for the other two essentials of a campaign, where was he to turn? He had already tried the English. One of the first acts of his reign had been to send an envoy to Peshawur, praying for a grant of muskets. And the prayer had been rejected, notwithstanding that he had then been undisputed sovereign of all Afghanistan, and that Oriental custom would have justified the British Government in regarding his recent accession to the throne as a fit occasion for the issue of exceptional presents. There was little likelihood of his being more successful now when half his kingdom was rent from him, and round him

bickered a flame of war, from which the English Viceroy insisted on keeping aloof. Remote, however, as the chance appeared of obtaining help from India, in no other direction was there any chance at all. This forlorn hope, therefore, Shere Ali determined again to essay. What his reasons may have been for taking a circuitous path towards his object, instead of writing directly to the British authorities at Peshawur, it is unnecessary to inquire; suffice it, that he selected our news-writer at Cabul as the depositary of his desires.

The position of the functionary thus brought upon the stage was an anomalous one, hardly justifying Shere Ali's choice. The right vested by treaty in the Governor-General of deputing a native of India as envoy to the court of the ruler of Afghanistan, had been in abeyance since January, 1864, when the last Vakeel returned to India, leaving a Moonshee, or clerk, behind him to carry on the minor duties of the office. Difficulties arising from the civil war which immediately followed, and the fall of the capital into the hands of the insurgent faction, had prevented the despatch of a regular successor; and, meanwhile, the clerk-substitute continued sole representative of our power at Cabul. For his own safety this Moonshee had regularly to make his obeisance at the Durbar, in which the usurping brothers, Ufzul and Azim Khan, held on most afternoons a reception of chiefs, city notables, and newly-arrived travellers; but his place in the assembly was merely that of a simple news-writer. By such visits to the Bala Hissar, by the exchange of private civilities with the principal inhabitants, by rambles through the public bazaars, and by resort generally to every available centre of information, he was expected to gather materials for a diary in the Persian language, which, twice a week, he transmitted by courier to our frontier officers at Peshawur. Diplomatic powers he had none, though the temptation to assume them must at times have been irresistible.

In June and July, Shere Ali wrote three successive letters to the Moonshee, asking him to explain to the British Government the extremity of his need, and the gratitude with which he would receive a gift of 6,000 muskets and a proportionate supply of money. His first letter was turned back by the enemy's line of sentries at Mookhur; the second, delayed for two months between Candahar and Cabul, did not reach India till after the third; and both the second and the third were viewed and treated by the authorities in the Punjab as forgeries, contrived by Azim Khan, for the purpose of obtaining an insight into the British Government's real sentiments towards his rival. Consequently no reply was sent to the application. This, we must allow, was an unsatisfactory conclusion; but the doubts which dictated it were neither unnatural nor unreason-

able. One letter was written in a combination of Persian language with English characters, and was without Shere Ali's seal of signature. In both cases it was incomprehensible why Shere Ali, if he really were the author, instead of writing, as afterwards he actually did write, directly to the Commissioner by the short road which he commanded to our frontier, should have preferred to betake himself to the unusual intervention of a news-writer and the long war-blocked route through Cabul. The fact of our Moonshee having forwarded the letters as genuine proved nothing; in the perilous position he held at Cabul, bolder men than himself, and owning a higher stake in our interests, might have seen through a ruse of Azim Khan's without daring to expose it. Several months elapsed before the authenticity of the documents came to light. The regrettable part of the incident is that Shere Ali, who had anticipated nothing better than an explicit refusal, and who was ignorant of the suspicions attaching to his missives, seems to have allowed himself to interpret the Viceroy's silence in a sense too favourable to his own hopes.

Turning now to the head-quarters of the opposition at Cabul, we light upon a scene of still greater perplexity and trouble. Ufzul Khan, the titular Ameer, was rapidly drinking himself to death; and between the two other members of the triumvirate, quarrels were vehement and interminable. Abdool Rehman, the Hotspur of the party, conscious of military services at least equal to those of his uncle, ill brooked the state of pupilage to which Azim Khan's assumption of superior wisdom would have consigned him. His father vainly tried to be peacemaker; maudlin entreaties that State affairs might all be left to Azim were not calculated to allay the young man's indignation. Nothing could have kept his reluctant neck in the yoke but the inexorable necessity of the times. For, notwithstanding their victory at Sydabad, the confederates were beset by danger on every side. Accounts of Shere Ali's preparations and capacity for a new campaign came to them with all the exaggerations of Eastern rumour. Fyz Mahomed they had hoped to cajole or coerce by the hold they had on his full-brother, Wullee Mahomet, in Cabul; but day by day this hope diminished, and it soon became clear that they would have to face a coalition between him and Shere Ali, the one descending against them from the north, the other simultaneously marching up from the south. Between the two fires their case looked critical indeed. Even the territory they called their own was held with difficulty; for the Ghilzye tribe about Jellalabad had risen in insurrection, declaring for Shere Ali, and the disturbances reached within five-and-twenty miles of the city of Cabul. Worse still, they were short of money, and the arbitrary measures they adopted to remedy the deficiency irritated every class

of the community against them. Nobles, whom Shere Ali's haughty demeanour and ungovernable temper had stung into revolt, discovered that Azim Khan could be not less overbearing in manner, and that, if Shere Ali had been quick to resume, and loth to make grants of the crown lands, these tempting objects, the promised rewards of treason, were now retained by Azim Khan in a gripe quite as miserly, and additionally odious by reason of its ingratitude and fraud. Priests murmured against the diversion of their religious endowments to purposes of State. Soldiers, to whom a year's pay was due, were obliged to take half that amount in quittance of the claim; nor was the edge of their discontent the less keen for a belief, likely enough to be true, that at their expense, and out of the public coffers, Azim Khan was laying by a private provision for himself against a rainy day. Agriculture fell under assessments, heavy in amount, and collected before harvest. Traders, already hard hit by Fyz Mahomed's detention in Balkh of caravans they expected from beyond the Oxus, were subjected to double customs duties, an endless succession of forced loans never to be refunded either in interest or in principal, and an indiscriminate impressment of the camels on which they depended for the carriage of their goods. The poorer people starved under a monopoly of grain, which raised the necessities of life to famine prices. Robberies in the open street, and burglaries at night, were frequent; assassinations were not uncommon. No one looked for justice; might was the sole measure of each man's right. A few ambitious spirits found their interest in the continuance of such disorder; but generally the inhabitants were weary of war and its accompaniments.

So matters stood when Sir John Lawrence's letter of the 11th July reached Cabul. This, it will be remembered, was in reply to a communication, nominally proceeding from Ufzul Khan, but inspired of course by Azim Khan, in which the British Government was invited to extend its valuable friendship to the writer. The Governor-General's letter commenced with an expression of profound regret for the dissensions by which the great house of the Barukzyes was torn, and professed strong desire for the maintenance of good-will between the Afghan and English nations; but in substance it was a very clear and emphatic refusal to break off our alliance with Ameer Shere Ali.

The arrival of so important a despatch necessarily caused deep sensation in Cabul. In the palace it produced consternation and bitter resentment; but in all other quarters there was universal glee over the discomfiture of the tyrannical rulers. Azim Khan was at no pains to conceal his anger. He sent for our news-writer, and straitly cross-questioned him as to the Viceroy's intention in

addressing Ufzul Khan as *Sirdar* only, or Prince, instead of *Ameer*, or King. Upon this text he launched on to a furious tirade against English ingratitude and selfishness. The Moonshee bowed in silence before the storm; he had no authority to explain any passage in the Viceroy's letter.

Azim Khan's wrath was not of the kind that evaporates in mere words. He looked round for a victim on whom his fury might be more safely indulged than on a British subject. Out of the Barukzye family the foremost man in Afghanistan was Mahomed Rufeek. Generally it may be taken for granted that any prominent leader in Afghan politics must of necessity be either a son or grandson of Dost Mahomed—so completely has the strength of the country been absorbed into that house. Mahomed Rufeek's unique position, in exception to the rule, came from his being the best soldier, the best statesman, the best diplomatist of his time. It was his defection from Shere Ali's cause in the preceding autumn that first and most powerfully turned the tide in favour of the confederates. He had done nothing in the interval to forfeit the confidence of Azim Khan. The blandishments by which Shere Ali had striven hard to win back his allegiance had been wasted on him. He told his friends that the breach between the Ameer and himself was irreparable. Unconsciously foreshadowing his doom, he said that he would die sooner than return to his former lord. But he was known to be a warm admirer of English ways, and this, to the passion-blinded eyes of Azim Khan, was in itself a crime. Some childish notion that the laying low of so illustrious a head might awe the English into a more deferential attitude towards himself, seems also to have had a share in deciding the direction of the despot's ferocity. The blow fell without a word of warning. On the morning of the 27th of August, Mahomed Rufeek stood secure in his place, chief pillar of the State; at noon he was seized and hurried to prison; before one o'clock he was dead, strangled. His body was thrown naked on a dunghill, and lay there for four days, none daring to touch it. His wives and daughters, with unveiled faces and bare feet, were driven from their home into the streets. All his property was confiscated, and one of his followers, supposed to have knowledge of a secret hoard, was tortured to death.

Mahomed Rufeek and his household, though the first, and probably the most innocent, were not the only sufferers at this crisis. Azim Khan's hand, once raised, was not to be lightly stayed. Soon he had as many as a hundred and fifty persons in his prisons, suspected, more or less justly, of intriguing with the enemy; and the penalty of death, which he freely administered, sometimes to batches of several at a time, had in his hands a secrecy and an absence of preliminary trial which, among civilised communities, would have

earned for it a harsher name than execution. He established a reign of terror at Cabul.

Meanwhile the Ameer at Candahar, was again speculating on assistance from British India. On the 10th of September Shere Ali addressed direct to the Commissioner of Peshawur a letter, which was at once recognised as genuine, repeating his original prayer for six thousand muskets, and cash in proportion. The Commissioner replied, saying that he had forwarded the letter for the Viceroy's orders, which, when received, would be duly communicated to the Ameer. But the Viceroy, in his turn, postponed issuing orders of any kind on the subject, and hence Shere Ali's appeal remained practically unanswered. It may well be asked why Sir John Lawrence in this instance departed from the outspoken frankness which had so markedly characterised all his previous dealings with Afghanistan. The answer is easily given. Sir John Lawrence abided as firmly as ever by his determination to abstain from aiding either Shere Ali against Azim Khan or Azim Khan against Shere Ali, so long as each of them respectively maintained a similar quiescence towards British India. But Azim Khan had of late assumed an air so offensive that it began to be doubtful whether the principle of self-defence might not ere long compel us, however reluctantly, to act against him by extending some help to his rival. It was not merely that he made a habit in the Cabul Durbar of railing against the British Government in a strain of unbridled insolence and vindictiveness; verbiage of that kind might be overlooked with contempt; but he was doing his best by actual deeds to stir up against us, in an organised league of holy war, the numerous predatory and fanatical tribes whose mountain-fastnesses overhang our north-west frontier. Sir John Lawrence had little fear that this effort of spite would be successful; but there was none the less need to be on the watch for its issue, and to reserve in readiness the means of checking it, which Shere Ali's application offered. Still no inkling of the new contingency was, or could be, given to Shere Ali. His request was not directly negatived; but this was all: it received not the faintest sign of encouragement.

Both the contending factions in Afghanistan occupied the autumn and early winter in equipping and despatching reinforcements for the positions from which their respective armies confronted each other. The Candahar troops at Khelat-i-Ghilzye grew steadily in numbers, discipline, and confidence; for Shere Ali was able to concentrate all his energies on a single point. The progress of the enemy's camp at Mookhur was feebler and more fitful; a spirit of disaffection, desertion, and mutiny, kept thinning the ranks of Cabul, and the attention of the confederate leaders was distracted by the revolt of the Ghilzyes in the east, and yet more by Fyz Mahomed's

threatened descent from the north. Between these later sources of anxiety, Azim Khan's son, Surwur Khan, was left for months hovering with divided aim. Before he could effect more than a skin-deep settlement of the disturbances around Jellalabad and Koonur, he was hurriedly recalled to undertake the more arduous task of defending the passes of the Hindoo Khoosh against Fyz Mahomed; and his back was no sooner turned on the Ghilzyes than they again broke out in more serious insurrection than ever.

By November all the elements of retributive violence, which had been long gathering round Cabul, were simultaneously astir, but the supreme peril lay in the combined action of Shere Ali and Fyz Mahomed. Impelled from opposite bases to a common goal, the forces of Candahar and of Balkh, two moving masses of menace, seemed closing in on the vessel of the confederates' fortunes with fatal precision. To complete the horror of the situation, rumours darkened the air that England's patience had been at last exhausted, and that she was now permitting Shere Ali to recruit his invading strength from the arsenals and treasuries of India. Ufzul Khan gave himself up to despair; and even the stubborn spirit of Azim Khan was so far shaken as to consent to a parley. Messengers were sent to Shere Ali, proposing peace on terms of a partition of the country—Shere Ali to retain Candahar and Herat, and the confederates to keep Cabul with Balkh added. A marked improvement at the same time came over Azim Khan's demeanour towards the British Government. He soon ascertained by inquiry from our news-writer that the report of British intervention in Shere Ali's favour was baseless, and now, with the chance before him of becoming once more a fugitive adventurer, he could no longer afford the luxury of a one-sided enmity with his powerful but placable neighbour. Moreover, if it be true, as there is reason for supposing, that an emissary, whom he had three months previously despatched *via* Koondooz to ask assistance from the Russian general at Tashkend, returned just at this period with an unsatisfactory answer, such a rebuff from one of the two great European Powers, between which his political loves and hates were perpetually oscillating, would naturally set him in motion with unabashed assurance towards the other. Dangers and disappointments were bringing out the prudent side of the Afghan character in Azim Khan. He was by no means cowed however. He still turned upon his foes with a courage and vigour which it is impossible not to admire. Ignoring the lateral diversion offered by the turbulence of the Ghilzyes, and abandoning Cabul to such protection as Ufzul Khan's presence might afford, he absorbed every fighting man for field service at one or other of the two points where a stand was essentially necessary, viz., at Bamecan against Fyz Mahomed and at Mookhur against Shere Ali. By this means the strength of Surwur

Khan's camp at the former place was brought up to 7,000 men, while that of the southern force, which was to be commanded jointly by Azim Khan himself and by Abdool Rehman, rose to 9,000—numbers in each case inferior to those of the invader, but eked out by compensating circumstances. At Bameean the mountain defiles afforded special facilities for defensive warfare, and at Mookhur there was a better park of artillery than could be opposed to it from Candahar. If therefore Surwur Khan could only keep the Balkh army in check for a time, Azim Khan hoped that his own generalship and Abdool Rehman's gallantry might suffice to give a good account of Shere Ali in the interval. The game he saw, though running against him, was not yet lost. He pacified the discontent of the soldiery by a timely issue of pay, and assumed the chief command at Mookhur about the 20th December.

On the other side Shere Ali did not personally take the field so soon as had been expected. He was detained in Candahar till Christmas Day. The last weeks of the Ameer's stay in that city were clouded by the sudden defection of his brother, Shureef Khan. One more change of sides perpetrated by a chieftain whose inconstancy, even among Afghans, was already a by-word, would not under ordinary circumstances be worth noticing; but in this instance the direction of Shureef Khan's flight gave an adventitious importance to his eccentricities. He came southward into Beloochistan, and sought asylum from the Khan of Khelat at Quetta, thereby disquieting the British frontier in Upper Scinde.

It was at this juncture that the Government of Bombay submitted for the consideration of the Government of India proposals of such magnitude as to demand record in their place of chronological order, let the inroad on the continuity of Afghan history be what it may. The spectacle of Shere Ali and Azim Khan, each in full spring at the other's throat among snows soon to be reddened by decisive battle, must be set aside for a while that we may pause in the serene atmosphere of British council-chambers. The question of the occupation of Quetta implies nothing less than a revolution in the system of India's military defences.

The plan originated in 1856 with the late general John Jacob, an officer whose assumption of infallibility did prejudice to his unquestionable talents, his sleepless devotion to the public service, and his real knowledge of the Belooch border. At that time Persia, either with or without instigation from Russia, had just seized the Afghan fortress of Herat, and England was about to embark on the campaign which ultimately extorted from the Shah a restitution of the so-called "Gate of India." General Jacob availed himself of the opportunity to offer suggestions to the then Governor-General, Lord Canning, for the better protection of the frontier. He declared that

if the red line of England's boundary was to retain its position on the map, there was absolute necessity for our occupying posts in advance of it. "A war," he said, "*within* our own territory with a European army might be ruinous to our reputation, and might entirely undermine our strength, although that strength might have sufficed successfully to meet a world in arms in a field *beyond* our own boundary." His argument proceeded,—that there were but two great roads by which a modern army could invade India from the north-west, viz., the Khyber Pass and the Bolan Pass; that our existing outposts were on the hither or Indian side of both these passes—at Peshawur as regards the Khyber, and at Jacobabad in respect of the Bolan; that at Peshawur we might well remain as we were, watching the mouth of the defile, but that from Jacobabad we were in self-preservation bound to advance. The first step would be to take advantage of that article in our treaty with the Khan of Khelat which permits the cantonment of British troops in any part of his territory, and immediately to occupy Quetta; connected with which measure, as necessary consequences, would come a continuation of the Scinde railway to the foot of the Bolan Pass, and the construction of a good road through the pass. Next, we should take a body of Belooch irregulars into our pay, who, politically, would be useful as a link of connection with the native inhabitants, and who, in a military capacity, might be to us what the Cossacks are to a Russian army. Having thus quietly established ourselves in Beloochistan, we should subsidise the Afghans, and pave the way for a peaceable occupation of Herat. With a proper garrison at Quetta, and a fortress held by 20,000 men at Herat, we should not only block the Bolan route, but operate with destructive effect on the flanks and rear of any invader attempting to proceed by way of the Khyber. And then "India would be as firmly locked in our grasp as if surrounded by the ocean." Such, briefly stated, was the project now, after ten years' suspension, revived in official form by General Jacob's pupil and successor on the Scinde frontier, Sir Henry Green. Since its original publication it had been the theme of endless controversy in the public press, and its general principles had secured the favourable opinion of such weighty authorities as Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir Justin Sheil. Thus a special responsibility, over and above that arising from the intrinsic importance of the subject, attached to the Governor of Bombay, when, by seriously recommending that Sir Henry Green should be allowed to take preliminary action, he identified the dignity of his government with the furtherance of a scheme widely known, generally popular, and strong in the sanction of great names. Sir Bartle Frere's proposal on reaching Calcutta was immediately laid by the Viceroy before his council. Sir John Lawrence explained that he had for years been familiar with General

Jacob's arguments, that he had never recognised their validity hitherto, and that he saw nothing in the present condition of Central Asia to lead him to a different conclusion now. If the strategic advantages of occupying Quetta were doubtful, some of the political disadvantages were obvious. The expense would be enormous, and he should alarm the jealousy, not only of the Afghans as a nation, but of the Persian Court also. Besides, it would always be open to us to occupy Quetta and subsidise the Beloochees at any future period, when the imminence of a real danger to our power might render such a step expedient. "In the meantime," Sir John concluded, "I am absolutely opposed to this undertaking." The discussion was taken up by two councillors, whose opinions on such a topic were entitled to the utmost respect. Sir William Mansfield united to the military talents, which had raised him to the chief command of her Majesty's army in India, a statesmanlike comprehension of the internal condition and prospects of our Eastern Empire, some knowledge of Russian policy derived from diplomatic employment at Constantinople and at Warsaw, and an intimate personal familiarity with the Afghan frontier, acquired when he was winning his spurs as a regimental officer at Peshawur. Similarly, the brilliant reputation which Sir Henry Durand had won in many an Indian Durbar and battle-field was enhanced by his particular experience in the affairs of Afghanistan. Years ago, as a young engineer of Lord Keane's force, he had laid the powder-bags which blew open the gates of Ghuznee; and, more recently, as Lord Elgin's Secretary for Foreign Affairs, he had taken a large share in the direction of our later relations with the Barukzye dynasty. Both these distinguished officers gave hearty support to the view taken by the Viceroy. Sir William Mansfield calculated that the occupation of Quetta, necessitating as it would the maintenance of communication with the Indus by posts at Dadur and Jacobabad, and probably at some intermediate places, could not be safely carried out "with less than 3,000 British infantry and artillery, 4,000 native infantry, and 2,000 cavalry, including a regiment of dragoons—9,000 in all, or 7,000 in excess of the force which is now found to be more than ample for the defence of the Scinde frontier, the same being all native, and therefore comparatively of a cheap description."

Moreover, a fort would be needed at Quetta to cover the magazine and treasure, and to be a *point d'appui* in case of accident, pending the arrival of reinforcements. Taken altogether, these arrangements represented an amount of expenditure so embarrassing to the finances of India, that to incur it, even in counteracting a Russian occupation of Cabul and Candahar, would, in the Commander-in-chief's opinion, be of doubtful propriety so long as peace continued between England and Russia. And if war should arrive, was it certain, as a

matter of pure strategy, that an advance to Quetta would be incumbent on us in that extremity? For his own part, Sir William was inclined to say:—

“The side whence to defend the Bolan Pass is not the western extremity, where the British cantonment would be cut off by a defile sixty-six miles long, through which its supports would have to advance, after a painful and exhausting march from the Indus and across a desert, but rather at the eastern extremity. For there a hostile force could be struck on the head before it could have time to deploy with the heavy *matériel*, without which a modern army cannot move, or hope to move, against such forces as we should array against it on any field we might choose between Shikarpore and Dadur. The desert would be in this manner turned into our most useful ally, instead of being a formidable difficulty. The latter would be the case if General Jacob's plan were adopted.”

Sir Henry Durand travelled to the same practical result as his colleague by a different route. He could easily “conceive circumstances which might combine to render the partial or the entire occupation of Afghanistan necessary as a theatre for offensive operations on our part, in aid of Afghan resistance to invasion from the westward.” It was a region admirably adapted by nature for giving the fullest effect to the destructive warfare which Afghans thus supported could wage, with small loss to themselves.

“I know,” he continued, “that we could again seize Afghanistan, if it were advisable or necessary, and that, with our Indus frontier complete in its communications, parallel and perpendicular, no power on earth could shake us out of that country. I know, too, that, with the Afghans friendly and cordial, we could, without the actual seizure of the country for ourselves, organise its defence in a most destructive manner against hostile invasions. But neither alternative is at present imposed on us as of the smallest necessity. . . . Any intervention now would be ill-timed, and is wholly uncalled for. It will be all that political and military considerations demand, if our lines of rail and river communication on the Indus frontier are rendered as perfect as it is easily in our power to make them; so that, without our at present incurring the risk of complications with Afghan and Belooch tribes and politics, it may yet be in our power rapidly to mass, and securely to feed and support our forces, whether intended for operations above or below the passes. . . . If our position on the Indus frontier be one of unmistakable strength, it will long paralyse aggressive presumption.”

The remaining members of the Viceregal Council tendered their adhesion with the good-will that flows from a similar conviction. And so the proposition from Bombay was unanimously rejected. But let no one suppose that this rejection gave a final quietus to the movement for the occupation of Quetta. Vigorous in the vitality of popular error, it to this day remains at the root of every discussion on Central Asia.

Another episode of the Calcutta cold weather of 1866—7 may also be fitted into its place here, before we return to the seat of war in Afghanistan. The intercourse of the British Government with that of Bokhara has not been so frequent or so amicable that the ap-

pearance of an ambassador from the Oosbeg metropolis, the headquarters of Moslem bigotry, should be regarded as an ordinary event. Indeed, the past relations between the two powers might almost be summed up in the fact that two British officers, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, who had been sent to Bokhara during the Afghan war of 1839—42, to bar Russian progress by the organisation of a Tartar confederacy under the headship of Ameer Nussur-collah of Bokhara, had been barbarously seized by that Ameer, and, after a long and cruel imprisonment, brutally murdered. The whirligig of time had now brought about its revenge; behold Nussur-collah's successor, Mozuffer-ood-deen, spontaneously seeking the English as his only means of rescue from Russian invasion! Utterly defeated at Irdjar, on the 20th May, 1866, and expelled from Khojend on the 5th June, the Ameer Mozuffer-ood-deen, in August, offered submission to Generals Kryjanovski and Romanovski with one hand, while with the other he sued to Sir John Lawrence for an offensive and defensive alliance against his conquerors. The person whom he selected as his representative on the latter mission was named Khoja Mahomed Parsa, and occupied at Bokhara the exalted office of Chief Mooftie, or expounder of the law. This emissary, passing through Cabul, where he had a grand comparison of political notes with Azim Khan, reached Peshawur on the 11th November, attended by twenty-two followers, and bearing letters and presents not only for the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and the Governor-General of India, but also for their Majesties, the Queen of England and the Sultan of Turkey. The presents, though favourable specimens, probably, of the staple products of Bokhara, were more curious than valuable: they consisted of silk in pieces and in shawls, skins of kid and ermine, woollen rugs, and a few horses. The letter to the Lieutenant-Governor contained nothing beyond the usual civilities of Oriental correspondence, and a request that the bearer might be assisted on his journey. Proceeding to Calcutta, the envoy was admitted to the Viceroy's presence on the 9th January. Partly oppressed by the wonders of the civilisation which had whirled him down by steam from Delhi, a thousand miles in thirty-six hours, but still more haunted by doubts whether the deaths of Stoddart and Conolly might not be avenged on his own person, he had at first some difficulty in preserving the air of impassive tranquillity proper to his character. Quickly recovering himself, he delivered to Sir John Lawrence the letter intended for the Queen, as well as that addressed to Her Majesty's Vicegerent in India. In the one a hope was expressed that the Governor-General would interfere "to relieve Mahomedans from Russian oppression," and a pledge was added that the writer would follow any advice which his Excellency might be pleased to give. In the other, the Ameer complained bitterly of

Russian aggression, treachery, and violation of international law, as shown by the unprovoked seizure of Tashkend and other territory, and by the detention at Orenburg of one of his servants bearing the sacred character of an ambassador: he was determined, he said, to resist the enemy, by force of arms, to the utmost, but at the same time, in compliance with the Koran's injunction "to consult with others and take advice," he looked to her Majesty for advice and aid towards the expulsion of the Russians. Both these communications having been perused, it appeared odd that the envoy, while making no attempt to conceal the alarm with which his countrymen viewed the Russian advance, nevertheless abstained from any allusion to the request for British assistance which was so specifically urged in his credentials. At last, when pressed to name the precise object of his quest, he declared that he wanted nothing. The explanation soon followed. In journeying through Peshawur he had met an agent of the Khan of Kokand, who had been despatched three years previously on a mission identical with his own, and who was then returning home. From him he had learned that nothing but disappointment was to be expected, whether at Calcutta or at Constantinople. Acting, therefore, on the discretionary power with which he believed himself to be vested, the envoy withdrew the prayer for help contained in his master's letters, and professed that he had no other object but to communicate sentiments of general friendship from the Bokhara Durbar to the British Government. Before the close of the audience the Viceroy touched on the murder of Stoddart and Conolly, stigmatising it as a deed which covered the Ameer of Bokhara with infamy in the eyes of all honest people. The envoy replied that the murder, if indeed those officers were murdered, was a very unworthy act, but that, for his own part, he at the time must have been quite a young man, with no official position, and that his master, the present Ameer, must also have been a youth, and had not then succeeded to the sovereignty of the State. So terminated an interview possessing singular interest in the annals of Central Asia. Some days afterwards Sir John Lawrence issued to the envoy, for transmission to Bokhara, return presents of the usual kind, and a letter, in which the communication he had himself received from the Ameer was answered as follows:—

"It is with much regret that I hear that your Majesty has been at war with the Russians, and that you believe that you have grounds for complaining of their oppression. But Bokhara is so distant from the confines of India, and the difficulties of communication which the intervening country presents are so formidable, that hitherto they have proved a bar to any freedom of intercourse, not only between our respective subjects, but also between your Majesty and the Government of India. I am, therefore, neither sufficiently well acquainted with the causes which have unfortunately produced a state of hostilities between Bokhara and Russia, nor with the present state of your Majesty's affairs, to be in a position to give your Majesty useful advice. And, therefore,

though I am willing to be on friendly terms, and am desirous of the peace of your dominions, and am anxious to hear of the prosperity of your Majesty's rule, I am not able to render you effective aid, either by advice or in any other form. May God direct your Majesty in the proper course to pursue, and keep you in safety! Your Majesty's letter to the Queen of England and India shall be sent on."

The promise conveyed in these concluding words was duly fulfilled. The appeal to Her Majesty reached its destination; but, as hardly needs to be added, it elicited no response of any kind. The British Government's position in regard to the war between Russia and Bokhara had already been sufficiently defined in the Viceroy's reply, and there was nothing in the past conduct of Bokhara or in her rank among the kingdoms of the East which at all entitled her ruler to the rare honour of an English Queen's sign-manual. No hopes of such condescension were held out to the Envoy. He lingered in Calcutta sight-seeing till the 19th of February, and then proceeded to Bombay, whence he was to make his way to Constantinople for the prosecution of that part of his mission which was addressed to the Sublime Porte.

From these digressions regarding Quetta and Bokhara we must now revert to the scene of conflict in Afghanistan.

The new year opened brightly for Shere Ali's prospects. On the 6th of January, 1867, his ally, Fyz Mahomed, descending from Balkh, forced the defensive position occupied by Azim Khan's son, Surwur Khan, and drove the Cabul army back in demoralised rout on Bameean. There can be little doubt that if Fyz Mahomed had followed up this success immediately, he might without difficulty have swept through the passes, overwhelmed all opposition, and captured Cabul. Instead, he halted to check a disturbance in his rear, created by Azim Khan's staunch partisan, the Oosbeg chieftain of Budukshan. Surwur Khan thus obtained breathing-time to reform his shattered forces and make a second stand for the defence of the capital. Fyz Mahomed, when he again advanced, had lost his opportunity without knowing it. He anticipated an easy repetition of his victory over Surwur Khan, and a triumphant meeting with Shere Ali under the walls of Cabul; but, in the midst of these flattering fancies, his foot was stayed and his hand unnerved by intelligence from the south too disastrous to be readily credible.

It was true, nevertheless. The stars in their courses had once more fought against Shere Ali. That unlucky prince had issued from Khelat-i-Ghilzeye at the head of his army on the 12th of January, and on the 16th he had sustained a crushing defeat from Azim Khan.

The details of the engagement are not worth our attention. There seems to have been more treachery than fighting, and the loss on either side was trivial; but the result, for all that, was quite as deci-

sive as any amount of heroism could have made it. Shere Ali abandoned Khelat-i-Ghilzye to its fate and fled to Candahar. He paused at Candahar for one day only, and then evacuated that city also, without a blow. Attended by a mere handful of troopers, he continued his flight towards Herat, now the only direction—set aside Fyz Mahomed's ambiguous allegiance in Balkh—where the vestiges of sovereign authority were yet preserved to him. Azim Khan and Abdool Rehman entered Candahar as conquerors on the 26th of January, and were joined there by the turn-coat Shureef Khan, whose departure for this purpose from Quetta was a welcome relief to the Belooch border. All central and southern Afghanistan was now in the possession of the confederacy, and the north might be expected to follow, for, in Shere Ali's present disability to resume the offensive from Herat, Azim Khan's whole strength was free to cope with Fyz Mahomed on advantageous terms, and compel a surrender of Balkh.

The first use which the confederates made of the new position they had attained was to send formal announcement of their successes to the British Government. Their letter, running in the name of Ufzul Khan, as Ameer of Afghanistan, and dated February 3rd, was substantially a challenge for the Viceroy's congratulations. In forwarding it to Calcutta, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab added his opinion that "the concession of the title of Ameer in our correspondence with Ufzul Khan should no longer be withheld." Sir Donald Macleod was clearly right in this matter. The time had come when, unless we recognised Ufzul Khan as Ameer, our news-writer would be kicked out of Cabul, and we should be at open rupture with the party then uppermost in Afghanistan; that is, we should be landed in the dilemma either of actively espousing Shere Ali's cause, and forcing his supremacy on a people three-fourths of whom disowned it; or of tamely renouncing all hold on a country in whose destinies much of our own future was involved. But the Lieutenant-Governor's suggestion has its importance as proving that Sir John Lawrence, so far from being ahead of all the world in eagerness to recognise the *de facto* rulers of Cabul—an accusation which has been often made—actually on this point lagged behind his most responsible adviser. In the Viceroy's reply to Ufzul Khan, dated February 25th, that chief was styled Ameer, not of Afghanistan at large, but only of Cabul and Candahar, the territories actually in his grasp; also the congratulations addressed to the conqueror were tempered with a regret and even a preference for his rival so nakedly declared that the records of diplomacy might be searched in vain for a parallel. The most important clauses were as follows:—

"My friend! The British Government has hitherto maintained a strict neutrality between the contending parties in Afghanistan. Rumours, I am

told, have reached the Cabul Durbar of assistance having been granted by me to Ameer Shere Ali Khan. I take this opportunity to request your Highness not believe such idle tales. Neither men, nor arms, nor money, nor assistance of any kind, have ever been supplied by my Government to Ameer Shere Ali Khan. Your Highness and he, both equally unaided by me, have fought out the battle, each upon your own resources. I purpose to continue the same policy for the future. If, unhappily, the struggle for supremacy in Afghanistan has not yet been brought to a close, and hostilities are again renewed, I shall still side with neither party. My friend! as I told your Highness in my former letter, the relations of the British Government are with the actual rulers of Afghanistan. Therefore, so long as Ameer Shere Ali Khan holds Herat, and maintains friendship with the British Government, I shall recognise him as ruler of Herat, and shall reciprocate his amity. But, upon the same principle, I am prepared to recognise your Highness as Ameer of Cabul and Candahar, and I frankly offer your Highness in that capacity peace and the good-will of the British Government."

The letter concluded with a proposal that a Mahomedan gentleman of rank and character should at once be deputed to Cabul as British representative, in relief of the news-writer whose temporary and imperfect occupation of the post has already been explained.

Concurrently with this interchange of state papers between the British Viceroy and the Cabul rulers, a minor and indirect correspondence was also in progress between the same potentates through the channel of our news-writer. It has been already explained that Azim Khan, at the time when he was preparing to march out of Cabul, with small hopes of a successful issue to the campaign, had hedged against the probability of defeat by forswearing his former rancour against the British Government and adopting instead an ostentatious desire to conciliate. In this game he had played the old traditional opening of Afghan craft. He had written a note to our Moonshee on the 15th of November, dwelling on the victorious advance of Russia, affecting alarm for the independence of Afghanistan, and looking to England for rescue. The reply which Sir John Lawrence instructed the Moonshee to make reached Cabul on the 14th of February, when, in consequence of the absence at Candahar of both Azim Khan and Abdool Rehman, the capital was in fact as well as in name under the administration of Ameer Ufzul. The Moonshee told Ameer Ufzul "that the most friendly relations existed between the British and Russian Governments, and that there was no reason to apprehend that Russia had any wish to molest those who were in friendly relations with Great Britain." This message was immediately communicated by the Cabul Durbar to that of Bokhara. Ufzul Khan was bound to the royal house of Bokhara by old political intimacy and the domestic ties of intermarriage, and therefore it was not only natural that he should advise the Oosbeg court on such a subject, but also probable that his advice would be inspired by perfect good faith. What he is alleged, upon credible authority, to have written is that, as far as he could make out, if the Russians took

all Bokhara to-morrow, the English would be rather pleased than otherwise; and that, therefore, the best thing for Bokhara would be to make peace as soon as possible with Russia, and desist from futile embassies to Calcutta and Constantinople. Evidently Ufzul Khan's interest in the matter was strong; for, after brooding over it for some days, he asked our news-writer what the British Government would have him do in case his old friend at Bokhara asked him for assistance against Russia? The question almost carried its own solution. The Afghans had too much on their hands to be able to spare one man or one rupee for any external ally, however hard pressed. Nevertheless, it was no evasive answer which the Cabul ruler received. He was informed, through the Moonshee, that the British Government, though always happy to receive any information he might have to supply regarding current events in Bokhara, recommended him to abstain from any proceeding calculated to involve him in the disputes of that State with Russia.

But the correspondence of our officers during the early months of 1867 was not confined to the winning side in Afghanistan. We were in communication with Shere Ali as well. The fallen king, shortly after his defeat at Khelat-i-Ghilzye, had sent a trusted kinsman and namesake of his own into Scinde to lay a fresh entreaty at the feet of the British Government. This he described as his ultimatum. If England still withheld her helping hand from his distress, he was bound to look for friends elsewhere—to Persia and to Russia. In one way or another he was resolved to recover his lost kingdom. Our commissioner in Scinde listened with commiseration to the piteous tale, but he could do nothing to relieve it. The policy of his Government, as proclaimed in the Viceroy's recently-published letter to Ameer Ufzul Khan, was rigid neutrality between the belligerent parties. The messenger received a copy of that letter, and then retired in dejection to join his master at Herat.

Of affairs at Candahar throughout the spring it is enough to say that Azim Khan and Abdool Rehman were there in conjunction. That implies a monopoly of authority by the former, and ebullitions of jealous anger from the latter, with the usual consequences to their subjects; *delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*. Uncle and nephew equally saw that one of them must remain in Candahar to keep a firm hold on the chief city of the Dooranee race and the surrounding country; but each was resolved that he would not be that one. Each strove to return with all speed to Cabul, where Ameer Ufzul's failing health might at any time leave the succession to the Afghan capital a prize for whichever of the two could contrive to be on the spot. Both endeavoured to obtain letters of recal from Ameer Ufzul, whose voice, under the pressure of these rival bids for his good word, suddenly rose to an unwonted importance in the

state. Driven to make choice between his son and his brother, the bewildered referee decided in favour of the former. Abdool Rehman was to come back to Cabul, while Azim Khan stood fast at Candahar. The competition, however, was still at see-saw on the 30 of March, when Azim Khan received from Cabul a copy of Sir John Lawrence's letter of the 25th of February. Ufzul Khan, though delighted with the Governor-General's recognition of his title, had not felt competent by himself to compose a reply, and had referred the duty to his cleverer brother at Candahar. Azim Khan drafted the necessary answer, and sent it to Cabul to be signed and forwarded to India by the nominal sovereign. It merely reciprocated in general terms the friendly feelings of the Viceroy, and consented to receive the Vakeel, or native envoy, whom Sir John Lawrence proposed sending to Cabul as representative of the British Government. So far the action taken by the confederate brothers on Sir John Lawrence's famous letter was all that could be desired; but secretly they had another use for it. With a duplicity amusingly characteristic of the nation, they transmitted a copy of it to the Russian governor at Tashkend.¹ Ameer Ufzul, in whose name of course the communication was made, informed General Romanovski that he had no confidence in the "Lord Sahib's" fine professions of friendship, and that he was disgusted with the British Government for the ingratitude and ill-treatment shown towards his brother Azim. He looked upon the Russians as his real and only friends, hoped soon to be able to send a regular ambassador to the Russian camp, and would at all times do his utmost to protect and encourage Russian trade.

All this while Fyz Mahomed, with the Balkh army, was hanging motionless about the high passes of the Hindoo Khoosh, where his descent on Cabul had been arrested by the news of Shere Ali's defeat and flight. It was for some time doubtful whether, in the altered circumstances of his position, he might not draw in his horns, and accept the liberal terms of accommodation which the victorious party would have been glad to offer him. But eventually he declared for the bolder alternative of going through with what he had begun. He sent messengers to Herat assuring Shere Ali of his unchangeable devotion to the royal cause, and begging the Ameer to come with all speed and join him in Balkh. Nor did he wait for this invitation to take effect before adding the proof of deeds to his protestations of fidelity. Surwur Khan's was still the only force opposed to him, and that, strange to say, remained unaugmented by any of the reinforcements which the result of the battle of Khelat-i-Ghilzeye might have

(1) The name of the bearer was Hakeem Kumrooddeen, and he reached Tashkend on the 5th June, 1867. He was a merchant of Kokand, trading with Cabul, and this was not the first occasion on which he acted as letter-carrier between the Russian camp and Cabul.

been expected to produce, and which, even with allowance made for the necessity of keeping an eye on Shere Ali's movements across the Helmund, might certainly have been spared by Azim Khan from the garrison of Candahar. All that Fyz Mahomed had before him was an ill-fed and half-hearted rabble. He attacked and almost annihilated it on the 23rd of April at a place called Bajgah. The poor remnant, pursued as far as Bameean, fled on without stopping till the neighbourhood of Cabul was reached. At Chareekur, Surwur Khan made some attempt at a rally, but he had no heart for the task, and soon committed it to other hands; he betook himself to Cabul, entering the gates in silence and alone, sheltered from mocking eyes by darkness, on the night of the 27th. Now for the second time Fyz Mahomed had the capital of Afghanistan at his mercy, and for the second time he let the golden opportunity slip. He advanced no further than Bameean. Leaving a strong detachment at that important point, and dropping by the way supports for it at Seghan, Bajgah, and Roëe, among the mountains, he withdrew the main body of his army back to Eibuk, in Balkh. Nothing more would he do until he had, face to face, effected a personal league with Shere Ali. The desired meeting took place at Tukhtapool, where Shere Ali, preceded by his son, Ibrahim Khan, arrived from Herat on the 9th of May. Fyz Mahomed welcomed the Ameer with every demonstration of joy and reverence, and the Ameer responded by lavishing marks of honour on Fyz Mahomed. By-gones were by-gones between them. It was understood that in the civil administration of Balkh and in the control of the Balkh troops the king's presence was to detract nothing from the king-maker's independence of action; and this understanding was not the less cordial for being veiled under much outward deference to the royal supremacy. The conjoined forces numbered 16,000 men with sixteen guns. They ought to have been led, without a day's further delay, to the assault and recapture of Cabul. That great prize was still within the grasp of the northern invaders, for the panic caused by Surwur Khan's defeat at Bajgah had not yet subsided, and the earliest instalment of the reinforcements sent for from Candahar did not reach Cabul, under command of Abdool Rehman, till the 22nd of May. Shere Ali, however, and his colleague, for some unexplained reason, would not put out their hands to take what fortune so invitingly offered. They wasted the whole summer in ruinous sloth at Tukhtapool, each day as it passed tending to introduce some strain or rift in the artificial framework of their compact. They were waiting, they averred, to be joined by more soldiery from Herat; but the pretext is inadmissible. A more likely theory is that Shere Ali sacrificed this precious interval to seeking from Russia and Persia the help that British India had denied him. In Balkh he possessed special facilities for

communicating with the Russian commanders across the Oxus, which he is not likely to have neglected; and his overtures to Persia were made too openly to admit of any concealment.

The part played by the Shah of Persia in this matter is most creditable to his majesty. For purposes of religious pilgrimage, but also, probably, with some ulterior idea of overawing the unquiet Turko-mans, he happened this summer to be at Meshhed, on the eastern frontiers of his kingdom. Thither came to wait upon him Shere Ali's son, Yakoob Khan, Governor of Herat. The Afghan prince, who was received by the Shah with all the honour due to his birth and office, proposed that in return for a subsidy to be immediately granted to his father, he should for the future hold Herat as a fief of the Persian crown. In former times, and up to a recent day, no surer bait could have been dangled before the rulers of Persia, whoever they might have been. The present monarch, however, alive to the danger lurking within this gaudy fly, refused to bite. He replied simply that he was bound by express treaty with the British Government not to interfere in the affairs of Afghanistan, and that he felt no inclination to break the engagement. Yakoob Khan obtained honourable dismissal back to Herat; his mission had been a total failure.

Shere Ali's mortification, when he found Persia thus breaking under his hand like a bruised reed, was heightened by a misgiving lest shattered hopes might not represent the full distress of his predicament; how, if his attempt to seduce Persia into an infringement of treaty should have given umbrage to England? To get out of this scrape he did not hesitate to volunteer an elaborate fib. Recurring to his old method of circumlocution, he wrote to our Moonshee at Cabul; but, being far too wily a practitioner to commit dubious words to the enduring test of paper, he put nothing in his note (dated Tukhtapool, August 11th) save an innocent request to be supplied with the last news from India. The statement he really wanted to make he entrusted to the bearer of the note in the form of a verbal message for the Moonshee's private ear. It signified that in sending his son, Yakoob Khan, to Meshhed, he had been actuated, not by any political motive, but by a simple desire to show proper respect to the Shah, when accident had brought his Persian majesty so close to the Herat frontier; further, that he had neither concluded nor desired any alliance with Persia, his old alliance with England being the only one on which he set the slightest store. Poor Shere Ali might have saved himself the trouble of this ingenious endeavour to mystify the British Government; all the details of the Meshhed conference were already known in India, having been duly reported to Sir John Lawrence by our minister at Teheran.

Yet, to do Shere Ali justice, any liberty he may have taken with the truth of Yakooob Khan's abortive excursion to Meshhed, was far surpassed by his rival's manipulation of the same fact. As the former had striven to explain away the circumstance into nothingness, so the latter, writing on the very next day, strove to bring out its purport and consequences in the blackest relief. Azim Khan's version was that Yakooob Khan had led back a Persian army to Herat, which had occupied the place and planted two standards on its walls, one Persian the other Russian. This story he sent by express to Cabul, desiring his brother to communicate it to the British Moonshee as news of the gravest urgency. Simultaneously he wrote direct to Sir Henry Green on the Scinde border, urging that, as his enemies, by throwing themselves into a Russo-Persian alliance, were now our enemies also, he reckoned with confidence on our granting him support against them. Of course neither of these overtures obtained the slightest notice from the better-informed Indian Government.

The time which Ameer Shere Ali and Fyz Mahomed squandered, as we have seen, in fruitless applications to Russia and Persia, was put to better purpose by their opponents at Cabul. After the first reinforcement brought up by Abdool Rehman from Candahar, others followed. Two camps were formed, at Gurdundewar and Chareekur, for the protection of the city on its northern face, and every exertion was used to improve the discipline and revive the confidence of the soldiery. A threatened outbreak of the Ghilzyes was nipped in the bud. Chieftains of the Kohistan, suspected of a secret understanding with Shere Ali, were soothed into neutrality. Even the harshness of the bit upon the urban population of Cabul was in some degree relaxed, thanks to the more humane policy which Abdool Rehman's presence inspired. In truth the condition of the citizens was so forlorn that the sternest heart might have been touched by some compunction. War, famine, tyranny, and anarchy had already scourged them to the limit of human endurance, and now they were overshadowed by the wings of the pestilence. Cholera broke out on the 23rd July, and in four days took five hundred victims. Everybody that could, fled into the country; the rest cowered within closed doors. The streets were deserted; the daily Durbar at the palace was discontinued; Cabul seemed a city of the dead. A heavy fall of rain quenched for a time the virulence of the plague, but soon it again burst forth, and, in gusts that rose and fell with fitful vehemence, clung scathingly about the doomed habitations throughout the month of August. Barukzye princes, however, reck little for a murrain among their subjects: at present their whole thoughts were pre-occupied by the impending vacancy on the cushion of the Bala-Hissar, and the fair vista for their ambitious

fancies opening out of that contingency. Ever since his return from Candahar, Abdool Rehman had affected the state, and pressed for the title, of heir-apparent to his father's dignity. Ufzul Khan could not be induced to confer the coveted distinction. As the disease under which the Ameer was sinking gradually gained ground, he began to repent him of the absence at Candahar of the keen brain and quick hand on which he had been accustomed to depend; and at last, in spite of his son's passionate remonstrances, he recalled his brother to his side. Azim Khan, on receiving the summons, saw his advantage, and used it brutally. He was not, he replied, the Messiah that by coming to Cabul he could put fresh life into a dying man; and, as for the portentous invasion from Balkh, Abdool Rehman, he imagined, was soldier enough to cope with that. He refused to stir from Candahar until he should have been relieved in his duties there by his son, Surwur Khan. Ameer Ufzul eagerly complied with the condition. Surwur Khan was sent to Candahar, and assumed the government of that place and its dependencies. Then Azim Khan set out on a leisurely progress to Cabul, reviewing and re-arranging, as he went, the civil administration of Ghuznee and the other inter-jacent districts. His new plan was to leave to Abdool Rehman all the danger and responsibility of a collision with the Balkh army, and not himself to reach Cabul until the decisive overthrow of one or other of the two combatants' hosts should leave his own course clear. He had tried waiting tactics before now, and found them profitable.

The event to which Azim Khan looked forward seemed at last to be really imminent. On the 23rd August the long-delayed advance on Cabul had actually been begun by Shere Ali and Fyz Mahomed, and to repel their progress Abdool Rehman was leading a reorganised army back to the old fighting ground, the scene of Surwur Khan's defeats, in the passes of the Hindoo Khoosh. The invaders numbered nearly twenty thousand men, but they marched in two columns, separated by a considerable interval. Thus, on the 17th September the leading column, under Fyz Mahomed, had reached the boundaries of Ooshtur-Kurram, in the Kohistan, while Shere Ali's battalions were away at Punjshere. With the quick eye of a good soldier, Abdool Rehman pounced on the opportunity which this blunder afforded. He charged Fyz Mahomed's corps, without allowing it time to obtain support or co-operation from Shere Ali's division. Fortune seconded his strategy. A chance shot, early in the action, struck down Fyz Mahomed, and at once all was over. The Balkh troops, whose attachment was not to Shere Ali or the royal cause, but to Fyz Mahomed and regular pay, immediately ceased fighting, and surrendered.

Fyz Mahomed's body was brought into Cabul, in a horse litter, on the 17th September. The Barukzyes, free as they are with the

blood of all the world besides, have traditional scruples, partly of religion, though more, perhaps, of selfish policy, about taking the life of a brother Barukzye; and, in the worst heat of their interminable family quarrels, they seldom push revenge to the point of outraging in the public eye the respect they consider due to the meanest of their name. Full funeral obsequies were therefore granted to the remains of Fyz Mahomed; and the illuminations which the first news of so famous a victory had prompted the slavish inhabitants of Cabul to prepare, were countermanded by special instructions from the Bala-Hissar. "*Felix opportunitate mortis*," may be Fyz Mahomed's epitaph. Frank, gallant, and generous, he had lived long enough to win the affection of his fellows and a commanding position in the country, while the romantic circumstances of his death induce a large indulgence for the versatility of temper, which was rather the fault of his country and of his time than of the individual.

When one, and that the better, half of the invading army had ceased to exist, it was hardly to be expected that the other would cohere. The news of the catastrophe at Killa Alladad smote the camp at Punjshere with dissolution. Deserted by most of his troops, Shere Ali was in a few days obliged to abandon his guns, and make the best of his way, with the 3,000 men that alone remained faithful to their colours, back through Inderab to Tukhtapool.

Azim Khan, now that all difficulties had been removed from his path without any exertion on his own part, entered Cabul on the 21st September. He was just in time. Ameer Ufzul Khan died on the 7th October, and Abdool Rehman was ready in Cabul to dispute the succession, having hurriedly returned for the purpose from his encampment on the border of Balkh. Three days were given up nominally to mourning for the deceased Ameer, who, unlike Fyz Mahomed, had lived too long for his reputation. People forgot the glories of Ufzul Khan's military manhood in the fresh recollection of his nonentity as a ruler, and no one really regretted him. The practical use of the interval was to test the relative strength of the two claimants to the vacant title. On the fourth day Abdool Rehman succumbed. In a solemn Durbar he made over the sword of the late Ameer, his father, to Azim Khan, who thereupon was saluted by all the assembled nobles and chiefs as lord paramount of their fortunes. It must have been gall and wormwood to Abdool Rehman thus publicly to make cession of his birth-right to the uncle whom he abhorred; but he went through the ceremony with a good grace, laying it up in his heart as matter for which, with the help of time, he might yet exact satisfaction. The mask of placid obsequiousness which he for the present wore, he is said to have borrowed from the advice of his step-mother, Ufzul Khan's principal widow. The tale

is likely enough. In Afghanistan, as elsewhere, the course of male politics largely takes its bent from the invisible occupants of the Zenana, and the influence of Bebee Murwureed, in particular, had long been a distinct power in the land.

Quietly Azim Khan stepped into possession of the prize to which, through much dirt and after many a downfall, his indomitable perseverance had at last conducted him. He was Ameer, if not of Afghanistan, at least of Cabul and Candahar. Whatever validity there had been in Ufzul Khan's title was assuredly his now by legitimate process of succession. The fact, he felt, ought to be recognised by the British Government, and the sooner the better. Accordingly, he took early occasion to hint in roundabout fashion to our Moonshee that he expected from the Governor-General some expression of condolence for the death of his brother, Ameer Ufzul. The moment at which he gave this intimation was propitious to his wishes, in a way and to an extent of which he could not be aware. For the last six months Sir John Lawrence had been most anxious to accredit a regular Vakeel to the Court of Cabul. Important interests demanded, and the express provision of a treaty sanctioned, our having a representative resident among the Afghans. The experiment, which the distracted and dangerous condition of the country had induced us to try, of limiting our representation to the person of a simple news-writer, was proved by three years' facts to be impracticable. The Moonshee was constantly found, from no fault of his own, to be dabbling in business of delicate diplomacy, quite foreign to the sphere of duty for which he had been selected, and to which it was desirable he should be confined. Manifestly the office needed as capable and dignified an occupant as her Majesty's native service of India could supply. Just the man for the purpose was ready to our hand in Atta Mahomed Khan, a Pathan of good birth, tried loyalty, considerable military knowledge, and perfect familiarity with all the various intricacies of the Afghan character. So far back as in the month of May—immediately, that is, on receipt of Ameer Ufzul's assurance that our Vakeel would be welcome—this gentleman had been warned to hold himself ready for service at Cabul. His actual despatch thither had remained in abeyance, pending the issue of the Balkh campaign. The reason for awaiting that event had been that the Governor-General, foreseeing how the *gobe-mouches* of every Asiatic bazaar would misconstrue the revival of the Vakeel's office into an evidence of the British Government's preferential good-will towards the party for the time being in possession of Cabul, had desired, if possible, to reserve the imaginary compliment for the benefit of the rightful sovereign. If, as had been hoped, the Balkh campaign had ended in reseating Ameer Shere Ali at the Bala-Hissar, the credentials of the new Vakeel might have been addressed to the prince whose prior

claim on our favour every word and deed of the British Government had consistently proclaimed. The result, however, had disappointed our hopes. Shere Ali was further than ever from the recovery of his lost supremacy—the opposition had obtained a new lease of power. In justice to our own interests we could afford no further waiting on the chances of a career that so repeatedly belied the anticipations of its sincerest well-wishers. Sir John Lawrence determined that our Vakeel should at once proceed to Cabul. A condition, however, obviously precedent to the Vakeel's despatch, was that the authority to whom his credentials were addressed should have been acknowledged by his employers. Hence a necessity for recognising Azim Khan as Ameer. In this field etiquette undoubtedly required that Azim Khan himself should have made the first move; he ought to have claimed British recognition by a special letter to the Viceroy, formally announcing his installation. On the other hand, Sir John Lawrence knew for a fact that the submission to Azim Khan had been universal; he saw that the Vakeel could not start until the new Ameer had been recognised; he had reason to hope that our policy of moral, though inactive, preference for Shere Ali was too well proved to be lightly called in question; he felt the logical obligation which the previous recognition of Ufzul Khan now imposed on him to recognise Ufzul Khan's successor; and, finally, he held in the request for condolence, expressed by Azim Khan to the Moonshee, sufficient groundwork for taking action, without derogating from the viceregal dignity. These considerations decided him. On the 13th November he issued two simultaneous letters to the address of Azim Khan as Ameer of Cabul and Candahar. The first bears on its face the signs of a studied brevity; in it Azim Khan was offered due condolence for his brother's demise, and also congratulated, in a single frigid sentence, on his own accession to power. The second comprised the credentials which Atta Mahomed Khan was personally to deliver at Cabul. Nothing now remained to prevent our Vakeel's departure, but the obtainment of a proper Afghan escort for his protection on the road from the Peshawur frontier. This was soon arranged. Atta Mahomed Khan hastened to the scene of his duties, and from the date of his arrival at Cabul the reproach and inconvenience of British India being without a spokesman in Afghanistan ceased to be felt.

So ended the year 1867. Its close left Shere Ali in worse plight than he ever yet had been. All the brave hopes that Balkh had held out to him in the spring were buried in the grave of Fyz Mahomed. His own sway over the Oosbeg population of the province fell far short of the standard requisite to unite their scattered clans in any fresh effort against the victorious arms of Abdool Rehman. Further stay in Balkh was useless, and might be dangerous; he had no

choice but to retire from Tukhtapool. In all Afghanistan not a corner was left to Dost Mahomed's heir but Herat. Worn in body and broken in spirit, Ameer Shere Ali prepared to fall back on that asylum.

Here my tale of Afghan history must pause. The epoch we have reached marks for Sir John Lawrence's government the culminating point of the policy, which popular criticism, creating a catch-word of definition out of a chance phrase of mine in the *Edinburgh Review*, has quaintly agreed to laud or reprobate under the name of "masterly inactivity." Half the censure which has been showered on that policy springs from a misconception. Our relations towards the states lying within the limits of the Indian peninsula have been confounded with the fundamentally different relations we hold towards the powers lying beyond those limits. Familiar with the right of intervention which we justly exercise in the affairs of feudatory princes bound to us by ties of subordinate alliance, the Anglo-Indian mind forgets that we are lords-paramount of India only, not of all Asia, and expects us to throw down our truncheon between hostile factions in regions which geography has made independent of our control. Quite as justly might England have been called on to thrust herself, some years ago, between North and South in America, or, more recently, between Monarchists and Republicans in Spain. In the case of Afghanistan the obligation to let foreigners alone, that they might settle the form of their government and the person of their governor as they please, was enforced on the Indian Government, not only by the general spirit of international law, but by the particular provisions of a written treaty. The second article of Lord Dalhousie's Treaty of 1855 with Dost Mahomed bound us "never to interfere in the territories of Afghanistan." Dost Mahomed's sons were now fighting among themselves for the sovereignty of Afghanistan, and if to have granted either of them arms or money against the other would not have constituted a breach of treaty, it is difficult to imagine what would. Yet, oddly enough, this very treaty is reprinted at full length by more than one of the many writers who condemn our long-continued refusal of assistance to Shere Ali. What is stranger still, one pamphleteer,¹ by an exhibition of hocus-pocus more creditable to his own daring than complimentary to the discrimination of his audience, has not shrunk from quoting the very clause which lays an embargo on our interference as foundation from which to denounce the Indian Government's postponement of a particular act. Surely the force of casuistry can no further go than when inaction and interference are found to be convertible terms. The act referred to is the original recognition of Shere Ali, as Dost Mahomed's successor, which Lord Elgin's

(1) "The Oxus and the Indus." By Major Evans Bell.

administration delayed to issue till six months after the decease of the old Ameer. The delay has been imputed to the Foreign Office of India as a sin, disgraceful in itself, and lamentable in its consequences; disgraceful, because it amounted to a repudiation of the "perpetual peace and friendship," which Shere Ali, as his father's heir, had a right to demand of us; and lamentable, because it stimulated the insurrectionary designs of his rivals. In point of fact, the apparent dilatoriness of the Government was, to a considerable extent, accidental, caused partly by the length of time that necessarily elapsed before authentic information of the death and dying wishes of Dost Mahomed could travel from the distant camp of Herat to the viceregal lodge at Simla, and partly by the check which Lord Elgin's mortal illness was then inflicting on every wheel of the State machinery. But extenuation need not be pleaded, when the means of justification are ample. Each of the two charges may be traversed by a direct *negatur*. In the first place, the nomination of Shere Ali by his father, though binding on the Barukzye family, gave him not a tittle of claim to our recognition: no such being as Dost Mahomed's "heir" could have any existence for the British Government, until the voice of chiefs and people should have ratified the deceased Ameer's choice; we simply allowed time for that voice to make itself heard, and, as soon as it had spoken, the recognition which then, and not till then, became Shere Ali's due, was granted with prompt cordiality. Secondly, anything that the Indian Government, then or subsequently, did or refrained from doing, had no more effect in rousing or quelling the force of Azim Khan's revolutionary ambition, than it could have upon the motion of the planets in heaven. Shere Ali, very likely, makes a fine grievance out of the guarded slowness of our procedure; but, if every word an Afghan says in his own cause is to be believed, the faith of some of us will be sorely tried. Sticklers for Shere Ali's "rights" appear to forget the origin of his title. In comparison with his brothers he may be called the "rightful sovereign;" but the father was nothing more or less than a usurper. Representatives of the family displaced by Dost Mahomed are still forthcoming, and still cherish expectations of a recall from exile in India to kingly power in Cabul. Among them, if anywhere, is the "rightful sovereign" to be looked for. The truth, however, is, that the Afghan policy contains no such institution. The only "rightful sovereign" is he who can take the crown, and keep it. Lord Dalhousie fully admitted the validity of the national custom, when, by the treaty already cited, he recognised Dost Mahomed as founder of a new dynasty in supercession of the house of the Sudyozyes, whose more legitimate title Lord Auckland's Government had formerly advocated by force of arms. If Lord Dalhousie's act was

justifiable, so, too, must have been Sir John Lawrence's conduct—first, in taking time to recognise Shere Ali as Ameer of all Afghanistan, and afterwards in not scrupling to recognise successively Ufzul Khan and Azim Khan as Ameers of that portion of Afghanistan which had fallen under their *de facto* authority. The several operations are all parts of one consistent policy—the policy of assenting peaceably to the visible facts, resultant from a neighbour's settlement of his own affairs after his own fashion.

The more the historic facts of the case are sifted the firmer will be the conclusion of every dispassionate inquirer, that the course pursued by the Indian Government up to the end of 1867 did no injustice to Shere Ali, and that any other course would have been unjust to the Afghan nation. Further, it cannot be denied that a system which, by the transparent simplicity of its quietism, lulled the wakeful Anglo-phobia of Russian generals, and disarmed their inconvenient propensity to meet supposed plots of ours in Afghanistan by counter-plots of their own in the same country, was not without positive merit of some kind. Whether, on the whole, it was the best that could be devised for British interests, is a question which the inordinate space already occupied by this paper warns me to defer to another—though, I hope, an early—opportunity. Towards the end of 1868 the Government of India abandoned inactivity for action. Each, therefore, of the rival methods having now had a fair trial, the English people has the means of judging which the more rightly may be dubbed “masterly” of the two. The new scheme bore a very showy blossom at the Umballa Durbar last March, but the soundness of its fruit remains to be tested. Already a whisper comes from India of dead-sea apples, the dust and ashes of disappointment.

J. W. S. WYLLIE.

MR. FREEMAN ON THE MORALITY OF HUNTING.

WITH the permission of the Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*,—but not with his sympathy,—I intend to say a few words in answer to Mr. Freeman's attack upon Fox-hunting. In the October number of this Review there appeared an essay from Mr. Freeman's hand, on the Morality of Field Sports, of the tone and spirit of which no complaint can be made. It has received much attention, but not more than it deserves, and it contains the deep impressions, and vigorous, though I think not always well-fenced-up, arguments of an eager partizan in favour of humanity and sweet gentleness. The Morality of Field Sports, generally, is the title under which it has appeared, but the attack is mainly made upon fox-hunting. The man who shoots is not much aspersed by Mr. Freeman, and the fisherman escapes scot free. But the hunting-man is hunted,—if not to the death the fault does not lie with Mr. Freeman. I do not shoot or fish, but, as I hunt, I venture to step down into the arena, and prefer to carry on the battle, having the Editor's kind permission, on the ground chosen by Mr. Freeman himself.

Mr. Freeman assumes that the hunting-man does not dare to look his occupation in the face, and grounds this assumption on a clever article in a newspaper which he once bought at Manchester. He tells us how the writer in the Manchester newspaper wrote against cruelty to animals, but how, when he came to the "debateable ground of sport," he "suddenly found out that he had neither space nor inclination to enter upon the subject" (p. 382). "I must call this a cowardly shrinking from duty," continues Mr. Freeman, and immediately goes on to tax the whole fox-hunting fraternity with that cowardice of which he has accused the Manchester writer. "In fact," says Mr. Freeman, "the whole matter simply needs to be boldly and honestly thought out by any man capable of thinking. *The great object, therefore,*"—the italics are mine—"with lovers of these pursuits is to avoid thought upon the subject." To that statement I demur altogether. I acknowledge Mr. Freeman's right to his opinion. I admire him for putting forward gallantly a theory of life which he holds strongly. I give him praise for the general skill and good taste with which he has done his work. But I must deny the truth of his assertion when he tells me that sportsmen will not look the matter in the face because they cannot defend it to themselves. We are all apt, in the judgments which we form on the theories and pursuits of our neighbours, to think that those things which to us seem to be bad, must seem bad also to the very people

who do them. A man, long dwelling on a subject, becomes so strongly convinced of the accuracy of his own judgment that he concludes that his opponent, in opposing him, either does not think at all, or else is false to the conclusions of his own thoughts. The liberal politician cannot conceive that the conservative really holds a conservative creed. The eager Protestant believes the Roman Catholic to be what he is because he will not try to open his eyes. The reader who can't abide poetry, never quite trusts the enthusiasm of its lover. And Mr. Freeman, who has set his heart dead against fox-hunting, feels confident that the fox-hunter can be quiet in his bed only because he resolutely turns his mind from the subject! "The great object with the lover of these pursuits is, to avoid thought on the subject." As a hunting man, conversant with hunting men, I demur to this. For myself, I assert that I have never flinched from looking the matter in the face, and that I have never had any difficulty in doing so with satisfaction to myself. Mr. Freeman, in a note, alludes to a passage of my writing, from which he implies that I myself suffer from such hesitation. I can trace no indication of such feeling in the passage to which he refers. He speaks personally of himself, and of his early training in these matters, and I will venture to do the same. In opposing him, I will say of myself that I have never followed any amusement of which the torture of an animal formed a part. As a boy, I never took a nest or worried a cat; and as a man, I claim to be equally free from the sin of cruelty to animals;—but I ride after fox-hounds very often, and am prepared to defend myself for doing so.

Before I begin about fox-hunting, however, I will say a word about sportsmen. Mr. Freeman, with that feeling of disbelief in an opponent which a reader of prose has in regard to poetry, throws a scorn, which he hardly himself intends but which he cannot conceal, on sportsmen in general. He twice asks Cicero's question,—"*Quæ potest homini esse politico delectatio?*" which—used as it is used by Mr. Freeman,—we may translate as follows. "Can an educated man, and one with brains in his head, really tell me that he can take a pleasure in riding after a fox? What delight can it be to a polished man?" I wish I knew Mr. Freeman's amusement,—if he have one,—that I might hit him in the same way. Does he play cards? Does he read novels? Does he climb Alps? Is he thoughtful about his cigar? Perhaps he is good at croquet;—or trundles the harmless and academic bowl? Unfortunately, to me he is invulnerable, as I only know him by the valued work of his thoughtful hours; but "*desipere in loco*" is common to humanity, and Mr. Freeman is human. Could I never say to him in his milder moments of recreation, "*Quæ potest homini esse politico delectatio?*"?

It is not simply in regard to the cruelty that this exclamation is made by Mr. Freeman, but to the fact that a man intellectually gifted should condescend to take pleasure in an amusement so little intellectual. If I were to plead that the statesmen, judges, and senators of England do shoot and hunt, that they are "politi," and that to them the "delectatio" is undoubted, I might probably be answered that they would be "politiores" if they were not under the influence of so low a pleasure—and the question would simply be begged; but I might at any rate be able to aver that such men would hardly devote themselves to an amusement of which they are so ashamed as to be desirous of avoiding all thought on the subject; and I could point to the fact, that because of the feeling of the nation in favour of field sports, it would be impossible to convene our Parliament after the time in the year at which they are commenced. The "politi homines" do go to the moors and to Leicestershire, and the "delectatio" is confessed.

The truth, I think is, that non-sporting men,—men who are decidedly opposed to sport,—do not know what sport is. They are like some old ladies,—I say it with all respect,—who, living down in the country, think that a London club means drunkenness, gambling, and wickedness. The effect of Mr. Freeman's essay on an uninitiated reader would be the creation of a belief that the ordinary English fox-hunter is always riding about the country up to his elbows in fox's blood. This, however, is not the case. The recreation or "delectatio" experienced in the hunting field is very various in its nature; but a promiscuous intercourse with the mangled limbs of the quarry is not a part of it. Men are thrown together who would not otherwise meet, and converse on all subjects common to men. Politics are discussed, and agriculture, social habits, the affairs of the country, the preservation of foxes, the enmity of this enemy to the sport, and the devoted friendship of that friend. Perhaps of all the delights of the hunting field conversation is the most general. Fresh air and exercise are gained by men who greatly need it;—for the hunting field is not made up of men who, because they hunt, are therefore idle; out of the crowd of those assembled nine out of ten are men who work hard and earn their bread. There is enterprise in riding to hounds, and skill. Ambition, courage, and persistency are all brought into play. A community is formed in which equality prevails, and the man with small means and no rank holds his own against the lord or the millionaire as he can do nowhere else amidst the scenes of our life. City-men learn country lore, and country-men are told the ways of cities. All these are things "*quæ possunt esse homini polito delectatio.*" I do not yet speak of the alleged cruelty, but assert that, independently of that,—if Mr. Freeman's grave charge on that score can be cleared,—hunting is, of all amusements, the most fit for a hard-worked

educated man, who desires to foster the outer vigours of his manliness in those hours which he has been able to take from his work and devote to the preservation of his health and the recreation of his senses.

Mr. Freeman will perhaps say that his complaint against hunting is based altogether on the cruelty of the amusement, and that arguments used in defence of hunting on any other plea are foreign to the present controversy. I am quite willing to take up the controversy on that ground; but as Mr. Freeman has implied that the man who shoots cannot be "*homo politus*," and that he is no better than an "amateur butcher" (p. 373), and that the man who hunts is worse than the man who shoots, I have thought it well to endeavour to clear the ground in regard to hunting,—so that I may fall back upon its alleged eligibility, if I can succeed in disposing of that great charge as to cruelty.

Of Mr. Freeman's accusation the cruelty is, in truth, the gravamen. "The true question," says Mr. Freeman, "lies in a nutshell. Is it right to inflict, and to seek pleasure in inflicting, needless suffering on any creature whatever? To me it seems that this question is answered by the social and legal condemnation of bull-baiting." "I ask again," he says, "Is there any difference in principle between fox-hunting and bull-baiting, so that fox-hunting can be right if bull-baiting is wrong?" "Is there any difference in principle?" "Was not Windham right in saying that the two must stand or fall together? Is not the needless infliction of suffering, and pleasure taken in that infliction, the essence of both alike? I ask for a sober consideration of these questions" (p. 378). I hope that I have considered all these questions soberly, and I think that I can answer them exactly as Mr. Freeman thinks that they cannot be answered. I say that no man goes out fox-hunting in order that he may receive pleasure from pain inflicted; that no fox-hunter seeks or ever receives such pleasure; and that therefore fox-hunting stands on ground altogether different from that of bull-baiting, in which the pleasure did consist in looking at the bull's sufferings. Mr. Freeman throughout his essay has insisted on Windham's dictum, that fox-hunting and bull-baiting must stand together, and has argued throughout as though this dictum must be true because it came from Windham, who was fond of fox-hunting, and who,—being a friend also, as it seems, of bull-baiting,—was driven to this argument for its support. I protest that Windham's argument was altogether false, and not worth a straw. At bull-baiting the spectators,—we cannot say the sportsmen, for they who came to find amusement at the baiting of the bull had nothing themselves to do,—were degraded by witnessing the tortures of the animal. It was for this purpose that they were there, as for

similar purpose the spectators are at a Spanish bull-fight. Men and women now go to the one, as formerly they went to the other, to see blood, agony, and death. At a fox-hunt no man or woman goes to see it, and not one in twenty does see the animal at its death. At a Spanish bull-fight to this day,—as was the case in the old contests in the amphitheatre,—the hearts of beholders are hardened, and men and women lose their gentleness by looking on at torturing strife in which they themselves incur no danger, in which the blood fills their eyes, though the passions of the struggle,—the “*certaminis gaudia*,”—do not stir their pulses. Cruelty, doubtless, was and is thus engendered. In fox-hunting the reverse happens. The “*certaminis gaudia*” are there for those who ride to hounds, but they who do so do not witness the death-struggle and the agony.

I can understand that any complainant against fox-hunting other than Mr. Freeman should say that in this argument I am hiding myself behind a subterfuge, in that the cruelty to the animal is there, though the sportsman does not witness it. Mr. Freeman cannot object this to me, because he distinctly and prominently brings this charge against fox-hunters—that pleasure taken in the infliction of pain and in beholding that pain is the essence alike of bull-baiting and of fox-hunting. There is no such pleasure derived from fox-hunting either as its essence, or even as a possible outside result. Mr. Freeman, or another, may assert that fox-hunting cannot take place without agony to the fox, and that assertion may be unanswerable, or may be answerable in another way; but that is not the assertion with which we are now dealing. I maintain that for the comparison between bull-baiting and fox-hunting there is none of that ground which Mr. Freeman assumes. Whereas the bull-fight did, of its very nature, demand that those who attended it should witness the prolonged agonies of a tortured animal, bound to the stake so that there should be no escape, in fox-hunting the visible agony of the fox is never longer present to the eye than is that of the wasp that is crushed without remorse by a lady’s fan, and is rarely visible at all. The one scene came palpably before the senses in all its horrid details, and did harden the heart. The other offers no other ostensible evidence of the animal’s destruction than a bit of fur hanging to a hound’s mouth, or a bloody jaw.

I will not, however, attempt to evade the charge of cruelty by an argument which, efficient as it may be against Mr. Freeman, is inefficient as to the general accusation. I am driven to use it, and to use it freely, because Mr. Freeman knocks us over the head so often with Mr. Windham’s dictum. From the beginning to the end of his charge our assailant depends on Mr. Windham. “At every stage and at every corner,” says Mr. Freeman, “we come back to the unanswerable saying of ‘Windham.’” It seems to me that no word

ever said by man was more easily answered, and was less likely to convince even without an answer.

And now I will go on to that graver charge of cruelty to the animal. It may be that an animal is tortured by this amusement in a way that should be repugnant to the feelings of gentlemen,—*hominum politorum*—although there be no actual witnesses of the agony. In this case the injury to humanity would be much less than in Spanish bull-fights, or even at the Roman amphitheatres, or at Mr. Windham's bull-rings, because the heart is hardened through the eye more readily than through the intellect. We do not become callous to life and death by knowing that men die, but we do so by seeing them when dying. But the injury, though less in degree, may still be injury. Given the cruelty—and no one can defend it, even though the suffering creature should be absolutely unseen. But before we allow our minds to settle down on the vehement denunciation of this or that special cruelty, we should know what cruelty is. This Mr. Freeman does not define, and the definition would be very difficult to obtain. Is it cruel to kill a wasp? It is not held to be so, because it is done in self-defence. To kill a fly may be exceeding cruelty. To kill a hundred merely because they are a slight nuisance, is considered an action by no means cruel. It seems to be the decision of civilised men, with which Mr. Freeman apparently accords, that the slightest advantage to be gained justifies the death of an animal. The hundred flies have been killed for what Mr. Freeman calls "need." "I have no scruple as to taking life," he says, "either of man or beast when real need calls for it." But what is "real need"? Ten or twenty little animals are killed, away in a wild country in which they can do no harm, that one lady may have a tippet. A tippet just as warm she may have made of wool. Does the lady really need her tippet? Certainly not so much as the county needs its hunt; nor is the result of the tippet in warmth, or general use, or as an ornament, half so beneficial as the result of the run after the fox. Mr. Freeman may differ as to this, preferring the tippet; but, in discussing that, we should have to go back to the other aspect of fox-hunting, which I assert to be a "delectatio" more "polite" than a fur tippet. The need has to be judged by those concerned, in the one case as in the other, separately, on its own merits; and with such insight into God's intention in the creation of himself and other animals as a man can obtain. The result must be weighed against the means to that result. That would be dire cruelty without result, which with results would be no cruelty at all. When Mr. Gordon Cumming, or another, kills a hecatomb of lions merely that he may say that he has slaughtered them, that is cruel; but to kill the same hecatomb for the sake of their skins, even though the skins were to serve the purposes of an effeminate

luxury, would not be cruel. It is not, therefore, cruel to slaughter the lynxes, minxes, or what not, that are wanted for the lady's tippet. As far as we can see God gave them to us that we might take their furs. We grant that there is a real need to kill the lynxes and minxes though tippets of luxury only are the result. But we make claim to the real need, also, for our fox, thinking the fox-hunt to be quite as rational a luxury as the tippet.

But we now come to the manner of the death. Mr. Freeman goes on to say:—"Either man or beast may be rightfully put to death when need so calls for it; but neither in the infliction of death, or at any other time, should any pain be inflicted which real need does not call for." Hence the same difficulty remains of establishing some standard of real need. If we are to have a fox-hunt there is real need that the fox should run before the hounds and that he should be killed. What Mr. Freeman doubtless means is, that no need is real that has reference only to an amusement. But if so, the lady's tippet, being an amusement, what becomes of the death of those animals? Mr. Freeman says that "neither death nor torture should be turned into matter of amusement." Here I refuse to go along with him. I say that death is turned into a matter of amusement daily after a form permissible and, as far as we can judge, in accordance with God's will. We breed and kill the cochineal that we may delight our eyes with its colour. We have hardly a delight accruing to the "polite man," which some creature has not bled to create or to enhance. Death is ever being turned into matter of amusement. Mr. Freeman has said neither death—nor pain, which we will take to mean pain without death. But we daily subject both men and animals to pain for our amusement. Does the clown at the theatre not suffer—ay, and the singer! The man who waits at night out in the frost to drive us home, does he not suffer? These men are earning their bread, it may be said, and suffer wilfully. It is a world, it may be said, necessarily burdened with pain for men; but the animals need not be made to suffer. Do we not know that horses suffer in their work, and must suffer? We may do humanely what we can to lessen such suffering, but we are surrounded by it on all sides. Which has the worst time of it, the donkey or the fox? the starved dog about the street or the fox? the caged squirrel or the fox? Do we not know, also, that under God's hands, animals suffer pain worse than any inflicted by humanity,—the unsatisfied pangs of prolonged hunger, till death comes and releases? Does not the pike hunt the gadgeon, and the trout the minnow? Does not the fox hunt the rabbit, and the cat the mouse? Is it not God's ordinance that among animals every kind of suffering should prevail, to which the fox is subject when the hounds are after him? Is it not in compliance with an instinct given by God that the hound does hunt the fox? It is a

world in which delights and pains are mingled, and in the midst of it all the fox, who is lord of the copse and possessed in fee of the covert, has by no means the worst time of it among animals.

Let us look at the matter *ex parte* fox, and see what, upon the whole, is done for him of good or evil. I think Mr. Freeman has made a mistake in supposing the cruelty of fox-hunting to be of a nature to harden the heart, as is the case with bull-fighting; and I think that he has made another mistake in saying that no animal should suffer death or pain in a matter of amusement; but still, the animal in which we are now interested may be subjected to evil so dire, that on his account an amusement should be abandoned which in all other respects is peculiarly fitted to the "*delectatio hominum politorum*." Mr. Freeman has admitted that if there were no hunting there would be no foxes. The fox owes his existence, therefore, to the sport. Then, though he is not absolutely nurtured as a house lamb, he receives all the care that is essential to his well-being and education. Mr. Freeman, laughing with good cause for laughter as a non-sporting man, says truly enough that the fox becomes so precious that the word *vulpicide* has been created to denounce a most hated crime. The fox is almost worshipped, and becomes, as I have said, lord of the coppice and great freeholder of the covert. It must be admitted that until there comes upon him that *ineluctabile tempus*, he has a good time of it among animals. But the *summa dies* dawns, and the hounds are on his scent.

We cannot quite place ourselves within the "*præcordia*" of an animal, and know how keen are his enjoyments or how severe his sufferings; but, as far as we can judge, we may imagine that while the creature is in full possession of his faculties and obeys, untrammelled, the instincts of his nature, his pain cannot be severe. To be hunted,—or to think that he is hunted,—and to take safety in flight, is the nature of a fox. We cannot doubt but that his scent was imposed upon him in order that he should fulfil his destiny of falling a prey to his pursuers. Till fatigue induces the fear that escape may not be achieved, the animal probably does not suffer. Then he has a sharp ten minutes, and a final half-minute of agony in his death-struggle. In all this, is his life as bad as that of a cab-horse, or of a half-starved dog, or of a caged bird, or an imprisoned fish? We cannot ask the fox whether he would prefer extermination to being hunted; but in measuring, as far as we can measure, the good and evil things of animals, it would seem that the fox has his full share of the good things of life, and but a small allowance of the evil things.

Nevertheless,—Mr. Freeman will say,—the fox is hunted to death as an amusement, and to be hunted to death must certainly be a painful process. No doubt it is so. For some five, ten, or

fifteen minutes, there must be pain, as there is pain,—very much more pain than this,—both to man and beast, in many a process necessary for the maintenance, the education, the enlightenment, and the recreation of mankind. Mr. Freeman, in driving his theory home, seems to ignore the fact that the recreation of a people is a matter of great moment. If all England could be indulged in an amusement that would be charming, intellectual, in every way satisfactory,—some all but divine spectacle,—at, we will say, the cost of one human life, would not that human life have been well spent? But the human life would have been excellently well spared if a tortured fox could have been made to stand in its stead. With such a result, who would regret the tortured fox? But, in accordance with Mr. Freeman's theory, that fox should not be made to suffer the slightest pain, even though its single death would give balmy recreation to all mankind in all ages. He lays it down as a law that neither pain nor death should be made matter of amusement. No such law can stand, or be of any guidance whatever to mankind. Mankind has to guide itself after a fashion much more difficult than by obedience to such dogmas. In every case we have to judge what is good and evil, and take the consequences of our judgment. We may not do evil that good may come of it; but in the complicated affairs of life the same thing will have to be judged as being now good and now evil, in accordance with its results.

The question to be asked in this, as in all such cases, must apply to the circumstances of the case itself. Does the result justify the means? We are not chary of men's lives when the result is sufficient to seem to us to justify their death,—not though we are aware that tortures will accompany that death. Of the mariners who go yearly from our shores upon the sea, we know as surely that a certain number will perish beneath the waves, as though they were ticketed and told off by lot. The cruelty is not less, if cruelty there be, because we cannot name the unlucky ones. Is the cruelty to the knife-grinder, to the handler of artificial flowers, to the maker of gunpowder, less than it is to the fox? But the end justifies the means, although among the means employed we must count the certain death of certain victims.

The hunted fox suffers that death to which it seems that he was devoted by nature, without any added circumstances of torture, in which his death-struggle is not prolonged as is that of the mouse beneath the cat, in order that a large number of men may enjoy a sport which is by them thought to be salutary, noble, and beneficial. Mr. Freeman doubtless objects to the sport on other grounds, thinking it to be neither salutary, noble, or beneficial;—but that is not now the question. The objection now urged is solely that of cruelty, and is so urged as to be intended to prevail even were the advantage of

hunting confessedly very great. In answer to that objection, I plead that the end justifies the means, that a minimum of suffering produces a maximum of recreation, and that the fox's life serves as good a purpose as that of any animal which falls that men may live.

There is no vice or evil quality of the heart more detestable than cruelty,—the love of causing and of seeing pain because it is painful; and no pursuit more at variance with that which we claim as the character of a gentle Englishman than one which fosters such a vice. But, at the same time, there is perhaps no feeling more apt to lead us into mawkish sentimentality than that which regards all bloodshed, all pain, and all death with horror. Men die daily because it is worth their while to die in this or that pursuit; and daily place their lives in peril,—imperilling also the welfare of their wives and children, because they think it well to encounter danger, if only for danger's sake. The animal creation, in all its forms, is put under the requisition of man, not only for his needs, but to suit each whim, supply each luxury, and gratify each taste. And as man suffers, so has the animal to suffer its allotment of pain. We do not know that the Creator has given to any animal a freedom from this bondage. Certainly, to those animals which come as yet least under men's influence, the bondage of bodily suffering is most severe. They hunt each other from day to day, and suffer the double agony of hunger and of bloody destruction. Seeing that this is so,—that the soft-hearted, rose-leafed, velvet life which Mr. Freeman would desire for animals is not in accordance with Nature, I cannot bring myself to feel that the fox suffers unworthily when he is done to death by a pack of hounds for the gratification of a hundred sportsmen. As far as he is concerned he owes his existence to the prospect of his death. As regards those who ride after him, I maintain that no part of their pleasure comes from his suffering. Finally, I maintain that Mr. Freeman has entirely failed to prove his sweeping statement, "that a humane fox-hunter is a contradiction in terms, because in his occupation cruelty is not an occasional incident, but the essence of the whole thing."

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE LAND QUESTION.

PART I.—ENGLISH TENURES IN IRELAND.

It has seemed to me that a careful review of the history of the relation of the English people to the English land would not be ill-timed, and that it would be the best contribution which it lies in my power to make towards the right understanding of one of the greatest problems of the day—that which is perhaps best understood as “*the land question*,” and one branch of which has become the question of the hour—the *Irish* land question.

There is an obvious reason why the history of the English land question ought to throw light on the solution of the Irish one—viz., that when Irish tenures were abolished, English tenures were substituted for them, and that it is under these English tenures that the wounds of Ireland have festered so long.

Recent discussions in newspapers and pamphlets, and especially the admirable letters of the *Times*' Commissioner, have at least been of service in bringing out, clearly the fact that there are different classes of Irish tenants, altogether distinct in their origin and history, and by no means to be dealt with by any one sweeping measure to be applied to all; and further, that these various classes range themselves between two extreme types.

First, there is the tenant farmer, the creature of *contract*, whose relation to the landlord is a commercial relation just as much as if he had hired a warehouse or a mill for the purposes of trade.

Secondly, there is the peasant occupier, the creature of *tenure*, who never made a contract with his landlord, and whose ancestor or predecessor never did, who has a sort of aboriginal holding in the land; though now, be it observed, not holding under ancient Irish tenures as his ancestors once did, but under those English tenures which English Parliaments chose to substitute for them.

There are many intermediate grades between these two types of holders, the result of the partial obliteration of feudal by commercial notions and the intermixture of the two; but the fact remains, the two extreme types are distinct in their origin, their history, and their rights.

As to the question what ought to be done to secure the rights of the tenant farmers, people are beginning to see daylight through it. There is a growing and all but universal feeling that in the absence of leases, farmers (both in England and Ireland, but especially in Ireland) ought to have secured to them, in some way or

other, either the continued use or fair compensation for the value of the buildings and whatever improvements they, and not their landlords, have made or may make in the future. The interests of the landlord, the interests of the tenant, and the general interest of the nation, that the best should be made of the land, are identical on this point; and its concession only waits till the landlords open their eyes wide enough to their own interests, and transfer to their rent-roll the regard which they have hitherto had to their political influence and their game.

The real difficulty of the Irish land question lies in the mode of dealing with the rights, not of the tenant farmers, but of those who approach to the other type—viz., that class of tenants who are creatures of tenure, who owe their holdings to the circumstance that their ancestors or predecessors were found upon the land when Irish tenures were abolished and feudal tenures substituted for them. And it is upon their position chiefly that I think the history of feudal tenures in England may throw some light. For sooner or later the fact will force itself upon public recognition that the great wrong done to the Irish peasantry, and therefore to the Irish nation, did not so much consist in the abolition of the old Irish tenures and the introduction of English ones in their place, as in the neglect or refusal on the part of England and Anglo-Irish law to recognise the just rights of the Irish under those very feudal tenures which England herself forced upon them.

It was in the reign of James I. that the change from Irish to feudal tenures was made. In the words of Hallam:—

“The Irish Lords surrendered their estates to the Crown and received them back by the English tenure of knight service and soccage; an exact account was taken of the lands each of the chieftains possessed, that he might be invested with none but those he occupied; while his tenants, exempted from those uncertain Irish exactions, the source of their servitude and misery, were obliged only to an annual quit-rent, and held their own lands by a free tenure.” (“Constitutional Hist.” iii. p. 373.)

Now observe the care apparent in this transaction not to let the Irish chieftains be invested with absolute ownership over any lands but those in their real occupation—i.e., their own demesne lands—the care taken to recognise the right of the tenants to their holdings so long as they paid their feudal service to their lords. There was no confiscation in this transaction, as thus described by Hallam. On the face of it it bears the character of an honest attempt to introduce English tenures into Ireland, not only as between the Irish lords and the king, but also as between the Irish tenants and the Irish lords.

Had this state of things been universally established, and thenceforth feudal tenures been construed and dealt with in Ireland as they have been in England, possibly Irish lords of Irish manor would to-day have been absolutely entitled to their demesne lands,

but nothing more ; while the mass of their feudal tenants would by this time have become practically absolute owners of their holdings like English copyholders. But whether it would have been so or not there came on the top of this arrangement, and before it had had time to grow into a permanent institution, the rebellion of 1641. Then followed the suppression of that rebellion by Cromwell, and the re-settlement of Ireland under a fresh race of land-owners on the accession of Charles II. Here was an interval of darkness, during which, in every sense of the words, " mischief was afoot."

By 16 Car. I., c. 33—a statute of the last Parliament of that unhappy monarch—after recital that "many millions of acres" of "profitable land" "will be confiscate," it was enacted that such profitable land should be divided amongst the "adventurers" who should subscribe certain sums towards "the reducing of the rebels," in lots of 1,000 acres each, "bogs, woods, and barren mountains being cast in over and above" the profitable land ; and the allotments were to be held by them in free and common soccage of the king, under rents reserved to the king, varying from 1*d.* to 3*d.* per acre. The allotments of 1,000 acres were to be made by lot, and the only further provisions as to tenures were these:—First, the provision that commissions should be granted for erecting of manors, settling of wastes and commons, &c. ; and secondly, the provision that every holder of 1,000 acres or more in Leinster, or 2,000 acres or more in Connaught, or 1,500 acres or more in Munster, or 3,000 acres or more in Ulster, "shall have power to create a manor and to reserve tenures to hold of himself and his heirs *as of his said manor at his will and pleasure.*" He was also to have his "court leet" and "court baron," and was to enjoy all "royalties, suits, services, &c., as to frank pledge or court baron is usual and belonging."

On the face of this statute, it would appear that the tenures intended to be established on these confiscated lands were the same tenures as were usual in England under the manorial system.

Now what would have been involved in the establishment of the English manorial system in Ireland ? It can only be realised when the results of that system, and the recognised rules by which its tenures had been construed in England for many hundreds of years previously, are properly understood and taken into account. It was perfectly well understood, for one thing, when manors were introduced into Ireland, that the peasant occupier under a manor in England, though holding "at the will of the lord," was not a mere "tenant at will" but a *customary tenant* ; that the customs of the manor under which he held controlled his tenancy and not the mere will of his lord ; that in nine cases out of ten this made it a holding of security both as to duration and services.

Why, then, it may well be asked, has not the Irish law protected the peasant tenants under Irish manors as the English law has protected customary tenants under English manors? How comes it, when the boast of England has been the establishment of feudal tenures in Ireland, that the Irish peasant tenants have not been protected by the legal recognition of the customs which have grown up, or under legal sanction would have grown up, in Irish manors? How comes it that, whereas the custom of tenant-right in our northern English manors is recognised by English law, the custom of tenant-right in the manors of Ulster is not recognised in Irish courts? How comes it that, whilst under English law copyholders have grown into absolute owners, and statutory power has even been granted to the customary tenants of English manors to demand enfranchisement on equitable terms, the tenants under Irish manors are still regarded in law as mere tenants at will, and any hint at recognising anything like fixity of tenure in their case is met at once by the cry of confiscation?

It is worth while to try to find an answer to these questions. They surely are questions which ought to be answered by a candid and careful examination of the facts.

What then were the facts?

To begin with, it is clear that when the lands of the Irish rebels were confiscated and divided amongst English adventurers Ireland was not a *tabula rasa*. She had inhabitants. And these inhabitants were many, or most of them, small holders of land; not like modern labourers, living on wages, but dependent on the produce of the land they held.

According to Sir William Petty, there were 1,100,000 inhabitants at the time of the division of the confiscated lands. Of these, he says, 300,000 were Protestants and 800,000 Papists. And he goes on to say,—

“The said 1,100,000 people do live in about 200,000 families or houses, whereof there are about 16,000 which have more than one chimney in each, and about 24,000 which have but one; all the other houses, being 160,000, are wretched, nasty cabins, without chimney, window, or door-shut, even worse than those of the savage Americans, and wholly unfit for the making merchantable butter and cheese, or the manufactures of woollen, linen, or leather.”

When it is recollected that the little peasant farms of Ireland were not arable but pasture farms, that in 1666,¹ a few years only after the rebellion, the number of Irish cattle imported into England was so great as to excite the jealousy of English farmers, and that it was worth while for their protection to prohibit, by Act of Parliament, the importation from Ireland of cattle, sheep, swine, and also of beef and bacon, we see at once that when Sir William Petty says that the cabins were unfit for dairies and for manufactures, he

(1) Car. II., 18, 19. “An Act against importing Cattell from Ireland.”

meant that they were unfit for the purposes for which they *were used*. Hence we may picture these peasant pasture farmers as possessed of, at least, some farming stock—some few head of cattle and of sheep grazing on their pasture; a little plot of flax, and perhaps already of potatoes, fenced in about their homesteads. We see the butter and the cheese made up within the cabins in smoke and dirt, as one sees it still in Swiss mountain chalets; the beef and bacon cured for home use or sale, the peasant farmer stretching his skins and tanning them rudely into leather. We hear the whirr of the spinning-wheel and the rattle of the wooden loom by which the wool and flax are spun and woven. We see the housewife, as she may be seen to-day, dipping her wool into the bramble-berry dye which gives that *Irish* colour to her worsted. We see the pigs grunting in and out of the cabin doorway, and the beasts cowering under such rude sheds as the Irish peasant still can build up against his homestead with the wood and turf he digs out of his native bogs. No wonder the butter and cheese and cloth and leather seemed scarcely “merchantable” to the eyes of Sir William Petty; but they surely found their way to the county market, and brought in some little revenue in addition to feeding and clothing the family at home.¹

Here then were the Irish peasant holders, *after* the rebellion, doing all this before Sir William Petty’s eyes when he surveyed the lands to be allotted to the new English landlords. It is not likely that when the new landlords took possession, the peasants, with their cattle, spinning-wheels, and looms, were all swept into the ocean!

How then were they treated on the introduction of the manorial system into Ireland? Is it credible that, when Irish tenures were abolished and English ones substituted, their existence was ignored? When the redistribution of lands was made, were feudal rights denied to this the largest class of Irish tenants? If so, was it done openly as a deliberate wrong; or was it done silently, contrary to the intention of the English Government? How was it done?

The facts are not very easy to trace. Under the Acts of Settlement the confiscated lands were actually divided on the accession of Charles II. amongst the new holders, and Sir William Petty’s survey remains as a legal record of the way in which they were distributed² between English adventurers, Cromwell’s soldiers, and some other parties. Where not redeemed, the quit-rents then imposed upon these lands are still payable by their owners to the Crown. In many districts at least, if not generally, manors *were* created with their courts leet and courts baron. And as the existence of the latter

(1) See the description of the habits of the Irish by Sir William Petty in his “Political Anatomy of Ireland.”

(2) Furlong’s “Law of Landlord and Tenant in Ireland,” 2nd edit., p. 20.

implies the existence of freeholders holding under the lord of the manor, some freehold tenures must have been created.

The manorial system, or the counterfeit of it, was therefore really introduced as intended by the statute of Charles I.

But it was the counterfeit, and not the reality.

Probably there was a dry legal reason for what was done and left undone. A custom, such is the legal maxim, cannot be created *de novo*. It must grow, and it must have existed time out of mind. Therefore the tenants of the newly-created manors, being "tenants at will," as the copyhold tenants of English manors are nominally, must of necessity be *really* tenants at will in Ireland, seeing that in newly-created manors no customs could be pleaded in favour of their fixity of tenure and rents. So it may have been argued. But in point of fact these dry legal objections were idle objections, and might probably have been overruled by the judges. It was just one of those cases in which the judges, if needful, might have made the law in the absence of direct legislation. At all events had there been a will there was a way—a recognised way—by which the technical difficulty might have been met. It had arisen in England before this, and been met in a reasonable way.

In the statute of 16 Car. I., as I have stated, there was a provision that commissions should be granted "for erecting of manors, settling of wastes and commons, &c." Why was not power given to these commissioners, when they erected the manors and set out the wastes, to prescribe the customs and regulations by which the holdings of the peasantry should be controlled, and even to make them into copyholders if needful? When "Hounsloo Heath" was enclosed by 37 Henry VIII. c. 2, it was made by a simple declaration of the Act into copyhold land. Commissioners were appointed to make allotments of it amongst the parishioners of the adjoining parishes. These commissioners had power given them to assign the new copyhold holdings thus created to what manors they pleased. And, lastly, it was further enacted:—

"That all customs, usages, conditions, and ordinances which the said Commissioners, or four of them at the least, shall at any time hereafter prescribe, order, deem, or make concerning any part or parcel of the said waste or heath, shall be as good, firm, and stable in the law . . . to all purposes and effects as if they and any of them were particularly recited and enacted by authority of the present Parliament."

It is idle, therefore, to say that any dry legal objection could be an effective bar to the creation of customs, or even copyholds, within these manors in Ireland. The power of erecting manors at all—the introduction of the manorial system into Ireland at all—was only a Parliamentary power; and the same power which made the manors on the English model could have established copyholds and reasonable customs on the English model. It would have been just as

easy, and as regular, and more so, to have introduced reasonable provisions of some kind for the protection of the peasant holders as to have left them out.¹ But they *were* left out.

(1) So far as I can gather from a careful perusal of Sir William Petty's "Political Anatomy of Ireland," the intention of the English Government was not to introduce the copyhold system, but to give such powers to the new landlords of reserving tenures to themselves (*non obstante*, the statute of Quia Emptores) as should enable them to give to the peasant holders *security*, if not *fixity* of tenure, in place of the precarious tenures under which they had held under Irish chieftains. Sir William Petty says:—"We said that of the 1,100,000 inhabitants of Ireland about 800,000 of them were Irish, and that above 600,000 of them lived very simply in the cabins above-mentioned." He then proceeds, "As for the interest of these poorer Irish, it is manifestly to be transmuted into English. . . . It is their interest to deal with the English for leases, for time, and upon clear conditions, which being performed, they are *absolute freemen*, rather than" [as formerly under Irish chieftains] "to stand always liable to the humour and caprice of their landlord, and to have everything taken from them which he pleases to fancy."

Sir William Petty certainly had no notion that they would be left in the position of mere tenants at will; and accordingly, in speaking of the reforms he wished to see in Ireland, he urged that *they*—the tenants and not the landlords—"should be encouraged to reform their cabins," and build better ones. And as further proof that he regarded them as having a real and valuable interest in the land, I would call attention to the following estimate, in which he values the tenants' improvements at one-third the nett value of the land, and deducts it from the total in order to get at the value of the landlords' interests.

7,500,000 acres of good, and 1,500,000 acres of coarse, making	
9,000,000, is worth per annum	\$900,000
Out of which the king's quit-rents, old rents, &c.	90,000
	<hr/>
	Rests \$810,000
The tythes whereof are one-fifth	162,000
	<hr/>
	Rests \$648,000

The benefits of leases and the value of tenants' improvements upon the said land is one-third, viz.	\$216,000
For the landlords	432,000

So that of the total annual value of the land Sir William Petty estimated \$216,000 per annum as being the annual value of the tenants' interests, and \$432,000 as the annual value of the landlords' interests. He cannot therefore have contemplated that the tenants should be merely tenants at will without protection of any kind.

It may be interesting also to give an example of the terms of the patents under which manors were created. I find an abstract of one of them given in the report of "Verchoyle v. Perkins," 13 Irish Eq. Rep. p. 72. From this I find that James II. by letters patent granted to Sir Arthur Gore lands which "should be reputed a manor by the name of the Manor of Castlegore," and granted to him and to his heirs "full license and full power and authority to give, grant, &c., so much of the said lands as he should think fit to any person in fee simple, fee farm, fee tail, or for lives, or for any other estate whatsoever, to be held of the said Sir Arthur Gore, &c., as of the manor as he should think fit, in free and common socage or by suit of court from three weeks to three weeks or seldomer or otherwise, by any other lawful service whatsoever, yielding such rents, &c., as Gore should reserve *non obstante* the Statute of Quia Emptores." It also granted to Gore and his heirs a court leet and court baron within the said manor.

Now whilst in the tone of Sir William Petty's remarks and anticipations, and in the terms of this patent, I find confirmation of the fact that no compulsory clauses were introduced into the grants obliging landlords to give security of tenure to the peasant holders, everything goes, I think, to show that it was never contemplated that the landlord should treat the peasant holders as mere tenants at will. It was never con-

Here then, if this be the true state of the case, was the great blunder or the great wrong done to the masses of the Irish people. Not the abolition of the old Irish tenures, which were not half so good as ordinary English copyhold tenures would have been, but the leaving out of the manorial system, in the very act of establishing it, those parts of it which would have protected the peasant occupants, —the withholding from them in the very act of establishing feudal tenures in Ireland that feudal security of holding which every other feudal peasantry in the world have had conferred upon them by universal usage.

I confess that the exact history of what was done with the peasantry, to what extent they were cleared from the lands or how they were treated, is one upon which reliable information would be exceedingly valuable. It is a riddle I have not been able to solve. But the *result* appears to be perfectly clear. Neither the law nor the landlords in Ireland recognise anything like feudal relations as subsisting between the landlords and *any* class of peasant holders. They make no distinction between the farming tenants — the creatures of *contract*—and the peasant tenants—the creatures of *tenure*. The Irish real property law has lost itself in the single but sad title of “landlord and tenant.” Even so just and generous a landlord as Lord Dufferin cannot bring himself to recognise any other relation but the commercial relation of landlord and tenant —any other right of holding than by modern contract. He repudiates any other notion of a landlord than “an absolute owner of the land,” any other notion of a tenant than “one who hires the use of it.”

So the fact that these peasant occupants of pasture land, found on the land after the great rebellion, or their successors, ever had any other rights of occupation than as mere tenants at will of the new landlords has left no trace upon the statute-book, has been utterly ignored by the law of Ireland, and has, it seems, never found a passing recognition in the mind of one of the most enlightened of Irish landlords.

Is there any other country in the civilised world where the land law is based upon feudal principles, whose peasantry have been denied feudal security of holding, and treated, not as feudal tenants, but as strictly commercial ones? And apart from feudal principles, upon what principles of ordinary justice can a peasantry with no other living but the land, and found upon the land by no act of

templated that, in 1869, 580,000 out of the 600,000 tenants of Ireland should be liable to eviction at six months' notice! In illustration of the fact that nothing like copyhold tenure was introduced into Ireland after the rebellion, I am informed that the only manor in which any copyholds exist now is a very ancient manor situate in the county of Louth.

their own, be denied security of holding, and treated as though they were commercial tenants at will who had hired the land in the open market?

The strangest fact of all is that Lord Dufferin insists upon this simple distinction between landlord and tenant, and this simple ignoring of the existence of any but commercial tenures in Ireland, by adducing the example of England. "Such barren speculations," he says, "cannot alter the fact that at present the owner of landed property in Ireland holds it in exactly the same sense, and under the same conditions, as the owner of property in England. He can sell his interest in it, he can let it, he can cultivate it himself, as he may please, so long as he does not infringe existing contracts, or the laws of his country."

Precisely so; but the laws of his country have, in England, so long ago confined the lord of the manor's power of doing all this to his own demesne lands, that he has forgotten for the moment that there ever were in English manors any lands over which he or his ancestor never had any such power! Were Lord Dufferin the lord of a manor in England in which there had happened to have been no enclosure, and no general enfranchisement, he would find that, as regards perhaps half or three-fourths of the land in his manor, he had no such power of cultivating it, or letting it, as he pleased. That part over which the lord has no such power is that part which, when England was conquered, was found in the occupation of peasant holders. In England their feudal rights were not ignored as in Ireland.

What a wonderful and obvious inconsistency there is in the doctrine of Irish tenures affected by the landed interests at this moment. The aristocratic feeling of landowners is all in favour of feudal rights in England, and against the invasion of the land by the vulgar commercial spirit and maxims of the trading classes. They try to preserve their political influence and their game, and, in support of these, cling hard enough to feudal maxims. But in Ireland, where the case is different, and feudal maxims would work against them, they ignore the fact of the tenures under which the peasantry hold under them being feudal at all, and affect the commercial spirit and maxims instead. Instead of liking to regard themselves as feudal manorial lords, and the peasantry as their feudal tenants, they have vulgarised, so to speak, the relations of landlord and tenant, and assimilated the position of the little landholder to that of the tenant of a shop or a warehouse.

And so it comes to pass that Mr. Gladstone has now, at the eleventh hour, for the first time, to make a just discrimination between commercial and feudal tenants, and the rights of the landlords over the lands of the one and the other. It will not do any longer to lump

all the tenants of Ireland in one class, and to represent commercial maxims and modern contracts and money payments as the sole nexus between them and the land ; because the fact is not so.

It would be unjust to landlords to treat the commercial class of tenant farmers as though they had the rights of feudal or customary tenants, when they clearly have not. All talk of fixity of tenure for them is worse than useless. But it would be equally unjust to the peasant class of tenants to treat them as though they had hired the use of the land under commercial contracts when clearly this is not the fact.

There ought to be no confiscation on either side. There has been enough of that in the past. The law itself ought to draw a line of reasonable discrimination between the rights of landlords and the different classes of tenants, so as to place them now, not in the identical position indeed in which they would have been placed had justice been done them two hundred years ago—that is impossible—but in substantially as fair a position as under existing circumstances they can be placed. The difficulty involved in trying to make the law do this will, no doubt, lie in the large extent of border land between the two types of tenants. Owing to the action and counteraction of the commercial and feudal systems, and the confusion of commercial and peasant tenures working side by side for two centuries, the two systems have overlapped each other, and the boundaries between them have become effaced. And from this an argument may, no doubt, be raised from the modern landowners' point of view in reply to the views which I have here expressed, and professing to explain away the grievance here pointed out as resulting from the denial of feudal rights to the Irish peasantry.

"The confiscations of 1641," modern landowners may argue, "must be taken for granted. We lords of manors were put, two hundred years ago, in feudal possession of the land. We let out some of our lands to freehold tenants, and established our courts baron, but we were not compelled by Act of Parliament to treat the mass of Irish tenants as other than mere tenants at will, and we did not. If this was a wrong done to them, it was done two hundred years ago, and cannot be altered. In fact it was not we that did it, it was our ancestors, and the custom has grown up and been sanctioned by two hundred years' usage, and even by law, of treating these tenants as tenants at will. And, further, in many cases our present lands have been bought and sold since, over and over again, relying on this custom. Nay, even many of the tenants at will have, at one time and another, had leases and become tenants at will again by expiration of their leases. The commercial view of landownership is now, therefore, the only true one. If the law in Ireland for two hundred years has recognised no grade between the absolute owner

of land on the one hand, and the hirer of land on the other, it is too late now to alter it. If only the law as it stands were but carried out firmly, things would soon right themselves and find their own level in the market. It is this constant raking up of old grievances, and talk about fixity of tenure and so forth, that prevents the Irish tenant from becoming contented with his lot."

The Ulster tenant-right, as it seems to me, is a complete reply to such an argument. I own that it is not easy to get at the whole truth about it. On the one side it is said to amount to fixity of tenure. On the other side it is represented as only the recognition by custom of the right in the outgoing tenant to sell the "good-will" of his farm to the incoming tenant.

But I have before me a statement of both sides of the question. First, I have, on the landowner's side, the evidence given by Lord Dufferin before Mr. Maguire's Committee, in 1864, and republished by Lord Dufferin himself in 1867, in his "Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland." Secondly, on the tenant's side, I have the evidence of Mr. J. Hancock, land agent to Lord Lurgan, given before the Landlord and Tenant Commissioners in 1844.

Looking at both sides of the question, I find the following points made out, in which they seem to agree:—

1st. As to the origin of the Ulster tenant-right. Whatever it is, it dates back so far that its historical origin is a matter of conjecture,—Lord Dufferin declining to make any definite conjecture (966), and Mr. Hancock describing it as a system which has more or less prevailed since the settlement of Ulster by James I. (38).

2nd. It now applies equally to Protestant and Catholic tenants, and extends to the mass of the rural population of Ulster (Hancock, 38).

3rd. It is a custom which has become established by long and all but universal usage in the districts where it exists.

4th. It is a custom not only regulating the relations of the outgoing and incoming tenant, but also the relation between the tenants and the landlords. By custom it is as good against the landlord as between the tenants, and, therefore, it is a custom controlling the tenures of Ulster.

5th. It is a custom which applies, not only to tenants at will, but also to the case of leases. The lease not being looked upon as needful to secure the rights of the tenant as against the landlord (Lord Dufferin, 1479), or as fixing an absolute term to the tenancy, but chiefly useful as giving a *legal interest* for a certain term, available as security to a third party for loans (Hancock, 37, 38).

Now I think these points are sufficient to establish the fact that the Ulster tenant-right is a custom which the law ought to have recognised in the same way as the customs of English manors were

recognised hundreds of years back, and as, under Lord Mansfield's decisions, the customs of merchants became a portion of the commercial law of England.

Now with regard to the tenant-right itself.

Mr. Hancock defines it thus :—

“Tenant-right I consider to be the claim of the tenant and his heirs to continue in undisturbed possession of the farm so long as the rent is paid; and in case of ejectment, or in the event of a change of occupancy, whether at the wish of the landlord or tenant, it is the sum of money which the new occupier must pay to the old one for the peaceable enjoyment of his holding.” (H. 38.)

Lord Dufferin defines it thus :—

“Tenant-right is a custom under which the tenant farmers in the north of Ireland—or, at all events, in those districts where the custom prevails—expect, when they have occasion to give up their farms, that their landlords will allow them to obtain from the incoming tenant such a sum as shall remunerate them for their improvements upon those farms (966) . . . and for the good-will of the farm.”

Now it would not be fair to represent this as absolute fixity of tenure. It would be more exactly described as fixity of tenure with a variable rent. The rent is not fixed. It has risen, from the small rent of generations ago, into a rent of 20s. to 25s. an acre on an average (H. 38, D. 1485). But it is equally clear that the rent is not the rack-rent; it is not a competition rent (D. 1030); it is not the market value of the holding, but something less. Mr. Hancock says that it is fixed by valuers or agreement “at the supposed fair value of the ground, without regard to the amount of competition and without reference to the buildings” (H. 81), the buildings having in most cases been built by some former tenant.

The land put up to competition would let at a far higher rent than this supposed fair rent; and the sum paid for the tenant-right is, as Lord Dufferin properly puts it, “the lump sum representing so many years' purchase of the difference between this ‘fair rent’ and the rack-rent” (1499 and 1029).

It seems, therefore, that the custom amounts to this, that the rent is fairly to be described as a “customary” rent, not fixed, but still kept so low as to prevent the increase in value caused by the great competition for small holdings from passing out of the tenant's into the landlord's pocket. It is a rent probably quite equal in amount, if not higher, than the land would let for in large farms.

The custom of tenant-right places, therefore, the Ulster tenant of land in the position, as regards his landlord, of a permanent occupier at a customary rent, which is always below the market value of the land. It places him, consequently, in the practical position of a tenant with a permanent and valuable interest in the land—an interest which has a market value, and can be bought and sold. And

as the custom goes one step further, and makes it saleable with the consent of the landlord, the tenant frequently obtains a high price for his holding.¹

Mr. Hancock gives an instance in which the Ulster Railway Company purchased some ground from Lord Lurgan. For this ground they paid for 58 acres about £2,358 to Lord Lurgan himself, and £2,227 to his tenants. 11a. 1r. 31p. of this land were held by tenants at will, paying £13 14s. 8d. in rents, and the company paid to these tenants at will £277 5s. 6d., or £25 per acre for the value of their customary interests in the land, though at law they had no interest at all beyond the value of the crops on the ground, and perhaps two years' rent as compensation under the compulsory clauses of the railway acts.

Now what was this but an instance of a sale of the tenant's interest in the land—an interest not recognised by the law, it is true, but one which ought to have been recognised by the law—an interest secured so effectively by the custom of the country, that a railway company could not get possession without purchasing it at its market value. It is also worth notice that the district in which this custom exists is that district in which the manorial system was introduced under James I., and in which, the lands being already allotted to English holders, the rebellion of 1641, and its consequent confiscation, made the fewest changes. It has risen up in spite of the law, and because the law does not choose to sanction it, another sanction has been found for it—a rougher one, it is true, but one which in Ulster has protected the customary right of the tenant, and secured him, not only moderate security of tenure in his holding, but also the power of selling it at its market value.

Mr. Hancock thus describes the nature of this rough substitution for the legal recognition of tenant-right:—

“The landlords are compelled to recognise tenant-right, as in several instances in this neighbourhood, when they have refused to allow tenant-right the incoming tenant's house has been burned, his cattle houghed, or his crops trodden by night. The disallowance of tenant-right, so far as I know, is always attended with outrage. A landlord cannot even resume possession to himself without paying it. In fact, it is one of the sacred rights of the country which cannot be touched with impunity; . . . and if systematic efforts were made amongst the proprietors of Ulster to invade tenant-right, I do not believe there is a force at the disposal of the Horse Guards sufficient to keep the peace of the province.” (38.)

What, then, comes of the argument which would make two hundred years' neglect on the part of the law give a prescriptive right to landlords to ignore the rights of the peasantry of this great division of Ireland? The long-continued protest of the people against the neglect of the law, and the long-continued submission of the landlords to the custom, forbid the plea of prescription being raised in favour of absolute ownership on the part of the landlords

of Ulster over lands in which the tenants also own a marketable interest, which gives them security of holding, subject to customary rents and to the rights of the landlords to approval of incoming tenants, and through this to some check on the mode of cultivation.

I am aware that Ulster is not Ireland, and that the legal recognition of the Ulster custom would therefore not pacify Ireland, or right her wrongs. The difficulty of doing justice to the peasant holders in districts where they have been too weak and crushed to make a firm protest and to hold their own, and too powerless therefore to establish such a custom as that of Ulster tenant-right, is far greater than in districts where such a custom exists and only demands legal recognition.

It does not fall within my province to discuss what sort of substitute ought to be created in these districts for the custom which is lacking, but which historically and in common justice ought to have grown up to protect these peasant holdings. Suffice it to say, first, that the practical grievance in these districts is by so much greater than the grievance in Ulster as the non-existence of the custom is worse for the tenant than its existence unrecognised by law. And, secondly, that it does not follow that the practical remedy must be a mere slavish copy of Ulster tenant-right or feudal tenures.

I am anxious that this should be clearly understood. To establish feudal tenures *de novo* now, would be to establish arrangements which are behind the times, and are everywhere dying out. The wrong must be remedied in a way consistent with those economic laws which are at work in modern society. To make the remedy complete it must meet, not only the hereditary right of the peasant holder of land, but also the exigencies of his probable future. It must recognise his hereditary right to make his living out of the land; to something like permanence in his occupation; and to something like fixity, if not in the amount of his rent, yet in the principles by which it is regulated. On the other hand, it must not interfere with his future freedom by too artificially binding him to the land, or inducing him unduly to root himself to it like a serf. It must meet the needs which the peasant holder has in common with the commercial farming tenant, and something more. That "something more" must needs be an approach to what is involved in the words, so odious to landlords, "fixity of tenure." But that fixity of tenure must not be of the kind which locks up the land in the hands of unimproving tenants, and takes from the landlord all voice in the choice of a tenant, or power to secure the proper cultivation of the land; but it must be such a fixity as shall make the holding a marketable interest, and so enable it to find its way into the hands most able to use it. Whether economic laws are working in favour of large holdings or small ones, would then be proved by the result.

If it be sound economy that landlords should buy up the land, the quickest and best way they can do it is to make Ireland a free country, and to extend free trade to land.

To sum up the Irish land question in a single sentence, Mr. Gladstone's task involves the invention of two new tenures—one to meet the needs of the commercial farmer, who hires a farm in the open market at the market price; the other, adapted to the circumstances of a peasantry born and dependent on the land for a living. It is clearly good neither for the landlord nor for the tenant, nor for the nation, that either of these two great classes of occupiers should be tenants at will.

I have said enough, I think, on the history of English tenures in Ireland to show that some light ought to be thrown upon the Irish land question by a careful review of the history in England of the relation of the people to the land. It has seemed to me that it ought to tend to mitigate the Irish landowners' passion for absolute ownership of the whole of their domains, and so to make it easier for them to bring their minds to the recognition of other interests in the land besides their own. It has seemed to me that it ought to mitigate the passion of the Irish peasantry to become absolute owners in their turn, and to make it clearer to them that a well-protected interest in the land is perhaps commercially and economically better for them—more conducive to their freedom and prosperity—than absolute ownership, with its burdens and its trammels, and its waste of capital and interest. And if it ought to do this, it might possibly do something to smoothe the way for that solution of the Irish land question which one hopes may be achieved during the approaching session of Parliament.

F. SEEBOHM.

POPE'S "ESSAY ON MAN."

IN considering the connection which exists between political, religious, social, and literary progress, it is not always easy to distinguish with exactness between cause and effect, or between primary and secondary causes. We know, for instance, that towards the end of the seventeenth century in this country there was a general development of the practical, at the expense of the imaginative, faculties of the human mind. But in what department of thought the movement had its origin it is almost impossible to determine. Were the Reformation and the Revolution related to each other as cause and effect, or as consanguineous effects of some prior and architectonic cause? Did the literature of the period take its colour from political events, or did both possess a common parent in the philosophy of the age? This is the class of questions with which we are necessarily confronted when we contemplate the dominant tone of the Augustan epoch. Not professing to undertake an exhaustive inquiry into the subject, we shall content ourselves with indicating the main streams of thought to the confluence of which Pope we think was indebted for the "Essay on Man."

With only this object in view, it would be idle to take our readers back beyond the Reformation. For the purpose of this article it will be perfectly safe to regard that event as the original spring of all free thought in Europe, flowing through a variety of channels, and modifying in a thousand ways politics, theology, and philosophy. In England we discern two principal lines of thought descending from this common source, widely differing in character, rarely blending with each other, and represented respectively by the Puritanic or enthusiastic school, and the Rational or sceptic school. The first was devout, uncompromising, and wedded to the worship of ideas; the second was calm, tolerant, and a believer in nothing but experience. The one was a reaction against superstition and the political despotism which was supposed to be its natural ally; the other was a reaction against the scholastic philosophy and the general ignorance which it was supposed to foster. The one produced Milton, Bunyan, and the classical republicans; the other produced Bacon, Locke, Tillotson, and the Revolution Whigs. The Protectorate represented the triumph of the first school; the Revolution the triumph of the second. But the triumph of the last was final. Henceforth its rival fades off the public stage and disappears from view, not to rise again till the end of the century, when a new revolution was commencing both in the moral and material world, and then in quite a new form.

But besides these two, the direct offspring of the Reformation, there was another class of minds in England inspired by very different feelings, only partially and indirectly the result of that great event. The repudiation of the Papal authority, and the eradication of purely Roman doctrine, had not destroyed the Catholic character or habits of the Church of England. Reverence for authority was one of her primary doctrines; and when the first shock was over, the reverence which had been paid to the Pope was easily transferred to the King. The people in general were governed by the same law; while in the new-born spirit of loyalty, the peculiar growth of the seventeenth century, knights and nobles found a natural substitute for the parting spirit of chivalry. Here, then, was another form of enthusiasm to which the Rational school was just as much opposed as it was to the Puritanic, and which it vanquished even more completely. Thus a clean sweep had been made of idealism in both its branches. The empire of common sense was everywhere securely established; parliamentary government in politics, the authority in philosophy of experience, and in religion of probability, being its natural and congenial products. But it must be clear to every thinking mind that this triumph of the Rational principle, though doubtless a necessary link in the chain of national progress, was purchased at a frightful cost. The loss of all those more spiritual and intangible sanctions which had been deferred to alike by Puritan and by Anglican, by speculative republican and by romantic cavalier—in other words, the elimination from public life and from religious life of the whole element of poetry, of all that softens, elevates, and withdraws human beings from themselves, could not fail to exercise a very injurious influence on the national character, and a still worse influence on the national literature. It is always a trying time in the life of an individual when he passes from youth to middle age; when all his beautiful illusions, his faith in virtue or in friendship, his respect for authority, his dreams of love and ambition, his reverence for the invisible and the impalpable, begin, if not to disappear, to fade, and cease to have much influence on his daily conduct. At the same time he acquires broader views of life and its duties, a more correct appreciation of himself, a more tolerant estimate of others, greater capacity for work, a more general consciousness of power; and if with these advantages he is able to escape from the slough of a voluptuous cynicism, he may perhaps be no loser by the exchange. Now, it was through some such period of transition that the English people was passing when the portals of the eighteenth century opened to admit them. Analogous perils awaited them, and were not avoided. But nations have recuperative powers which are denied to individuals; and England emerged from the ordeal not without

numerous stains, but with a solidity of character which atoned for all, and made her the saviour of Europe.

But if we recur to the age of Pope, we see that he lived and wrote just at that very moment when the rational, utilitarian, view of life had taken strongest possession of the nation. The youthful grace, the poetic fancy, the spiritual earnestness, of the Elizabethan and Caroline era had vanished. The still deeper poetical feeling of an age sick with civilisation was yet to come. It was no use for Pope to wander in fancy's maze if he ever flattered himself that he did so. He was obliged to stoop to truth, for the only truth which his age recognised was of earth, earthy. But at all events he raised it from the ground, dressed and polished it, set it in exquisite numbers, and would, had he completed his design, have decked it with finer illustrations and nobler imagery than are to be found in the existing Essay. He himself says in his preface:—

“What is now published is only to be considered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particulars to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow; consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage; to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.”

But before considering the fitness of the subject for poetry, or Pope's fitness for the subject, it may be better to complete the philosophical history of the poem, that we may get as clear an idea as possible of what it was that Pope undertook to perform. He prided himself on “steering between the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite.” What did he mean, or suppose himself to mean, by that? It seems to us that he must have had some vague intention of vindicating the Christian idea of God, without committing himself to the support of dogmatic Christianity. The impression which the poem still leaves upon our minds, after the twentieth perusal of it, is that of an apology for natural religion, not as against the rival claims of revelation, but as against those who cavilled at “the course and constitution of nature;” in other words, against Atheism. Now *this* was an attitude which, as far as we can judge from the published works of Lord Bolingbroke, could not have been derived from *him*. For Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings consist almost exclusively of a laborious attempt to show not only the intrinsic unreasonableness, but the historical improbability, of much of our received theology. What is not this is refutation of the scholastic philosophy. With such questions as the origin of evil, or the duty of man, or the nature of virtue, he scarcely, if at all, concerns himself. It must have been, therefore, from oral communications, if from any thought of

St. John, that Pope drew the arguments of his poem. Against this hypothesis we have to set the positive statement of Lord Bathurst that he had seen the draught of it in Lord Bolingbroke's handwriting; and Mr. Pattison thinks that Lord Bathurst must have made some mistake. But there is no necessity for having recourse to this hypothesis. In the preface to the English translation of Archbishop King's "Origin of Evil," written by the Bishop of Carlisle, it is stated distinctly that the paper which Lord Bathurst saw lying upon Pope's desk was a synopsis of the Archbishop's system, which Bolingbroke seems to have drawn up for the use of his friend. Thus the popular tradition on the subject is quite consistent with Mr. Pattison's assertion that it was to King, Leibnitz, and Shaftesbury, not to Bolingbroke, that Pope was indebted for his arguments. Yet Bolingbroke himself aspired to something more than this. In the "Letter to Mr. Pope," which appears from internal evidence to have been written shortly after the publication of the first Epistle of the Essay, Bolingbroke does constitute himself the poet's "guide, philosopher, and friend," in relation to the continuation of the poem; and we find in this letter that very expression about "steering between two extremes," which Pope himself subsequently employed in a correspondence on the subject. The philosophical essays published in 1754 are the redemption of the promise herein made to the effect that he, Bolingbroke, would communicate to his friend, in a series of letters, his matured ideas on "natural theology, or theism, and natural religion, or ethics." But the fact seems to be that of this assistance Pope never availed himself. The four published epistles, the map or skeleton, as he calls them, dealt with a different subject-matter; and Bolingbroke's dissertations were reserved for those later epistles which were intended to complete the work. Thus the "Essay on Man," as we have it, is not much indebted to Bolingbroke. The "Essay on Man," as Pope intended it to be, would have been largely indebted to him.

The system, then, which Pope endeavours to exhibit in this famous fragment is what he had picked up from the writers whom Mr. Pattison names. He did steer a middle course, if it can be called so, between those who, like King, vindicated "the ways of God" from a Christian point of view, and those who did so from a Deistic point of view: that is to say, he dropped out Christianity from his scheme altogether, leaving it an open question, as De Quincey says, whether he was for it or against it. For the rest, the Essay is a species of optimism, the general drift of it being that man has no right to complain of what he is unable to understand; that he ought to be thankful he is no worse off; that he is admirably fitted with the powers which are appropriate to his present state; that if that state is not wholly satisfactory to him, it is chiefly because he misdirects those powers; while, as regards any suffering which is not

his own fault, he must remember that he is but a link in the great chain of the universe, and that the grandeur of the whole scheme of which he is a part should console him for anything which he finds amiss in his own particular situation. That this is a very inadequate rendering of the masterly argument of King any one may convince himself in a couple of hours who is reasonably acquainted with metaphysics. But it was not intended to throw any slur on Christianity. Those who were called Deists employed these and other arguments rather for the sake of showing that the human reason was sufficient of itself to convince men of the wisdom of God, the beauty of virtue, and the folly of impiety, without any further revelation, than with the design of casting discredit upon that revelation. Shaftesbury would steer between enthusiasm and rationalism, meaning by the last the system which makes the *only* incentive to virtue the prospect of a future state, but he does not exclude that prospect. Bolingbroke even, who raises the same class of objections to the Old Testament history as have been raised in our own time, and who rejects both Catholic theology and scholastic science, speaks of "that genuine Christianity which is taught in the gospels by Christ himself" quite as if he believed in it. And there is, moreover, this much to be said for Bolingbroke, that Pope, to whom his philosophical writings were addressed, was professedly a Roman Catholic, and that much of what the writer says against the Church and the clergy takes its colour from that fact, while some of it is inapplicable to any system but the Romish.

"Rationalism," says Mr. Pattison, "was not an anti-Christian sect outside the Church, making war against religion. It was a habit of thought ruling all minds, under the conditions of which all alike tried to make good the peculiar opinions they might happen to cherish. The Churchman differed from the Socinian, and the Socinian from the Deist, as to the number of articles in his creed; but all alike consented to test their belief by the rational evidence for it."

It was this "habit of thought," then, which mainly determined Pope in his choice of a subject. For there was a rationalism, as we have shown, both in literature and politics as well as in religion. But there was another influence at work in the composition of the "Essay on Man," a personal influence, quite as powerful as Bolingbroke's,—and that was Swift's. When Pope inveighs against man's "pride and dulness," when he exclaims "thou fool" and "vile worm," when he pens the couplet—

"Go teach eternal wisdom how to rule,
Then drop into thyself, and be—a fool"—

he is indulging a cynical rhetoric which is in no way demanded by his theme, but is redolent of the Dean of St. Patrick's. Swift's epigram on the Day of Judgment—which supplied Mr. Thackeray with a

text for some admirable criticisms on the author—must have been frequently in Pope's mind while he was writing this essay. Periods of revolution and disorder like that which had prevailed in England from the breaking out of the civil war to the end of the century, are favourable to the growth of this spirit. The court of George I. was as bad as the court of Charles II., without its elegance or its wit. And probably there has never been a time in English history when the character of public men stood lower than they did between the Peace of Utrecht and the war of the Austrian succession. Pope, who was really a great moral poet, felt all this very keenly, and though, of course, he is bitterer in those pieces which were expressly meant for invective, still in the "Essay on Man" the same spirit is perpetually cropping up, and merging the philosopher in the satirist. These then are the two lines of thought which produced this great work.

The public interest being centered on a certain class of philosophical inquiries, Pope conceived that he owed it to himself as the recognised head of English literature, to compose a poem on the subject. The division of literary labour, which is now carried so far that hardly any man of real eminence excels in more than one department, was then unknown. It is improbable that any man will ever again occupy in English literature the place that was occupied by Dryden, Pope, and Dr. Johnson. Scott and Southey, and, later, Lord Macaulay, approached to it, but still at a considerable interval; and that not because authorship had sunk, but because the public had advanced. But in the eighteenth century the occupant of the literary throne was supposed to be capable of distinction in all branches of literature. Whatever was the subject of the day, poetical or otherwise, he was bound to handle it. Thus Dryden wrote the "Hind and the Panther" and Pope the "Essay on Man," though we cannot say that either were fit topics for poetry, because they were the literary leaders. That was the essence of their position. That they were poets was an accident. Just as a great political leader cannot let a debate upon the question of the day pass off without speaking, though the subject may be wholly uncongenial to him, for fear of damaging his position, so Pope was compelled to take up metaphysics to maintain the prestige of his authority.

Whether his subject was a fit one for poetry or not is a question of the very highest interest, literary and philosophical. Mr. Pattison writes of it as follows:—

"The subject of the 'Essay on Man' is not considered in itself one unfit for poetry. Had Pope had a genius for philosophy, there was no reason why he should not have selected a philosophical subject. Didactic poetry is a mistake, if not a contradiction in terms. But poetry is not necessarily didactic because its subject is philosophical. And the highest phase of the philosophical imagination is tentative, not dogmatic. Philosophy cannot be presented as a system

of truth for defence of proof. It offers consideration for meditation, and not fixed verities. It is an attempt to elevate the whole mind towards the contemplation of the phenomena of the world, from their ideal side.

"Hence there is a close affinity between the mental state of the philosopher and the poet. Plato's 'Dialogues,' though not in verse, address the same faculty of imagination to which poetry appeals. Poetry, philosophy, and art, in their highest condition, are one. The possibility of presenting the Christian ideas in a poetical garb had been shown by Milton. There seems no reason why those of natural religion should not be offered for contemplation in a suitable form."

That "poetry, philosophy, and art are one" is an assertion, we suppose, based upon the doctrine that all three are equally concerned rather with ideas than with phenomena, rather with form than with matter. According to this doctrine, the universe was created on the pattern of certain pre-existent ideas in the Divine mind. To attain to a knowledge of these ideas is philosophy; to exhibit them in painting or in sculpture is art; to describe them in language is poetry. Imagination is necessary to all three; but the question is, if all three are equally competent to represent what they imagine? Take the instance of natural religion. The philosopher who has risen to the conception of pure being, and reasons deductively from ideas, has a vocabulary ready to his mind which all the learned comprehend; and he addresses himself to nobody else. If we take art, the artist has his marble or his colours. But the poet, if he is to make himself understood, must become a translator; he must find equivalents for all the scientific terms which form the language of metaphysics—substance, matter, essence, form; or if he dispense with these, he fails as Pope failed. And even suppose that he succeeds, it must be at the cost of exactness; so that what he gains in poetical effect he will lose in logical precision. Is this worth while? Admitting for the sake of argument, that philosophical propositions are susceptible of poetic expression, will the poetry we obtain compensate for the philosophy we spoil? Do we not rather spoil both in the process? The basis of such a piece may lie in the imagination. But if that is all, Euclid may be called a great poet, inasmuch as his science presupposes the existence of perfect forms which the imagination can conceive, but which the hand cannot reproduce. Yet is geometry poetry? To say that it deals with inanimate matter, whereas the poet would have human nature to deal with, is obviously no argument. For when the poet gets to human nature, he quits the region of ideas and descends to the region of phenomena. Plato's objection to poets seems to have been that they were imitators of phenomena, and, consequently, propagators of falsehood. Pope might have understood his subject better, and have treated the drier parts of it with profounder insight and more subtle logic; but had he been another Sir W. Hamilton in these respects, he could only have given to his verses as much excellence as if they had been prose. There would

still have been much in the poem that was not poetry, and little in the poetry that was not illustration or digression. As another critic has remarked already, Milton is not a case in point. His poem is sensuous and anthropomorphic. It is not Christian ideas, but supernatural events which are the subject of "Paradise Lost." It is unnecessary perhaps to add, that religion of any kind in its effects upon the human heart, as it was one of the earliest, so is one of the properest subjects that can engage a poet. But a poem on natural religion is not religious poetry.

As often as Pope can disentangle himself from the metaphysical part of his subject, and launch into the broad field of human life as we see it spread out before us, with its rivalries and its vanities, its blunders and its triumphs, its weakness and its madness, the guilt that soils glory, the weariness that waits on wisdom, the jealousy that stabs greatness, and the Nemesis which dogs success, he is equal even to his own enormous fame. "*Radit iter liquidum*," and if inferior to Lucretius, is inferior to Lucretius only, and that in only one passage. Whether Pope would have made a great lyrical poet or not is doubtful. The moral poet generalises; the lyrical deals with individuals.¹ Pope's nature was sensitive, but not passionate; affectionate, but, to judge from several little traits that have come down to us, not, perhaps, very sympathetic. The "Ode to Cecilia's Day" is good, not great. But he had the most intense appreciation of moral grandeur, and detestation of moral meanness. This warmth of feeling, superinduced upon the natural instincts which belong to all men, heated them into poetry; and in his unequalled powers of expression, made him the poet that he was. He himself says that the chief object which he proposed to himself was correctness. With a few words on this subject, we shall conclude our remarks.

The two critics who have been most severe on Pope for his low conception of correctness, and for his sacrifice of truth to antithesis, are De Quincey and Macaulay. Both, we think, have left something to be added on this question. The sum and substance of what Macaulay says is this—that correctness is fidelity to nature; and that any other account of it is ridiculous. In support of this illustration he adduces endless illustrations, but not a single argument. He puts a variety of cases, in which, of course, everybody must agree with him. But as usual with Lord Macaulay, his ardour carries him too far, and leaves his rear at the mercy of his enemy. As long as he is enlarging on the absurdity of calling Coleridge and Shelley incorrect, he is unassailable; but he seems to have forgotten that he had set out by declaring that theirs was the only real correctness. He laughs at metrical laws because they would have

(1) That is, expresses either his own emotions, or those of some other person, or else celebrates some particular event. Gray's "Elegy" is not lyrical poetry.

damned Rogers; though even here he is wrong. It has escaped his mind that but for these very same metrical laws such a poet as Rogers would have been impossible. The truth is, that Lord Macaulay never took the trouble to consider what Pope himself really understood by correctness, and was clearly under the impression that the vindication of the Lake school was the condemnation of the Pope school. It was no such thing. There is no necessary incompatibility between the two.

When Pope "resolved to be correct," what he meant was, that correctness should be the peculiar merit of his *style*, not of his sentiments. As we had the judicious Beaumont, the majestic Dryden, the strong Denham, and the smooth Waller, so should we have in future the correct Pope. This, of course, implies that his predecessors were incorrect. And if we discover what he meant by that, we shall know what he meant by the contrary. We have not far to look. In *Imit. Hor. ii. 1*, we have the well-known passage explanatory of the very word in question which had been used a few lines further back :—

"But Otway failed to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line;
E'en copious Dryden wanted or forgot
The last and greatest art—the art to blot."

It is plain what Pope meant. He meant to do just what Mr. Pattison credits him with having done. "The Elizabethan poets and their successors have only cared to utter their fancies, thoughts, conceits, and images, in rich exuberance of phrase. They were incapable of selection, or of keeping back. Though full of second-hand classical allusions, they had no sense of true classical form." "The greater part of the poetry of the seventeenth century, prior to the Restoration, seems to be without any prosodial system; to know nothing of rhythm, metre, or accent, and to be bound together solely by the final assonance."

The Restoration, which brought with it the knowledge of French literature, brought with it a perception of the deficiency. To supply it became an object with English men of letters. The improvement in versification, says Mr. Pattison, was but a part of "the general endeavour at composition." Waller, according to Dryden, began the reform. Dryden himself carried it on. It was reserved for Pope to take it up in good earnest, make it his own work, to bring it to completion, and identify it with his own name. If to do this were not meritorious—if to perfect excellence of matter by adding to it excellence of form, to prune and chasten its diction, to give symmetry to our periods and conciseness to our meaning, to substitute law for anarchy, and clearness for confusion, was not in itself a good work, we have no more to say. That the result was liable to abuse is

nothing to the purpose. The discipline of one age may become the pedantry of another. That has never been held a valid argument against discipline. It was a necessary step in our literary progress; and, to repeat what we have said already, had it not been for such poems as the "Essay on Man," we could never have had such poems as the "Pleasures of Hope" and the "Pleasures of Memory," the "Traveller," or the "Deserted Village." As Pope says of Creation, there must be somewhere such a rank as man, so we may say of English literature there must have been somewhere such a poet as Pope. Now this is just the view of the case which never occurred to Lord Macaulay. He takes Shakespeare, Pope, and Byron, and compares them together absolutely, regardless of the particular circumstances in which each was placed. You might as well compare together the Highlanders who followed Montrose, the Guardsmen who fought at Fontenoy, and the Zouaves who stormed Sebastopol. An age of discipline was necessary before we had an age of greater freedom. Though, according to Mr. Pattison, that freedom has now become license, and we want a new Pope to impose new restrictions.

De Quincey's objections to Pope on the score of correctness are, as might be expected, more subtle; but even he dwells too much on faults which do not touch the question. Incorrectness of reasoning, incorrectness of thought, the want of logical continuity, are certainly great faults in any writer. But it was not upon the avoidance of *these* faults that Pope's mind was set when he "resolved to be correct." And De Quincey has been betrayed into error by his own over subtlety as much as Macaulay was by his careless generalisation. De Quincey complains of Pope's faulty syntax, of the unreality of his satirical pictures, of the want of earnestness in his moral indignation. Supposing all these charges were true, they are beside the mark; they do not touch upon the real part which Pope played as one of the great writers through whose hands English literature has been handed down from one generation to another. What that part was we have already described, and need not go over it again—to say nothing of the fact that it has been described in far better language by Mr. Pattison himself. But we do totally dissent from De Quincey in his estimate of Pope's moral earnestness. This was really Pope's strong ground. This was what kindled Mr. Thackeray's admiration for him, and we cannot help thinking that it was some want of this quality in Mr. De Quincey himself that disabled him from seeing it in Pope.

T. E. KEBBEL.

THE CONDITION OF FRANCE.

A FEW years ago, the case of France was, by the almost general consent of the political witenagemote, declared an utterly hopeless one. She had played out her part; she was beyond recovery. Her revolutions had succeeded one another; from despotism she had fallen into anarchy; from anarchy back into tyrannic rule; her feeble Constitutional attempts only served to unchain revolutionary storms, which in their turn led once more to the establishment of Autocracy. At last she had got the government which she deserved. She was down on her knees, bearing the Cæsarean incubus with remarkable patience. People now contemptuously shrugged their shoulders, and mentally striking their breasts, exclaimed in half-peevisish, half-piteous tones—"What can you hope yet of that fickle, and at the same time spiritless, nation?"

There was certainly cause for despondency then. Absolute despair the political philosopher could not possibly feel. There has been, ere this, some other nation which has passed, at one time of its history, through equally variegated fortunes. This very England may be cited as a proof. For nearly a hundred years it had once been tossed about between antagonistic systems; and the only thing to be wondered at is, that there should be such a general agreement in forgetting this plain fact. Between 1640, which may be taken as the starting-point of the English Revolution, and 1746, when Stuart pretensions were finally vanquished in the battle of Culloden, England had been under absolute Monarchical rule; then under Parliamentary guidance; then under a Republican government; then came the Restoration of the Stuarts; then a new Revolution; until matters settled down into a Constitutional form of government, which is again now undergoing a transformation in the sense of advanced popular principles.

The changes during the epoch mentioned were of a jerky, abrupt character. It was as if different nations showed their faces by turns. The English people—at present ranked as the steadiest, and supposed to be very fond of a compromise—had then on the Continent the reputation of being the most turbulent, wayward, volatile race, loving extremes, and not content with any political system whatsoever. It was at that time also said abroad that corruption, denunciation, unprincipled defection, and other vices, had deeply tainted the character of the British nation. Yet, what a transformation has been since wrought! Who would recognise the English of to-day in that former picture?

I do not think myself that the abrupt and contradictory solutions

which took place in England from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, are in reality to be fathered to the "ever-changing temper of the nation." At least not, if we take the nation as a unit, or as a clearly-pronounced majority. We are too apt to forget in our days on what narrow basis the various parties stood which alternately held sway during such troublous times. The student of history knows well enough that in countries with strong Royalist antecedents, vast changes are usually *not* brought about by decisive majorities. Despotism would not be that bane to mankind, if it had the natural effect of educating the masses into an enlightened love of freedom. Hence, when, in such a State, a revolutionary or ultra-reactionary movement begins, it is, on both sides, the active, organised minorities, that are of chief importance, whilst the masses are mainly floating material with general tendencies one way or the other; occasionally with none at all. Upon the character of the leaders a great deal depends under such circumstances. The "chapter of accidents" also plays its notable part. It is not so in old-established communities, such as free Switzerland, in which the political education of the masses is of long standing. As to England, she, too, is now placed beyond the danger of having to submit, alternately, to systems of government dissimilar in their very root. Her popular elements work themselves up with steadily-increasing force through the superincumbent aristocratical structure. No matter by what agency the ultimate "toss" will be effected, a relapse, so far as prevision is possible, need no longer be feared for her. For all that, let us not forget that even she was once in a different plight; and let us not hastily conclude that a nation is played out because it has had many alternations.

There are some European countries in which contradictory solutions may yet be brought about, as it were, by rotation. There are countries—and France is eminently such a one—in which, to this day, antagonistic political nations live side by side, sometimes in sullen quietude, sometimes in open feud with each other; each having its own system and principles; each getting its turn of power.

There is, or at least there was, until lately in France, the *Orleanist Nation*, with its Monarchical theory on the Constitutional pattern.

Opposed to it, the *Democratic Nation*, with its revolutionary traditions and more or less elaborate plans of Republican or Socialist administration.

Standing apart, a dead-alive relic, the *Legitimist Clan* continued a half-mummified existence, well-nigh despairing of making its pretensions heard.

Then there was the *Bonapartist Ring*—scarcely to be called a political party, so little did it count any men of note in its ranks—yet all-powerful in late years, through a successful State-stroke.

Orleanism chiefly recruited its adherents among the upper-middle class. Democracy had its stronghold among the lower-middle and working class; in a few instances also, among the agriculturists. Legitimism lingered among the nobles and the priesthood. Bonapartism was formed of the "Chauvins;" of adventurers eager for a good turn of personal luck; and of a crowd of benighted peasants, some of whom, in 1848, believed Napoleon to be still alive, or spoke of Messrs. Lamartine and Marie as of "*la Martine*," and "*la Marie*," whom they considered women of doubtful renown!

Now, in order to appreciate the difficulties with which the popular party in France has had to struggle, it is necessary to cast a glance at the layers of her population. The townspeople have hitherto been the guiding forces, in some respects the sole available forces, of the Liberal and Democratic movement. But the townspeople are—and in former times to a much larger extent were—a minority in the country; the vast mass of the French nation being composed of peasants. Whilst one half of the inhabitants of Great Britain live in towns, the immense majority of the French dwell in villages. Towards 1848, not quite 25 per cent. of them resided in towns. Gradually—within the last sixteen years especially—there has been a diminution in the agricultural population, and a corresponding increase in that of the cities. Yet, even at the last census, there were 26,554,888 of people dwelling in the country; and not quite 11,000,000 of those reckoned as towns-population—namely, 1,953,660 in the Seine Department, and 8,887,765 in the various provincial towns. Within the last seven years, the movement towards the towns has, however, rapidly increased; and this, as will presently be shown, has had its political significance and effect.

When we come to inquire into the influence of the different classes on the State government, some startling facts present themselves. The serf of the *ci-devant* régime was not an essential force of the upheaving of 1789. The agrarian tumults which preceded that mighty movement, no doubt served to intimidate the nobility. But the great political spirit which had characterised many leaders of the peasant insurrections of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, in various parts of Europe, had not a single representative in those pre-revolutionary riots. During the Revolution itself—which, through attacks from without, added to dangers from within, soon became a convulsive struggle—little could be done to raise the intellectual standard of the peasantry. Under Napoleon I., the peasant class served as the instrument of despotic ambition. Though at first unwillingly bearing the "blood-tax," it became at last identified with the Imperial interest—so much so that it learnt to regard its taskmaster as the author of benefits originally bestowed upon it by the Revolutionary Assemblies.

Politically, the peasantry had played no part, or at most a reactionary one, between 1789 and the advent of Napoleon. Whilst he ruled, that "silent policy" prevailed which the hero-worshippers so much admire: the Usurper alone spoke. Civic spirit now only was a title to persecution. Public instruction, so far as there was any, centred in the idea that the chief duty of a citizen was to pay, bleed, and die for the Emperor.

Under the Restoration, the peasantry continued as a political blank—or rather as a dark background, out of which all sorts of reaction might be evolved, except that particular kind which would have touched their freehold possessions. In the *Charte* of the Bourbons, the peasants had no place. The electoral system by which that royal house upheld itself, was of the most narrow, aristocratic character. Scarcely less so was that of the Orleans Monarchy, in spite of its having been founded on the barricades. Out of the 33,000,000 inhabitants, or 6—7,000,000 adult men, not more than 200,000 had then the franchise! The landed and highest moneyed classes alone swayed the country; and at the present day it seems scarcely credible that so total a compression of the popular element could be maintained for eighteen years on such a volcanic soil.

It was the ill-advised resistance of Louis-Philippe against the enfranchisement even of the "*capacities*"—that is, of the learned and intellectual element—which brought about his overthrow. Then, by a decree of the Provisional Government, the portals were all at once flung open to the entire population, down to the most bigoted cottager in Brittany. Universal suffrage was introduced.

It was a bold and a generous measure; at that time perhaps a fatal one. There are thorough-going Republicans who hold that the sovereignty of the people is impossible without a Republic, and that the latter is therefore paramount over the mere numerical majority. Those at least had, as a right, as a duty, to ask themselves whether it was wise to place the new form of government simply at the mercy of ignorance?

However, suffrage without restriction was proclaimed, and for the moment the measure seemed to succeed. The members of the Constituent Assembly, elected on that principle, called out on meeting, not less than twenty-seven times, "Long live the Republic!" They did it, it is true, with the Paris people in arms surging around them like a tumultuous sea, on which the new legislators thought it safest to ride out the storm, until calmer weather came in.

I need not dwell on what happened afterwards. I need not bring to recollection how the terrible and for-ever-to-be-deplored days of June, 1848, in which the hand of Bonapartism can be traced, heralded in the reaction; how a Parliament, with secret anti-democratic longings, discarding the contrary views of Ledru-Rollin,

Louis Blanc, and others, framed a constitution in which the executive power was conferred upon a single person—a dangerous experiment in countries of monarchical antecedents—how the Pretender was let in through mistaken generosity or cunning calculation; how a coalition of royalists and priests favoured his elevation to the presidential power; and how that future author of a *coup d'état* was installed in a position which he soon knew how to turn to his own advantage.

Universal suffrage had placed the uninstructed tillers of the soil in the position of arbiters. In vain the Republicans, under Ledru-Rollin's self-sacrificing leadership, struggled to regain the ascendancy in June, 1849, when the President had committed the first violation of the fundamental law by the expedition against Rome. The current of events swiftly bore the Democratic bark along to destruction. In the towns the party of the new Commonwealth had become divided against itself. As to the agriculturists, Louis-Napoleon studied hard how to make use of them, in order to subjugate the superior intellect of the nation. It was through a surprise, effected in the great cities by means of an army almost exclusively composed of peasants, and by previous bribery of the officers, that the Commonwealth was overturned by its Chief Magistrate. Only in some localities—such as in the Hautes-Alpes, where there is a peasantry of a sturdy, independent spirit—were attempts made even by that class to resist the crime.

The terror exercised after December, 1851; the fusillades, the transportations,¹ the gagging laws, are matters of notoriety. Nor are the practices unknown which were resorted to for swelling a Government majority. When colonels took the vote of the soldiers by ordering those who would say "yea" to present arms, and the others to fall out of the ranks; when, in the very Corps Legislatif, proof was given of more votes of "yea" having been recorded in some parishes than there were registered voters, nay, even people, it is needless to add a word.

Yet, in many instances, real thickness of head must have been the cause of an illiberal vote. For years the agriculturists simply followed the impulse given them by the authorities in power. Questions of ideal liberty, of high policy, did not touch them. Provided the freehold property which the Revolution of 1789—1792 conferred upon them was not infringed, they could be made to cast any vote. On this latter point they are, however, tenacious, and with good reason; for there are some 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 landed

(1) After June, 1848, 11,003 men were transported. Napoleon acknowledges having transported, after December, 1851, 26,884 men, and down to 1859, 428 more, in consequence of the so-called "Law of Public Security." But the best statisticians, such as Kolb, in his "Handbook," doubt of this being a complete statement. The number of those shot has never been ascertained.

proprietors in France, through the revolutionary parcelling out of royal, aristocratic, and mortmain estates. The impotence of the Legitimists is traceable to their hankering, in matters of land-holding, after the *ci-devant* condition, against which the very boor sets himself tooth and nail.

A few words on Public Instruction in France are here requisite. They have a side-bearing on this country also, where, owing to the widening of the electoral circle, an efficient educational system has become an additional necessity. If citizens are to rule a State, they ought certainly to be able to read and write. Now, in this respect, more than one country of Europe is in a condition almost verging on barbarousness. In France, not more than forty years ago, 55·21 per cent. of the military conscripts were unable to read and write! The proportion decreased in 1840—1844 to 40·93 per cent.; in 1850—1854 to 34·51. Even now there are nearly 30 per cent. in the French army utterly ignorant of such rudimentary knowledge; a fact of vast importance when we think of the part which that army plays in the political struggles of the country.

Matters appear even worse when the marriage contracts are taken as a test. A few years ago, out of those married in France, nearly three-fourths could not sign their names, viz., nearly one-third of the men, and well-nigh one-half of the women. The difference in the various departments is however enormous. Those situated towards the German, Swiss, and Belgian frontier, and near the capital, stand highest, whilst the other departments exhibit the crudest ignorance. Thus, of the persons married in 1860, in the department of the Lower Rhine—whose population is of German origin—only 2·23 per cent. were unable to sign their names; in the Meuse department, 3·19; in the Vosges, 3·27; in the Meurthe, 4·44; in the Upper Marne, 4·61; in the Doubs, 5·32; in the Upper Rhine, 6·22; in the Manche, 8·11; in the Seine, 8·61; in the Moselle department, 9·02 per cent. But in all other departments the proportion of the utterly uninstructed was far larger, rising in Corsica—which has given France its present dynasty—to 60 per cent.; in the Vendée—which has made the most desperate stand against the cause of freedom—to 61·10; and in other provinces that were wedded, until recently, to the Bonapartist cause, as high as 70 and even 75·53 per cent.

With cutting parody of a famous Napoleonic phrase, it has therefore been said—“*L'Empire, c'est l'Ignorance!*”

The figures given are eloquent enough. Nor will their effect be marred when I add that, out of the 32,500,000 francs which some years ago formed the budget of Public Instruction, only 6,000,000 were contributed by the State Exchequer, whilst the Civil List was 25,000,000 francs; the cost of the Court in general about 40,000,000 francs; and the Army and Navy expenses, 463,000,000 francs.

Louis-Napoleon's civil list is the highest in the world. Yet, a few years since, it was already charged with a debt of 80,000,000 francs. No wonder the Democratic press should draw comparisons between the annual income which Louis-Napoleon has decreed to himself, and the "ridiculously small sum" which forms the salary of an American President. No wonder, also, that the difference between what the Court spends, and what is laid out for the education of the people, should create an indignant astonishment.

I have gone into these details mainly with the view of pointing to the dark elements which Bonapartism, once established by a nocturnal surprise, was able to mould for its own ends. There is a "map of intellect," indicating the degree of education prevailing in the several departments; and, remarkably enough, it tallies with another map, showing the respective forces of the Empire and of the Opposition. Where education stands highest, the adherents of Government are few and far between. As a rule, the agricultural districts are tinted in both maps with the more sombre shades, signifying intellectual backwardness and Imperialist conservatism.

Here I come, however, to a strange phenomenon. An alteration has been gradually wrought in this condition under the very auspices of the Cæsar who had the greatest interest in preventing it. The so-called "Peasants' Emperor" is no longer a peasants' ruler to the former extent. He has to count at present with a population somewhat differently constituted to what it was when he first rose to power.

Various important measures of his have turned against him. *Under his Government an increase of the towns' population, a decrease of the agricultural population has taken place;* and this not so much through a healthy development of industry, as through measures fatally involved with the Cæsarean system. The cities contain a working class apt to become restive in years of famine or slack trade; the more so, as the Empire had augmented the burden of taxes. A provision had therefore to be made: it consisted of the sale of bread for the poorer classes under the market price, the towns being saddled for that purpose with a budget arbitrarily decreed by an Imperial commission.

One of the effects of this measure has been the influx of country people into the larger cities, where, after all, they become imbued with Democratic ideas.

Another cause of such an influx was the artificial push given to the building trade, all Cæsarean rulers desiring to perpetuate their memory by masonry. In the case of Louis-Napoleon there was, no doubt, an additional motive as regards the reconstruction of Paris. When in exile he declared that, if he should come to power, he would not remain satisfied until he had cut up the capital into regular blocks

of houses, with straight wide streets. The working and lower middle class were to be driven out from their quarters, which had so often proved convenient for barricading. Paris was to be beautified into a city adapted for the free play of artillery.

There is a French proverb, "If the building trade prospers, everything prospers." On this maxim, towns were turned topsy-turvy, and labourers were allured to the cities to aid in the demolition and reconstruction. The result was again that a section of the country people—both such as remained in town or went back to their villages—were leavened with Democratic notions; and the effect of this migration may already be gathered from the recent elections, and the number of Opposition members returned.

The figures of the votes cast afford, however, a far safer guide for appreciating the situation. Whilst formerly the aggregate Opposition *bulletins* were stated to be an insignificant minority, they now come up nearly to those recorded on the Government side. Government had 4,500,000; the united Opposition, 3,900,000. A difference of but 600,000! This under a régime which has so many means of influence and intimidation at its command, and whose orders are obeyed by a colossal establishment, military and bureaucratic, the numbers of which alone would more than suffice to explain the difference!¹ Add to this that Government had so changed the boundaries of many electoral districts as to obscure the state of public opinion, and that cases of tampering with the ballot-box have been sworn to by witnesses. And still nearly one half of the country is shown to be arrayed against the Napoleonic system—the minorities everywhere coming up closely to the apparent majorities!

Is this a situation which can last? In a country with old parliamentary institutions, things may go on quietly under similar circumstances, all parties being agreed to work for peaceful issues. But can it be so in France, where clashing systems are at war, where party bears to party an irreconcilable hatred? If Democracy could establish itself in previous years with so slender a material as it had then in hand—what will be the ultimate result now? The Old Guard of Republicanism has stood faithful, and a new generation has grown up ready for a return to "first principles."

Whilst the Democrats gather into a phalanx in front, the nation at large is agitated with discontent at the notorious mismanagement of the State finances. France, it has been said, must certainly be able to "pay for her glory," seeing that in eighteen years she has paid to the Emperor, by way of the civil list, 450,000,000, or more correctly speaking, with the addition of sundry perquisites, 756,000,000 francs. This is the sum he has contrived to spend for

(1) The Army represents 800,000 votes; the Officials represent 250,000; the Clergy, 65,000.

himself. The calculation, when first published, created an impression on a people who had been told by the present ruler that he was "a *parvenu*" and "the working-man's friend." However, this is as a mere nothing in comparison to the financial condition which the country in general has been brought to under his rule.

It would lead too far to enter deeply into this chapter, and to trace some startling facts of political revulsion to the growing revelations of budget malversation. Already in 1855, Baron Richemont, reporting in the name of a Committee, complained of the State expenses being "double what they had been under the First Empire." Even so early as 1854—that is, before the wars—not only the debt had vastly augmented, but the active State property had enormously decreased through the sale of railways, of State domains, and of possessions formerly held by the Orleans family, as well as by extraordinary clearings in the State forests. Nevertheless, the extensive budgets were year by year exceeded—the annual excess varying between 150,000,000 and 813,000,000 francs. There was no control, no possibility of taking ministers to task; the Emperor alone being declared "responsible," and his person at the same time "sacred" against any attack. In the press, not a syllable could be breathed. The Financial Ring kept strong political watch and word.

From 1862, when public clamour began to rise, the most curious devices were resorted to in order to sham a restricted budget, and even a surplus. The truth is, that in the following years exactly the same transgressions took place, figures being only more cleverly arranged. The surplus, exhibited by sleight-of-hand, regularly vanished like a mirage; and one morning the Chief of the State had actually to sit down and to indite a letter to the public acknowledging a deficit of 1,000,000,000 francs, which nobody knew how to account for.

Fresh revelations leaked out concerning that Imperial Commission which acts as an irresponsible communal council for Paris. Neither the capital nor the town next in importance, Lyons, possess communal representation. Yet Paris alone is saddled with a budget like a kingdom; only, it is assessed by Government decree, and it is administered—accordingly.¹ No wonder that with the growing boldness of the public spirit ugly things were said by the

(1) In the words of Kolb, it is "the budget of a kingdom hastening towards a financial cataclysm. In 1847, the amount was 46,000,000 francs. In 1853 (immediately after the establishment of the Empire), the receipts were driven up to 55,000,000 francs; but in reality there was an outlay, ordinary and extra-ordinary, of 90,000,000, which necessitated a loan of 50,000,000. The Paris budget for 1859 concluded with the figure of 77,649,081 francs. The sum really spent was, however, according to the final account, 97,720,545 francs. The budget for 1864 was fixed at 81,586,376 francs of ordinary, and 52,714,936 francs of extra-ordinary outlay; to which are to be added 15,500,000 francs of supplementary, and 1,337,630 francs of special outlay; the whole coming to 151,408,942 francs. Yet, the final account gave the enormous sum of 175,712,566 francs." And thus matters have gone on from bad to worse.

Opposition deputies, and that even the Government-appointed President of that well-trained body did not dare any longer to stop all discussion of the subject. As is usual when matters assume a grave aspect, some of the minor practitioners, driven at bay by the adversary, and feeling ill-supported by the highest culprits, began to vacillate. M. Haussmann himself had to make his confession. A name was even whispered which brought back to memory the famous *ci-devant* Affair of the Necklace. People spoke of pin-money, which had swallowed up millions after millions!

The indignation awakened by these scandals has eaten deep into the minds of men otherwise slow to criticise Government policy. All attempts of semi-official writers at tracing "the prosperity to which France has attained during the last eighteen years" to the policy of the Emperor, are met by a contemptuous reference to this malversation. "We have become more prosperous," men say now, "not on account, but in spite of the Bonapartean system. During those eighteen years all countries have made industrial progress. We did the same, owing to the prevailing current. Government has only taken advantage of that movement to fill the pockets of its own confederates. What thanks do we owe it for that?"

Even from a financial point of view, the downfall of Bonapartism is therefore looked forward to complacently, or with strange indifference, by classes generally inclined to notions of stability. It is true Louis-Napoleon has artfully sought to fortify himself by interesting large masses in his loans. It was a leaf craftily taken from Louis Blanc's ideas. Some thought, until recently, that this vast distribution of small investments would act as a guarantee against the spread of Democratic sentiments. Of this notion they must by this time be disabused. It is self-evident, moreover, that the very circumstance of such vast distribution is a security to the holders for repayment under any government.

Among the causes of the present Democratic revivals, Foreign Affairs are not to be omitted. The Second Empire was built on that foundation-stone of modern autocracy: a defiant, war-like attitude against nations abroad, as a means of diverting dissatisfaction at home. Glory, instead of liberty. In a country with strong military ideas, that policy has always some chance. In France, this was eminently the case, because the soldierly traditions of the Republic and of the Empire had become confusedly blended through the disturbed course of the first Revolution. Under the Restoration, and under the so-styled Napoleon of Peace, the Chauvinist section of Democracy, the men of the *National*, had cultivated those traditions with an assiduity of which many of them afterwards repented. Béranger, the people's poet, had fallen in with this semi-military, semi-democratic tendency; the mischief thus done to the Republican cause is incalculable. Now, in his

"Idées Napoléoniennes," the fruit of his meditations in exile, the present French ruler cunningly combined the Republican and Imperialist formulas; by a treatise on the "Extinction of Pauperism," he dashed them over in addition with a pseudo-socialist hue. He thus felt his way in various directions, and on reaching power used alternately the means of government thus shadowed forth, by humouring the Chauvinist leanings and playing upon class feuds.

It is not difficult to trace each war of Louis-Napoleon since 1854 to the necessity in which he found himself in the face of a beginning growth of Opposition at home. Each attempt at such a Liberal revival was drowned in gory *gloire*. The Russian, the Italian, the Mexican wars had all been preceded by popular or parliamentary agitations. It is the misfortune of oppressed nations that, whilst the means for combining an armed resistance are taken away from them, any endeavour of meeting despotism in legal grooves will only induce the autocrat to apply the "policy of diversion." There are shallow talkers who would fain persuade us that the sword is the sovereign and exclusive remedy in all cases of a crying State evil. If they looked to the vicious circle in which a nation that has once been got down on its knees is placed, even they might perhaps judge more leniently of acts of resistance that do not bear the accustomed constitutional ticket.

However, within the last few years, Louis-Napoleon has been surrounded from abroad as with a circle of fire. Contrary to his plan, a United Italy arose out of the Garibaldian initiative. The very failure of Italian Democracy before Rome rebounded upon the Imperial system: it was too much for the French people to be thrice made the soldiers of the Pope. On the other side of the ocean, the French ruler meant to found a Latin Empire, and to aid in the ruin of the Anglo-Saxon Republic. Instead of this, he was ignominiously driven out from Mexico; and this defeat, combined with the triumph of the United States, at once lowered his prestige, and gave an impetus to the ideas embodied in the American Constitution. Neither did that which happened in Germany render his position more comfortable. The military party, his chief support, were offended by the rearing up of a rival Cæsarean power, and by the insufficiency, as they in their ruffled pride considered it, of the concession made in the Luxemburg quarter. The Democrats felt it as a sting that "Liberty as in Austria," and in other South-German States, should have taken the start of the France of 1792, 1830, and 1848. Meantime, England's popular forces were brought up in the Reform movement: the earnest determination and the joyous tumult of those popular strivings could not but awaken an echo in the French nation. Then Spain—despised Spain—suddenly rose in revolution, driving out a dynasty with as much ease as if a spider's web had to be brushed away. South, north, east, west, on this and on the other

side of the ocean, France found herself outflanked. It was more than could be brooked. The spell under which an awe-stricken people had lain so long began to dissolve.

A half-hearted attempt at concession, made by the decrees for the better treatment of the Press, and for the restoration of something like the right of meeting, turned out a blow to the Government cause. As soon as it was seen that the power of repression was partly gone, or put in abeyance from sheer necessity, an immense revulsion of feeling occurred. It is a fact little known that, before the decrees alluded to, there were but two or three Democratic organs in all France, whilst, since, about one hundred and fifty have sprung up in the provinces, well-nigh all more fiery in their tone than the Parisian journals, except the *Réveil* and the *Rappel*, which represent two sections of exiles. In this phenomenon, the real difficulty of the Government may be perceived. It cannot live any longer on the December traditions, and all concessions undermine its existence. As to the third possible course—a warlike diversion—that seems now out of the question; doubly so, since the long-discredited rumours about Louis-Napoleon's enfeebled health are at last proved to have reposed on a serious fact.

I here come to the Army, upon whose attitude so much depends.

It is difficult to learn anything about its spirit, for the rule of passive obedience and silent execution is enforced with rigidity. The French army is not like the Spanish, which has so frequently fought out the political struggles of its country. It is not like the English, whose officers are bound up with society, and whose every member is responsible before the law. It is not even like the Prussian army, with its civic Landwehr, which sometimes shows strong political leanings—as it did in 1849, when it was unwillingly led against the Revolution of south-western Germany; or in 1866, when it had to be driven to the task set to it by an ambitious King. There is nothing in French history comparable to the wholesale defection of troops which occurred in Baden twenty years ago, when the very dynasty was driven out by the insurgent soldiers. The French army is differently minded. It generally moves like clockwork. The man in power sets it in motion at his will—this way, that way; and he always finds ready obedience. Had the National Assembly in autumn, 1851, assumed the chief command, as some of its more far-seeing members then proposed, it would have been as easy to arrest the President as it was afterwards easy for the President to arrest the leading Parliamentarians.

Since Paris has been strategically rebuilt, and arms of precision have been introduced which are able to do wonders, a rising in the macadamized capital, with its subterranean passages for troops, and its system of barrack-forts above, is a different affair to what

it was in former days. The more need for any party aiming at a great political change to win over adherents among the troops. It is not requisite that the majority of the soldiers should thus be gained. A small section will suffice to disorganize the military machinery, to strike terror into the hearts of the leaders. Louis-Napoleon, who is not foreign to conspiratory studies, knows this to a nicety. Hence he has endeavoured to stop, as much as possible, the intercourse between the privates, as well as the non-commissioned officers, and the popular classes.

The mass of officers, from reasons well known in France, do not see much of "society;" and, on the other hand, cannot easily mix with the "lower orders." They have, therefore, few opportunities for forming political opinions. It is different with the officers who occupy the rank of colonel, and who are regarded as somewhat more sedate. They are admitted to the society of the higher middle-class, and before them opinions are freely expressed, as it is assumed that their sense of military honour will prevent them from divulging what they have heard. In times of great crisis they thus learn much, and discreetly wait to see how matters turn. Thus, the colonels, together with the non-commissioned officers, have the bulk of the army in hand. The generals, who have little direct intercourse with the mass of the subordinates, do not count for so much whenever an attempt is to be made to gain over the army to this or that side.

The non-commissioned officers stand nearest to the lower middle and working class, the colonels to the higher *bourgeoisie*. When the latter observe that the very *bourgeoisie*—generally so timorous—has made up its mind to go against the Government, there is a great chance of defection in the military ranks. But, still, it is only on the day of real action that the results of this silent conversion become visible. At present we have scarcely any guiding facts to go by, except that toward the end of the Mexican war there was some mutinous spirit in several crack regiments that were to be sent across the ocean; and that, a few months ago, the marshal then in chief command issued an order converting Sunday into a day of regular practice—in other words, keeping the soldiers away from contact with the people.

But how will it be possible to prevent such communication for any length of time, when the very re-organisation of the army, as lately decreed, tends to turn every citizen into a trooper?

The military establishment of France now consists of nearly 1,400,000 men. This, too, is one of the grievances which have found their vent in the last elections. France is being soldiered out of the very marrow of her life; and she does not relish it. The average size of her men has constantly diminished within the last

eighty years. The withering effects of the Napoleonic wars are visible even now. As to the slow increase of the population there are other causes, difficult to treat upon in an essay addressed to the general public. England proper has nearly doubled its population within the last fifty years in spite of emigration. In Germany there has been a similar progressive movement. France, with no emigration worth speaking of, has in the same period not fully increased one-third. Latterly the number of births has diminished to such an extent, that a French statistician of note declared the time not to be distant when, if things did not alter, the births would no longer suffice to cover the losses by death. It is under the second empire that this condition has assumed such alarming proportions. The days of the decline of the Roman Empire have thus forced themselves, in more than one sense, on the recollections of Frenchmen weary of an Imperial *panem et circenses* policy. Everywhere the unpleasant parallel crops up. The most biting satires of Rogeard, the most pointed historical portraits of Beulé, are outdone by stern facts.

And yet, under the depressing circumstances alluded to, a re-organisation of the army has been devised which takes away all the able-bodied men in the very prime of life, compelling them for years to celibacy. Can it be wondered at that the youth of France, men and women, should rebel against such a system?

The Second Empire is now accused by the Opposition of having confiscated freedom, lowered France in the estimation of the world, squandered the State treasure, stifled intellect, contributed to the physical degeneracy of the nation. It is a heavy bill of indictment. The frame of mind in which large classes at present are, may be studied from an address of electors of Marseilles, calling upon their deputy to exert himself for bringing the Chief of the State to trial. This in that same France in which but recently all men seemed to be apprehensive of the ear of Dionysius!

A mighty change is undoubtedly hovering in the air. There may be short and sharp shocks and counter-shocks for a little while; but, unless all signs deceive, the great issue cannot be long delayed. The calmest observer is unable to deny the significance of the electrical flashes occasionally shooting now across the atmosphere. It is as if words of doom were traced in lurid streaks, breaking here and there through the darkened sky. We are strangely reminded of the similar incidents which marked the summer of 1868 in Spain. Those incidents were then scarcely understood abroad, yet they meant the subsequent great event of September. Even so there are now signs and portents in France—only fraught with a meaning for Europe at large.

KARL BLIND.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

PART II.

ADMISSION to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints takes place by the imposition of hands and by baptism. Great importance is attached to this latter institution, which is performed by immersion. But in addition to the baptism of converts or members of the sect for themselves, they practise a peculiar ceremony, known as baptism for the dead. This sacrament is administered to the living for the benefit of relations or friends who have died outside the pale of the faith, and is a means of saving them from the punishment of their unbelief. Such an institution is skilfully adapted to the human mind, which recoils from the thought that those it has loved are condemned to eternal misery, yet likes to flatter itself with the notion that it possesses the only road to eternal happiness. Baptism for the dead is justified by a passage in 1 Cor. xv. 29—"Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?"

One further peculiarity of the society established in Utah remains to be noticed—their form of government. Nominally conforming to the republican institutions of the United States, their polity is in fact, as described at the beginning of this essay, a theocratic despotism. It is true that Brigham Young, like the other high officials, is re-elected twice in every year; but this is practically a form,—he is never opposed. No one, it may be presumed, would venture to come forward as a candidate to question the claims of an inspired prophet. Spiritual and temporal affairs, from the highest questions of state to the minutest domestic detail in every household, are subject to his will. But then, it is assumed that his will is guided by inspiration of God. Utah, in fact, presents us with an example—perhaps a unique example in modern times—of a people governed by direct revelation. Every Saint knows by personal revelation made to him, that his chief is "the anointed of the Lord." And the chief himself is what the Americans, with their habitual contempt for the rules of the English language, call a "revelator." To find a parallel to such a state of things we must go back to the days of the ancient Jews. Moses, Joshua, and the Judges were, in like manner, directed by Jehovah, and sometimes received distinct verbal revelations. The Saints, moreover, may claim that their legislation, like that of the Hebrews, is of celestial origin, and

that their proceedings, like those of the chosen people when travelling to the promised land, have been taken in obedience to the instructions of their Deity.¹ Their hierarchy, with all its orders, was revealed. The site of Zion in Missouri—certainly not a fortunate choice—was revealed. The building of the Temple at Nauvoo was enjoined by revelation. By revelation missionaries were sent out. By revelation the great affairs of the Church, its movements, its system of taxation, its ecclesiastical organization, have been constantly regulated.

Such is the history, and such are the external characteristics of the Mormon sect. Let us now proceed to an examination of their theological system. Here we shall find much to repel us; much that, in the interests of spiritual religion, cannot be too severely condemned. But while we do not hesitate to pronounce that condemnation in the name of religion, we must, in the name of justice, keep distinctly before us the great fundamental principle which lies at the base of the Mormon theology, and upon which the whole superstructure has been raised. That principle is belief in the literal inspiration of the Bible. No body of Christians can be found upon the face of the earth that upholds this faith more sincerely, more thoroughly, or more consistently. Among the Mormons, far more than among the majority of professed believers in its inspiration, the Bible is constantly appealed to as the unerring standard and test of truth. They accept, in all its strictness, the maxim of Hooker:—"I hold it for a most infallible rule in expositions of sacred Scripture, that, where a literal construction will stand, the farthest from the letter is commonly the worst. There is nothing more dangerous than this licentious and deluding art, which changeth the meaning of words, as alchemy doth or would do the substance of metals, making of any thing what it listeth, and bringeth, in the end, all truth to nothing."²

Many who professedly hold the same doctrine, yet constantly set it aside in practice. Where there are texts of Scripture which conflict with their favourite dogmas, or which condemn their mode of life, those texts are tacitly ignored, their very existence seems to be forgotten. If they are recognised at all, there is no sophistry too subtle to be freely employed in order to explain them. Of the Latter-day Saints it must honestly be confessed that they do not thus

(1) "It is frequently asked by strangers who pass through here, 'How came you Latter-day Saints to find this place?' I reply, we were led here by the hand of the Lord. We had no guide, no pilot, but our heavenly Father."—*Speech of the Hon. G. A. Smith, at Salt Lake City, July 24, 1869.* "We were led here by the hand of the Almighty; the Latter-day Saints were guided to this point by revelation."—*The same, July 25, 1869.*

(2) Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," book v. chap. lix. 2.

shrink from pushing their principle to its extreme conclusions. If that principle be erroneous, at any rate it is one which they did not invent, but found already accepted by nearly the whole of Christendom. If the principle be right, but their deductions erroneous, we must meet them on their own ground, and show them wherein the error consists. This is in fact the only fair way of dealing with them. Since they are not responsible for their fundamental dogma—the literal truth of the Bible—we must perforce consent, if we would hope to arrive at any impartial judgment concerning the remainder of their system, to admit that dogma as a common postulate. We are reduced then to one of three alternatives. Either we must prove that the theologians of Salt Lake have drawn untenable inferences from the words of Scripture. Or we must admit that their inferences are correct, and become Mormons ourselves. Or lastly, we must reject the postulate, and build the superstructure of our theology on some other foundation.

Nevertheless, as belief in the truth and inspiration of Scripture would not in itself be a sufficiently distinctive principle whereon to base the religion of a separate sect, we may still inquire, What is the *raison d'être* of Mormonism? What speculative or practical superiority do its adherents claim to possess over other Christians? The answer is that Mormonism claims to possess two great advantages; 1, a new revelation; 2, a number of gifts and powers which are not granted to other Christians. Both these pretensions must be examined.

1. The first question resolves itself mainly into an inquiry into the evidences, external and internal, of the Book of Mormon. Other works are indeed regarded by the Saints as revealed; but the Book of Mormon is by far the most important. It was the alleged discovery of this book that made the existence of the new sect possible. In the estimation of the Saints it holds a place second only to that of the Bible.

Our labours in examining this work are greatly facilitated by the fact that Mr. Orson Pratt, one of the most eminent of the twelve Apostles, has devoted an elaborate composition to the object of proving its title to be received as a genuine revelation.

Having established some preliminary points, the Apostle endeavours to show that the Bible and tradition, without further revelation, are an insufficient guide. With regard to the Bible, it leaves a large number of important questions entirely unsettled. The Roman Catholics, indeed, assert its insufficiency, and make up the deficiency by tradition. Tradition, however, is an uncertain guide; for it was by tradition that the canon of Scripture was fixed, and upon this point Catholics, Anglicans, and Lutherans are not agreed. Obviously, then, tradition cannot tell us which are the

genuine canonical writings; by new revelation alone can this "very desirable and infinitely important knowledge" be obtained. Even if tradition could demonstrate that the books were written by those who are represented as their authors, yet how can it be determined that the originals were written by divine inspiration? How can Protestants know, without new revelation, that any one book was divinely inspired? Moreover, the original MSS. are lost, and the copies are very much corrupted; there is an incredible multitude of different readings, and there are no two translations that agree. How then can we rely upon the Bible as a faithful record of God's word? "Who knows that even one verse of the whole Bible has escaped pollution, so as to convey the same sense now that it did in the original?"

The evidences of the Book of Mormon are next compared with those of the Bible. Here the Apostle is on strong ground, and he makes unsparing use of his advantages. He first refers to the declaration of the three witnesses, Cowdery, Whitmer, and Harris, who, in company with Joseph Smith, testify that they saw an angel descend from heaven and exhibit the plates before their eyes, so that they could see them and the engravings upon them distinctly; and further, that the voice of the Lord then declared to them that they had been translated correctly. These four persons could not be deceived, while their character and circumstances were such that we cannot suppose them to have combined to deceive mankind. Nay, he even urges, with great plausibility, that we have stronger evidence of the authenticity of the Book of Mormon than of the resurrection of Christ. Of the latter event we have the written testimony of only four witnesses, Matthew, John, Paul, and Peter. "Therefore, when this generation can establish the writings of these four Apostles to be *genuine, uncorrupted, and translated correctly*, they will have the testimony of as many witnesses to establish the resurrection of Christ, as there was, in the first place, to establish the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon." The Apostle has certainly hit a weak point in the armoury of his opponents. How difficult, not to say impossible, it would be to prove those writings to be genuine and uncorrupted is known to every one who has even glanced at any critical work on the New Testament. It would seem then that no satisfactory reply can be given to this Mormon challenge to establish the accuracy of our version.

After thus examining the external evidence, and appealing to internal evidence to prove the harmony of this revelation with what little is known of the history of ancient America, with the Bible, and with science, Orson Pratt arrives at this triumphant conclusion: "All men among all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, are required, under the penalty of eternal damnation, to believe, receive,

and obey the Book of Mormon, unless they can prove the witnesses thereof to be impostors. And this they cannot do." Unfortunately we are required, "under the penalty of eternal damnation," to believe in so many contradictory propositions, by so many antagonistic sects, that this one additional threat can add but little to our danger. Theologians, however, whether Roman Catholic, Protestant, or Mormon, never for a moment perceive that their several sentences of damnation practically cancel one another, and may therefore be fearlessly neglected.

Mr. Pratt next adduces the testimony of the eight witnesses (given above), as showing that there are in all twelve witnesses who have seen the plates of the Book of Mormon. And he asks this generation to produce one living witness who has seen even one of the original manuscript of any of the books of the Bible. Again we must confess our inability to produce the evidence demanded. Therefore we must admit the statement that this generation has twelve eye-witnesses of the original of the Book of Mormon, not one of the original of any book of the Bible.

We need not be long detained by the prophetic evidence relied on by the Apostle. In the interpretation of prophecy he shows himself no less subtle, ingenious, and imaginative than Christian writers. Prophecy is, in fact, the common ground on which theologians of every school may expatiate freely, untrammelled by the narrow boundaries of fact. Whatever the point they desire to prove, it is an easy and agreeable task to twist the obscure phrases of the prophets into the required meaning. This pastime may give some pleasure to those who are convinced already, but to others it is neither profitable nor entertaining. We may pause a moment, however, when we find that even our friend, Martin Harris, was not forgotten by the prophet Isaiah, who plainly alludes to him in his twenty-ninth chapter, verses 11, 12, "And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, I cannot, for it is sealed; and the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, I am not learned." Few prophecies, it may fairly be said, are clearer than this. Harris delivers the sealed book to the learned Professor Anthon, who cannot read it. It is then delivered to Joseph Smith, who is unlearned, and at first replies that he cannot read it. This, according to the Apostle, was a historical fact.

Among the arguments thus urged, and urged with very considerable force and controversial power, there is one remarkable omission. The Apostle, though dwelling on the congruity of the Book of Mormon and the Bible, does not refer to the character of the former work as the best evidence of its divine origin;

he does not urge his readers to consult it for themselves, and thus convince themselves of its beauty and its excellence. He was probably quite aware that this was the weak part of his case. Apart from the fact that every educated man would be repelled from it by its vulgar style, and the gross ignorance of grammar displayed by its author, it is so intolerably tedious that it would be equally hopeless to expect less educated converts to read it with pleasure.

To those who have not studied this species of literature it is hardly possible to convey any adequate idea of the repulsive and wearisome monotony of such a book. Those who remember Professor Teufelsdröckh's description¹ of the effects on his nervous system of a fashionable novel, may be able to appreciate the state of mind produced by reading the Book of Mormon. Some of the sacred books accepted by portions of mankind, though not possessing much beauty or attractiveness in themselves, are yet interesting to us, either because, like the Veda and the Zend Avesta, they cast light on the early religious history of mankind; or else because, like the Vishnu Purana and the Bhagavat-Gita, they serve to illustrate some system of mythology, or to acquaint us with some form of human belief. In none of these ways does the Book of Mormon claim our attention. It is a purely artificial compound, its history being borrowed from Spaulding's romance, while its religion is transcribed from the Bible. Baron Bunsen, who declared that he could never succeed in reading through the Koran from beginning to end, would have found the Book of Mormon a still more impossible achievement.

The Book of Mormon is a small volume, in its external aspect resembling a cheap edition of the Bible, containing 563 closely-printed pages and divided into fourteen books. It contains the history of three distinct emigrations from Palestine to America. The work begins with that of Lehi, who left Jerusalem in the reign of Zedekiah, King of Judah, with his four sons. One of these became the ancestor of the Nephites, another of the Lamanites; two great nations whose wars, related in the Book of Mormon, occupy a large portion of the narrative. The Lamanites are the American Indians, who are therefore of Jewish origin. Such was the gravity of the offences committed by Nephi's brethren, that, "as they were white, and exceeding fair and delightful, that they might not be enticing unto my [Nephi's] people, the Lord God did cause a skin of blackness to come upon them." Hence, ever after this, the Lamanites were distinguished by their colour. Another colony was discovered at some period between B.C. 200 and 100, and it was found that its inhabitants also were Jews, who had likewise emigrated to America when Zedekiah was taken captive to Babylon, some years after the Nephites.

(1) Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, p. 169.

The great object to which the exhortations of all the Nephite prophets, who were very numerous, were directed, is the future coming of Christ. This is the culminating event of the Book of Mormon, and it is predicted in the most unmistakable terms, the name and parentage of Jesus being expressly mentioned. Had the language of the Hebrew prophets been equally distinct it would have saved all controversy about Messianic prophecies. Christ appeared to the Nephites after the Crucifixion, and his preaching consisted of a repetition of a great part of his discourses in Palestine, a few special injunctions being added.

But the oldest emigration of all remained unknown until Moroni, a Nephite prophet, (about A.D. 400) discovered twenty-four plates giving an account of a nation who had emigrated to America soon after the confusion of tongues. Their journey across the ocean occupied 344 days. After living for many generations in what is called the north country, probably North America, they were destroyed by God on account of their wickedness.

A similar fate awaited the Nephites. Their iniquity became so great that God was obliged to get rid of them. They were exterminated by the Lamanites in the battle of Cumorah.

A few words are still needed to explain the preservation of their history. Mormon, who lived in the fourth century after Christ, made an abridgment of the original plates of the Nephites from the time that Lehi left Jerusalem to his own day, and continued the record by adding a narrative of the things he himself had witnessed. Just before the battle of Cumorah, foreseeing that this would be the last struggle of his people, he hid the plates in the hill, in order to save them from falling into the hands of the Lamanites. But he gave a few plates to his son Moroni, who finished the record of his father. Moroni, the son of Mormon, was the last surviving Nephite. It is he who describes the battle at Cumorah. After a wretched life, wandering from place to place to escape the Lamanites, he finally buried the plates in the hill (A.D. 421) and sealed them up. Here they remained until their removal by the prophet Joseph in the year 1827.

Considering the marvellous success of this very ordinary book, it is somewhat surprising that Mr. Daniel P. Kidder, an American anti-Mormon writer, who describes it as "probably the most successful attempt ever made to counterfeit a divine revelation," should then contend that, "as such, it affords a lesson even to the infidel. From it he may learn the impossibility of imposing deception, upon its own grounds, on any considerable portion of mankind." If it affords any lesson at all to the infidel, it is exactly the reverse. For assuredly the fate of the Book of Mormon—its modern origin clearly

exposed, the imposture made plain to every educated mind, yet steadily progressing, winning its way in America, in England, in many other countries of Europe, and even Asia—should impress us with the conviction how easy a thing it is for pretensions utterly unsupported by evidence or reason to gain admission among the uncritical multitude. Once admitted, the belief, originally quite unfounded, is handed down from parent to child; until the manner in which it arose is forgotten, and it acquires from its traditional character an augmented sanctity in the eyes of believers.

The remaining works that are regarded as revelation may be speedily dismissed. We are already acquainted with the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, in which Smith embodied the plans and resolutions of each month and year. In another book, "The Pearl of Great Price," he published certain legends of Moses and Abraham; his information concerning the latter being derived from an ancient scroll, written by that patriarch in Egypt with his own hand. Perhaps, however, the most interesting of the various revelations contained in the Pearl, is the following prophecy, revealed to Smith on Christmas Day, 1832. The book in which it is found was published by himself in 1851:—

"Verily, thus saith the Lord, concerning the wars that will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and misery of many souls. The days will come that war will be poured out upon all nations, beginning at that place; for behold the Southern States shall be divided against the Northern States, and the Southern States will call on other nations, even the nation of Great Britain, as it is called, and they shall also call upon other nations, in order to defend themselves against other nations, and thus war shall be poured out upon all nations. And it shall come to pass, after many days, slaves shall rise up against their masters, who shall be marshalled and disciplined for war."

What follows is more general; but if the Mormons desire to prove the justice of their founder's claim to prophetic powers, they would certainly find some support in the foregoing passage.

2. It was stated that the Latter-day Saints claim to possess not only a new revelation, but also certain spiritual gifts not possessed by other Churches. In the possession of such gifts lies, indeed, their principal title to distinct existence, the most eminent badge of their superiority, the proof of their right to hold themselves the only true Church of Christ extant upon earth. Their doctrine on this point demands a careful examination.¹

(1) In the ensuing summary of Mormon theology the works mainly relied upon are—Orson Pratt's "Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon," and "Absurdities of Immaterialism;" Parley Pratt's "Voice of Warning," and "Key to Theology;" Richards' "Compendium of the Faith and Doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ," &c.; Orson Spencer's "Patriarchal Order," the "Book of Doctrine and Covenants."

Certain signs—thus they argue—are invariably attendant on the kingdom of God, wherever it exists. Revelations, visions, the powers of prophecy, of healing, of speaking with tongues, of casting out devils, and working other miracles, are the prerogatives of those who belong to this kingdom. Not only so; but no Church which is destitute of these gifts can rightly claim any authority whatever. History substantiates this theory. The Jewish patriarchs and prophets did exercise them in former times; they had direct communications from God, they performed miracles, and so forth. But by the Christian dispensation the Jews were deprived of their privileges, which were taken from them and given to the Gentiles. But although in the first century all these gifts were possessed by the Christians, they also soon fell into apostasy, and consequently lost them. Yet they never denied the necessity of revelations, visions, miracles, &c., till they were destitute of these blessings. Without new revelation, every office in the Church must become vacant; hence the whole Romish, Greek, and Protestant ministry “are as destitute of authority from God as the devil and his angels.” This is the theory of the great apostasy, which is of course completed by the further statement that revelations, prophecies, and miracles are now restored to the world, so long left in darkness, by the Mormon priesthood.

It is not without Scriptural warrant that the Mormons assert that the Church of Christ ought to be distinguished by the possession of these powers. The passage mainly relied upon by them is the promise of Christ near the conclusion of St. Mark’s gospel:—“And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover” (Mark xvi. 17). It will be observed that this promise is of the most general description, being addressed to “them that believe,” quite irrespective of place or time. It is, therefore, undoubtedly a singular fact that other Christian sects acquiesce so quietly in their impotence to do these things, and even deny that miracles are performed at all in the present day. If, however, we escape the pressure of this text on the critical ground that it forms part of an interpolated passage (though the Mormons only follow the general practice of Christendom in treating it as genuine), Parley Pratt has several others in store for us, which are not liable to any such objection. In a very instructive appendix to his “Voice of Warning,” that clever Apostle points out the opposition between the doctrines of Christ and those of men. Let us exhibit a few of these contrasts as given by him:—

THE DOCTRINE OF CHRIST.

He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to the Father.

Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him.

Covet to prophesy, and forbid not to speak with tongues.

For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another, the word of knowledge by the same Spirit.

To another, faith by the same Spirit; to another, the gifts of healing by the same Spirit.

To another, the working of miracles; to another, prophecy; to another, discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, the interpretation of tongues.

Now the Mormons, having the simplicity to believe that Christ and his Apostles really meant what they said, not unnaturally maintain that churches which have not the gifts of healing, whose members neither work miracles, nor prophesy, nor speak with tongues, are self-condemned. They themselves do all these things, just as the primitive Church did them. The gift of tongues was manifested as early as the year 1833. Since then it has been frequently exhibited, and precisely in the manner indicated by St. Paul; that is to say, the gifts of speaking and of interpreting are not bestowed on the same persons. Those who speak in tongues cannot understand what they are saying; those who interpret cannot speak in tongues. In like manner the gifts of healing have been abundantly exhibited. Mormons who are ill do send for the elders of the Church, who do anoint them with oil; and the effects are marvellous. The cases of miraculous cures are indeed far too numerous to admit of more than a small selection being quoted, but these will enable the reader to judge of the amount and nature of the evidence.

The first miracle was performed by Joseph Smith himself, very early in his ministry. Its subject was one Newel Knight, who had been wrought up to a high pitch of nervous agitation by his conversations with Smith on the subject of religion. One day, having been to the woods and attempted to pray, he fell very ill on his return home. Smith—who is himself the historian—went to

THE DOCTRINES OF MEN.

He that believeth on Christ shall not do any of the miracles and mighty works that he did, for such things have ceased.

If any are sick among you, do not send for the elders of the Church; or if the elders come, do not let them lay hands on them, neither let them anoint them in the name of the Lord, for this is all Mormon delusion; but send for a good physician, and perhaps they may get well.

Do not prophesy, and it is all a delusion to speak in tongues.

But to one is given, by the learning of men, the word of wisdom; to another, the word of knowledge by human learning.

And to another, faith by the same Spirit; but to none the gift of healing by the same Spirit.

And to none the working of miracles and to none to prophesy, and to none discerning of spirits, and to none to speak with divers kinds of tongues, and to none to interpret tongues.

him and found his visage and limbs distorted, and finally he was caught up from the floor and tossed about most fearfully. Knight requested the prophet to cast the devil out of him, and the latter, "almost unconsciously," rebuked it. Hereupon Newel Knight saw the devil leave him and vanish. His distortions now ceased, he felt a most pleasing sensation, and after being for a short time wrapt in contemplation, found that the spirit of the Lord had caught him up, and that his head and shoulders were pressing against the beams. This was witnessed by many, most of whom became members of the Church. Were there no more trustworthy witness to this miracle than Joseph Smith it would scarcely be worth quoting. But Orson Pratt, after giving the above narrative, adds his personal testimony that he is intimately acquainted with Newel Knight, and has heard him testify many a time to this great miracle. He also declares that, in 1830, he visited the residence of Mr. Knight (Newel's father), and heard him and others who saw it bear their testimony. Here then we have the direct statement of an Apostle that he himself knew a person who had been possessed with a devil, and had been miraculously delivered from it. Very few miracles can boast such strong confirmation.

Among the numerous wonders that accompanied the early preaching of the word, one alone may be taken as a sample. Samuel Smith, the prophet's brother, in the course of his missionary labours, was contumeliously turned out by the landlord of a certain inn. Hereupon he "washed his feet in a small brook as a testimony against the man." After the performance of this mystic and awful ceremonial, it was to be expected that the wrath of Jehovah would overtake the innkeeper. And so it was. A fortnight after, old Joseph Smith, Lucy his wife (the narrator of this incident), and Samuel, passed by this same tavern, and learned that the unhappy host and two of his daughters had died of small-pox, though no one else in the neighbourhood had caught it. Thus it is clear that the publication of the Gospel of Mormonism, like that of other more celebrated gospels, was accompanied and enforced by signs and wonders.

Miraculous cures wrought by the Holy Spirit are in fact universal wherever this religion is preached. Many instances of these are given by Orson Pratt. Thus, Henry Pugh, of Berrien, Montgomeryshire, feels it his bounden duty to state that his daughter, of eight years old, had become blind, and had suffered acute pain, and that the surgeons whom he consulted had been unable to cure her. But he became a Saint, and sent for the elders. They "performed the ordinance," that is, they anointed her with consecrated oil, and she was restored to sight and health. George Halliday writes from Bristol, to say that the miraculous cure of Elizabeth Bounsell had caused many to call at her house to see if it were true. Among

these was a man who had written a "flimsy tract against the Saints," who was not satisfied with the evidence of Elizabeth's cure. Hereupon the mother of Elizabeth took another child, four years old, and asked him whether she was blind. The man, after examination, said, "She is." The mother then told him that she had been born blind, but that she would now take her to the elders to be cured. She was taken, and was cured; but it is not stated whether the author of the flimsy tract ever saw her again and was convinced of his errors. The parents of the child sign their names as witnesses that these facts were so. James S. Low, of Rumford, writes to say that, having dislocated his thigh, it was anointed by Elder Richards, whereupon the bone went into its place, to the astonishment of the doctors. Merthyr Tydvil was the scene of a still more remarkable cure, which is attested both by the patient himself and four other witnesses. A man named David Richards, while working among the coal, was injured by the fall of a stone of about 2 cwt. He was carried home, and the doctor gave him up, telling a relation that he could not live. But Elder Phillips commanded the bones in the name of Jesus, and they came together, "making a noise like the crushing of an old basket," to use the man's own expression. The doctor was astonished, and said that his backbone had been broken, but was now sound. Rupture has proved equally amenable to Mormon treatment. A young boy was cured of this disease at Clackmannan by Elder John Russell, and the mother herself attests the fact by her signature. James and Maria Davidson write from Dundee to say that their little girl, who for eighteen months had been severely afflicted with convulsive fits, had been cured by the consecrated oil and the prayers of an elder.

Now, these few specimens have been selected from a much larger number of cases, because the evidence on which they rest is peculiarly strong. No case has been quoted in which the only witness is the priest who performed the miracle. In three instances the patient himself is our authority for the fact; in two we have that of both the parents; in one, that of the mother. It is difficult to imagine testimony more direct, more unequivocal, or (apparently) more irrefutable. Let any one compare these written statements with the second-hand accounts on which we commonly rest our faith in miraculous events, and he will perceive how vastly superior is the evidence produced by the Latter-day Saints. Perhaps, however, it may be urged that these letters were written by believers, who were biassed by their faith, and moreover that they were collected by an Apostle, anxious to make out a case. That this Apostle invented them cannot be supposed, for the events occurred in 1849 and 1850; the names of the persons concerned are given in full, as well as the places of their residence. It may, however, be suspected that Orson

Pratt has suppressed or modified circumstances that would make a material difference. But if we object to disciples as witnesses, and Apostles as collectors, are we not placing a dangerous argument in the hands of the Mormons? For they might possibly reply that the only evidence of the miracles related in the New Testament is precisely that of disciples and apostles; that we must not apply one rule to our own faith and another to theirs, accepting a kind of testimony as valid in the one, which we reject as invalid in the other; that, moreover, the application of a rigorous critical test would be even more fatal to the marvels of the New Testament than to theirs, since in no single instance can we produce the written declaration of a person who was miraculously healed, or of such a person's parents. But if we persist in rejecting the evidence of Mormons, they can produce in support of their miraculous powers a kind of testimony of which probably no other religion can boast—that, namely, of one of their bitterest foes. Mrs. Mary Smith lived fifteen years among the Saints, and the treatment she experienced was certainly not such as to make her love them. After leaving them, she wrote a book in which she accumulated every kind of reproach upon their heads. Yet hear her account of the manner of her mother's conversion, which occurred about 1841, in Illinois, and induced her to remove at once with seven children to Nauvoo:—

“About this time a Mormon elder, who had been holding meetings in this neighbourhood, called upon my mother, and among other things told her that the Latter-day Saints claimed to be able to heal the sick, and that if she would consent to be baptised, the deafness with which she was afflicted, and which had become a great annoyance to her, would in a very short time be removed, and she would hear again. Willing at least to try the experiment, she was baptised. The water was very cold, and immediately after her hearing was improved, and soon it was entirely restored. . . . My mother, who is still living,” adds Mrs. Smith, “now understands that perhaps this *apparent* miracle was the effect of cold water, or of some other natural, though unexplained, cause; but at that time, it had with her all the force of a real miracle.”

Cold water not being a remedy for deafness, the attempted explanation is obviously insufficient, and the fact remains that the mother of this writer was promised by an elder that if baptised, she would be cured of her malady; that she was baptised, and was actually cured; that in consequence of this marvel she at once joined the Saints, and afterwards accompanied them to Salt Lake City. Explain it as we will, it is clearly impossible to doubt the truth of a circumstance vouched for by so unsuspected a witness.

Can we then, in the face of these facts, continue to argue, as theological writers formerly did, and as many do now, that the question

of miracles is simply one of evidence ; that if only there is no reason to accuse the narrator of deliberate invention, we ought to put faith in his statements, however glaring their repugnance to ordinary experience? If our faith is to be founded upon the testimony of miracles ; if miracles are credible according to the degree of evidence brought to support them ; then there is no doubt of the conclusion to which we should be led. Every rational man ought immediately to join the Mormon Church. Not only can they adduce evidence which in itself is stronger than that relied upon by any other religion, but they can adduce it under circumstances in which deception is far more difficult. No other religion has been exposed in equal measure to the full blaze of daylight from its very cradle. Many of those pious frauds which were possible in former days, as, for example, the interpolation of books, are out of the question now. No fictitious statements can be publicly made in England or America without being liable to instant contradiction.

While, however, there can be no doubt that if those miracles which rest upon the best authority are to be received, this new religion would carry the day, yet its advocates do not insist upon such facts as one of the evidences of their faith. Miracles, in their opinion, are not intended to convert unbelievers. Had they been, how could it have happened that Christ could do none in his own country because of their unbelief? If miracles were intended as evidences to convince opponents, this would have been the very place where he should have performed them. So far, indeed, are the Mormons from claiming credit to themselves for the gift of healing, that they tell us it is only ignorance which leads us to consider the cures thus effected as miraculous at all. Miracles, in fact, are nothing but the regular and natural effects of the Holy Spirit. Parley Pratt expressly says that they are not contrary to the laws of nature, and declares that the very words miracle and mystery ought to become obsolete. In a similar spirit Brigham Young recently informed the Saints that, "There is no miracle to any being in the heavens or on the earth only to the ignorant." This precisely accords with that which the writer of these pages learned in conversation with a Mormon elder. Under his ministry he confidently affirmed that numerous patients had been healed of numerous diseases, as we should say, miraculously; but he declined to appeal to these cases in support of his mission. He treated them as nothing but the ordinary effects of faith; and faith, he ingenuously confessed, was an absolutely essential preliminary to the healing virtues of prayer and consecrated oil.

In the region of pure theology, Mormonism departs from the ordinary doctrines of the Christian world no less conspicuously than in that of religious practice. While holding to the belief that Christ

was the Son of God, and that he came to redeem the world, it nevertheless conjoins this dogma with others which are totally at variance with the Christian scheme. In the first place, it has revived the heathen belief in a plurality of gods.¹ Christianity, on the contrary, has invariably held to the unity of God as to the first and most essential of religious truths; even while nominally proclaiming the existence of three divinities, it has striven to prove that such a trinity is not inconsistent with its fundamental conviction of unity. "A Christian," as Bacon has truly observed, "believes three to be one, and one to be three; a father not to be elder than his son; a son to be equal with his father." But the Mormons, who are eminently anti-mystical, never trouble their heads with these paradoxes. Not only do they conceive the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost as distinct personages, but, in addition to these, they tell us that there are many gods. Numerous passages of Scripture are adduced in support of this polytheism. Thus (not to mention the various texts in which Jehovah is termed "God of gods"), in Exod. xvii. 11, it is stated that "the Lord is greater than all gods;" while in Psalm lxxxii. 1, he is described as judging "among the gods." But the principal authority is St. Paul, who says, "For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth (as there be gods many, and lords many), but to us there is but one God, the Father," &c. (1 Cor. viii. 5, 6). Following this text, the Mormon catechism asks:—"Q. Are there more Gods than one? A. Yes, many.—Q. Must we worship more than one God? A. No. To us there is but one God, the Father of mankind, and the Creator of the earth."

Thus, while the Mormons are polytheists in theory, they are monotheists in practice. Their worship is addressed to a single deity. But we must guard against supposing that this deity is an immaterial spirit. On the contrary, Orson Pratt has expressly denounced all those who hold the immateriality of God as disguised atheists. According to this writer that which is unextended, indivisible, and unrelated to space or time, like the Christian God, is absolutely nothing. So, also, Parley Pratt ridicules the notion of a God "without body, parts, or passions," as but another way of saying that there is a God who does not exist. The Mormon God, therefore, has a body, parts and passions of a very definite character indeed. He has a body like that of man, though of course he is far more powerful. But his power does not enable him to be in two places at once in his own person, though by his Holy Spirit he is everywhere present. These doctrines, as the reader will expect, are

(1) In this case, as in others, the assertions made are founded on the statements contained in the authorised publications of the sect; but it must not be imagined that all the Saints are acquainted with all the doctrines of their creed; this would be the same sort of error as to suppose that every Churchman is profoundly versed in the Thirty-nine Articles and the Homilies.

also supported by copious extracts from the Bible. That God has the human form is considered to be proved, first, by the statement that he made man in his own image, and then by the frequent expressions of the Hebrew writers implying the possession of corporeal organs. Thus, in Exod. xxiv. 10, 11, we read:—"And they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet, as it were, a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in its clearness. And upon the nobles of the children of Israel he laid his hand; also they saw God, and did eat and drink." Again, in Exod. xxxiii. 20—23, Moses is informed that he cannot see the face of Jehovah, but he will be permitted to see his "back parts." Thus, too, in the remarkable account of Jacob's wrestling (Gen. xxxii. 24—32), it is stated that there wrestled *a man* with him, and Jacob himself afterwards remarks that he has "seen God face to face," implying that this man was in fact the Deity whom he worshipped. His *nostrils* are mentioned (Psalm xviii. 8, 15); the heavens are sometimes called the work of his *hands* (as Heb. i. 10), and various other organs are alluded to in passages too numerous to quote. Whether this anthropomorphic language justifies the Mormon inference is a question that may be left to professional theologians. Certain it is that they are not the first to whom this inference has been suggested. For it was just such expressions as these that Dante thought it necessary, in the interests of faith, to explain away:—

" Per questo la Scrittura condescende
A vostra facultate, e piedi e mano
Attribuisce e Dio, ed altro intende."¹

It was just such expressions as these that induced Milton, who was loth to impute to the Bible that it says one thing, "*ed altro intende*," to write as follows:—

"If God be said 'to have made man in his own image, after his likeness' (Gen. i. 26), and that, too, not only as to his soul, but also as to his outward form (unless the same words have different significations here and in chap. v. 3, 'Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his image'), and if God habitually assign to himself the members and form of man, why should we be afraid of attributing to him what he attributes to himself, so long as what is imperfection and weakness, when viewed in reference to ourselves, be considered as most complete and excellent when imputed to God? . . . In a word, God either is or is not such as he represents himself to be. If he be really such, why should we think otherwise of him? If he be not such, on what authority do we say what God has not said? . . . In arguing thus, we do not say that God is in fashion like unto man in all his parts and members, but that, as far as we are concerned to know, he is of that form which he attributes to himself in the sacred writings."²

(1) Paradiso, IV. 43—48.

(2) Milton's "Treatise on Christian Doctrine." Book I., chap. 2 (Bohn's Prose Works, vol. iv. pp. 18, 19). "Paradise Lost" is essentially anthropomorphic.

That God is not omnipresent the Mormons endeavour to establish by the many texts in which he is described as going up or coming down. "Let us go down and there confound their language," "God went up from Abraham," and such phrases, are made to do service here. Moreover, they adduce the remarkable passage in 1 Kings xix. 11, 12, where the historian tells us that the Lord was not in the wind, or the earthquake, or the fire; but was in the still small voice.

We cease to feel any surprise at a deity so limited in power when we learn that the Father and God of the human family is, in fact, Adam. This startling fact was announced in the *Millennial Star* in 1853. So extraordinary a notion can only be understood by reference to a doctrine hereafter to be explained, according to which every saint will reign as a god over his own family in the future state. Now, the human race is Adam's family, and he therefore is the god who governs the inhabitants of this planet, and to whom their prayers are to be addressed.

Thus, in the peculiar phraseology of the saints, "our God and Father in heaven is a being of tabernacle" (tabernacle being the cant word for body). "His Son, Jesus Christ, has become a personage of tabernacle;" that is to say, he has become incarnate. The Holy Ghost, on the other hand, is not "a person of tabernacle." These three "are one in character and attributes, but not in substance." Christ differs from his Father in nothing but age and authority; the latter, being older, has the right to preside over him. He and his Father are two persons, and "each of them has an organised, individual tabernacle." The Holy Spirit, being unencumbered with a tabernacle, enjoys the privilege of being everywhere present; that is to say, of being diffused throughout the universe, not of actually filling all space. It governs and controls all other substances, producing all the phenomena of nature. It is not immaterial, but may be compared to such invisible substances as electricity, magnetism; being the purest, most refined, and subtle of them all. Under the control of the Great Elohim, it is the grand moving cause of all intelligences, by which they act. It is the executive which puts in motion all worlds, and performs all wonders or miracles. It is instinct in animals; reason in man; vision in prophets. "The oneness of the Godhead," says Orson Pratt, "may be in some measure illustrated by two gallons of pure water, existing in separate vessels, representing the Father and Son, and an ocean of pure water, representing the Holy Spirit."

By this account of the third person of the Trinity, we perceive that Mormon philosophy is completely materialistic. Like Hobbes—between whose opinions and those of the Latter-day Saints there is in several points a singular coincidence—they assert that "every part of the universe is body, and that which is not body is no part

of the universe.”¹ When, therefore, the Mormons speak of a spirit, whether divine or human, we are not to understand some immaterial principle, but an aggregation of particles of “spiritual matter;” which is indeed greatly superior to other matter, but is still generically the same. So Hobbes:—“By the name of *spirit*, we understand a *body natural*, but of such *subtilty* that it worketh not upon the senses, but that filleth up the place which the image of a visible body might fill up.”² And again, using the very argument adopted by Orson Pratt, this philosopher contends that spirits are substances endowed with dimensions, and not “ghosts *incorporeal*; that is to say, ghosts that are in *no place*; that is to say, that are *nowhere*; that is to say, that seeming to be *somewhat*, are *nothing*.”³

According to the Mormon Fathers the elements of the universe are eternal and uncreated. They possess intelligence adapted to their spheres. The emotions or affections of spirit are but actions or motions of these elements. And the powers of thought and feeling which any organism possesses must have belonged equally to all the particles of that organism in their independent state. The arguments urged by Dr. Brown against materialism in general, namely—that mental affections, if they possessed the property of extension, would be capable of division, so that we might speak of half a doubt, or a fraction of a hope, are inapplicable to this metaphysical system. For it does not contemplate the feelings of the mind as particles of matter, or as the result of the collection of particles in a given organism, but as states or affections of a single substance, having extension and parts, and all the characteristics of matter. The creative power, by which this eternal and intelligent matter was organised into worlds fit for the habitation of living beings, was “a general assembly, quorum, or grand council of the gods, with the President at their head.” The object of the gods in creating this world was to provide a body and a habitation for the pre-existing spirits of men. This embodiment is a necessary step in their progress towards perfection and divinity. For gods, angels, and men are all of one species. Men will hereafter rise to the condition of gods, and gods have formerly passed through that of men. “The Lord”—we are informed by Brigham Young—“created you and me for the purpose of becoming gods like himself.”

We first recognise men as organised intelligences, dwelling with their Father in the eternal mansions. Those spirits who keep their first estate, are permitted to descend to the second, that of existence in the present world with a tabernacle of flesh, though in entering the second estate they become entirely unconscious of the past. Having kept his second estate, man enters a probationary sphere,

(1) Leviathan, part iv. chap. 46.

(2) Human Nature, chap. ii. 4.

(3) Leviathan, part 3, 34.

called the world of spirits. Those who have heard the gospel, either in former times or in this age, will rise from the spirit world, and reign on the earth during a thousand years; while those who have rejected it will remain in the spirit world till the last trump.

There are three general resurrections in which spirits are re-united to their bodies; one past and two future. The first was in connection with the resurrection of Christ, and included all who died in him before his advent. The second, at the commencement of the Millennium, will be in a few years, and will include the Former-day and Latter-day Saints. The third will be more than one thousand years later; that is, after the conclusion of the Millennium, and will include all men. Those who were raised with Christ were conveyed to some other sphere; while those who are to rise in the approaching Millennium will inhabit the earth. But it will be an earth transformed and rendered more glorious; its mountains will be levelled and its valleys exalted, while the human body, raised from the dead, will ascend and descend at will; it will be able to "launch forth in the clear and boundless expanse," and pay visits to the other planets, in consequence of which advantages there will be a great increase of geographical and astronomical knowledge. After the thousand years are past, there will be a new heaven and a new earth, on which the Saints will reign as kings and priests throughout eternity.

This is the exalted destiny to which these people look forward. But they are careful to tell us that the highest degrees of glory after the resurrection will be reserved for those who have observed the ordinance of patriarchal marriage. What patriarchal marriage is must now be explained.

Plurality of wives was not originally one of the tenets of the Mormons. It was not till the 29th of August, 1852, that a revelation on the "celestial law of marriage," purporting to have been received by Joseph Smith in 1843, was made known to the public and to the mass of the Saints themselves. It was communicated to the English brethren in the *Millennial Star* for January 1, 1853. This document is so long that a few only of its principal passages can be quoted here:—

"Revelation given to Joseph Smith at Nauvoo, July 12, 1843.

"Verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant Joseph, that inasmuch as you have inquired of my hand, to know and understand wherein I, the Lord, justified my servants, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; as also Moses, David, and Solomon, my servants, as touching the principle and doctrine of their having many wives and concubines: behold, and lo! I am the Lord thy God, and will answer thee as touching this matter."

The Holy Ghost then proceeds to explain at great length that these patriarchs were not sinful in receiving many wives and concubines. After an elaborate treatment of some other points not so

closely connected with the question, it returns to the topic in hand:—

“Verily, I say unto you, a commandment I give unto mine handmaid. Emma Smith, your wife, whom I have given unto you, that she stay herself and partake not of that which I commanded you to offer unto her . . . and let mine handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those that I have given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me . . . and I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else.”

This refers to the domestic concerns of the prophet, and bids his wife welcome his mistresses with open arms. But now we come to the general law given to the Church:—

“And again, as pertaining to the law of the priesthood: If any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent; and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified; he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him; for he cannot commit adultery with that which belongeth to him, and to none else: and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him; therefore is he justified

“And again, verily I say unto you, if any man have a wife who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of my priesthood, as pertaining to these things, then shall she believe, and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God; for I will destroy her; for I will magnify my name upon all those who receive and abide in my law. Therefore it shall be lawful in me, if she receive not this law, for him to receive all things, whatsoever I, the Lord his God, will give unto him, because she did not believe and administer unto him according to my word; and she then becomes the transgressor, and he is exempt from the law of Sarah, who administered unto Abraham according to the law when I commanded Abraham to take Hagar to wife. And now, as pertaining to this law, verily, verily I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you hereafter; therefore let this suffice for the present. Behold, I am Alpha and Omega. Amen.”

It is said that when this revelation was imparted to “mine handmaid Emma” she was by no means edified by its contents. According to another account, however, she knew nothing of it until its publication in 1852, and then declared that no such doctrine had been held by her husband. It is certain that she left the Church, and that her sons opposed the institution of plural marriage as an innovation which their father would not have countenanced, and rejected the new revelation as a fraudulent invention. Opposition from such a quarter may fairly dispose us to doubt its authenticity; especially when we find that this document had never been heard of from 1843 to 1852, and that during the whole of these nine years the Mormon missionaries had been instructed to deny the existence of polygamy as a Gentile calumny. Nevertheless, if I may offer an opinion upon the question, I should be inclined to accept this revelation as genuine. In the first place, it is altogether in the peculiar style of Joseph Smith. In the second place, the existence of a secret practice of polygamy, begun in Nauvoo by the foremost leaders

of the sect, serves to explain the accusations of licentious conduct hurled against them by their enemies in Illinois. It is very improbable that those accusations were altogether baseless, while they would be fully accounted for by the attempts of Joseph and his friends to convert the women of their acquaintance to the doctrine of celestial marriage.

Among all the tenets of the Mormons there is none more odious to the people of this country than their belief that it is lawful to marry more than one wife. And precisely because this odium exists, there is none which it behoves us to examine with more impartiality and candour. We should be serving the cause of monogamy very ill if we were to reject the opposite system without an attempt to do justice to the arguments in its favour. First, then, let us endeavour to comprehend what the matrimonial law of the Mormons really is. Marriage among the Saints is a solemn religious institution ordained by God, and the married state is not to be undertaken without his approbation. When, therefore, a Mormon desires to increase his harem, he must first obtain the sanction of heaven through the medium of the prophet, as well as the consent of the new wife and her parents. If he has the consent of his first wife, which she is encouraged to give as an act of virtue, she assists at the ceremony of the wedding. Marriage may be either for time or for eternity. Only the latter will be recognised in a future state. The Saints will reign in their state of glory over the wives they have married for eternity, and will continue with them the work of procreation. In fact, their wives and children will form their kingdom hereafter; the wives being exalted, or "resurrected," as the Americans say, by their husbands' merits. To those unhappy persons who attain to the state of resurrection without observing the ordinance of eternal marriage, that is, to all Gentiles, Parley Pratt holds out the awful prospect of remaining single to all eternity. They will be "without the joys of eternal union with the other sex," and instead of being gods will be unable to rise above the condition of angels, or servants in the employment of the glorified Saints.

But the Mormon god not only enjoins polygamy upon men, he practises it himself. We are told that it is a great error to conceive him as leading a single life; we have a heavenly mother as well as a heavenly father, and the whole human family, together with the fallen angels, are their natural offspring. Nor is this all. Mary was the actual wife of God, and Jesus Christ his son in the flesh. In his "resurrected state" Christ also has a wife, for John in Revelation speaks of the Bride of the Lamb; he has children, for Isaiah says, he shall see his seed. Teaching like this is coarse and repulsive enough; but it is only fair to add that Milton, in his defence of polygamy, refers to the very singular parable in

Ezekiel xxiii., in which God is represented as the husband of two wives, as a proof that such a state could not be dishonourable.

These considerations may serve to recommend plurality of wives to the minds of believers; but the Gentile mind must be approached by arguments of another kind. Accordingly, the Mormons appeal to the Bible in support of their views. Polygamy, they tell us, is the only form of matrimony established by God himself, and towards which he evinced a marked approval. Thus, he visited Abraham, the husband of two wives, and found no fault with him. He never frowned upon Jacob for living with several wives. He reproved David for taking the wife of another man; but specially declared that he had given him all the wives of Saul, his master, thus clearly proving that it was adultery, and not polygamy, that had called down his anger. Moreover, Solomon, who succeeded him on the throne, was the son of Bathsheba, and was not therefore deemed illegitimate. In addition to these instances, the examples of the other patriarchs who practised polygamy and enjoyed the peculiar favour of Jehovah are invoked, and it is argued that the lineage of Christ himself would have been vitiated had that institution been unlawful. It is needless to multiply proofs of this description, for it will probably be admitted by most candid controversialists, that in the Bible there is nothing that indicates the sinfulness of polygamy, and much that tends to an opposite conclusion. Milton's opinion has been already mentioned. Now Milton compiled a treatise of divinity on the Mormon principle of following the guidance of Scripture alone, however far it might take him from received opinion. He was inevitably led to defend polygamy (on the very grounds which are now taken by the Saints) as an institution recommended by the example of patriarchs, and evidently honourable in the sight of God.¹ Such an authority may induce us to pause before we reprobate the Mormons for holding this unpopular doctrine.

But it is a remarkable fact that while plurality of wives is countenanced by the Bible, it is emphatically condemned by the sacred books of the Mormons themselves. Thus, in the Book of Mormon we are told that "the people of Nephi, under the reign of the second king, began to grow hard in their hearts, and indulge themselves somewhat in wicked practices, such as like unto David of old, desiring many wives and concubines, and also Solomon, his son." (Jacob i. 4.) Accordingly, they are thus addressed by the prophet Jacob:—

"But the word of God burthens me because of your grosser crimes. For behold, thus saith the Lord, this people begin to wax in iniquity; they understand not the Scriptures; for they seek to excuse themselves in committing whoredoms, because of the things which were spoken concerning David, and Solomon his son. Behold, David and Solomon truly had many wives and

(1) See his argument in the *Prose Works*, vol. iv. pp. 225—237 (Bohn's ed.)

concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord Wherefore I, the Lord God, will not suffer that this people shall do like unto them of old. Wherefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken unto the word of the Lord; for there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife; and concubines he shall have none; for I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of women For if I will, saith the Lord of Hosts, raise up seed unto me, I will command my people; otherwise they shall hearken unto these things" (Jacob ii. 6).

And in the ensuing page the Lamanites are praised, because "they have not forgotten the commandment of the Lord that they should have, save it were one wife." The reference to David and Solomon condemns, as if by prophetic anticipation, the very arguments now used by the Mormons; but they find an escape from the force of this passage in the concluding sentence, in which it is intimated that a different commandment might some day be given. The Book of Doctrine and Covenants, however, is equally explicit. In a declaration on marriage, intended as a reply to the attacks of the Gentiles, are found these words: "Inasmuch as this Church of Christ has been reproached with the crime of fornication and polygamy, we declare that we believe that one man should have one wife, and one woman but one husband, except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again." Here again a plausible explanation is found in the fact that while a man is enjoined to have (at least) *one* wife, a woman is to have *but one* husband. The word crime, being singular, is held to refer only to fornication. These passages are of little moment in themselves; but they are curious as affording evidence that the Mormons are already adepts in the art which has so long been practised by Christian divines, of explaining away the obvious meaning of their sacred writings.

But the arguments for plurality of wives are by no means exhausted by the appeal to Scripture. This institution is represented as eminently favourable to the health of women, inasmuch as by it alone their isolation during the periods of pregnancy and lactation—a rule strictly imposed upon Mormon husbands—is rendered possible. It is further contended that wherever this patriarchal custom of plurality has been abolished, all kinds of immorality and excess in the intercourse of the sexes have followed, and the lamentable condition of Christian nations, with their thousands of fallen women, is appealed to in support of the statement. The territory of Utah, on the other hand, is entirely free both from prostitution and from the dreadful diseases that follow in its train. Besides, since there is always a large excess of marriageable women over marriageable men, polygamy is the only system which permits every woman to obtain a husband. Thus we have scriptural, physiological, and social arguments in favour of plural marriage.

Granting, however, what the evidence of travellers makes it

impossible to deny, namely, the superior purity of Utah morals, we are yet entitled to ask whether the salvation of a small proportion of women from utter ruin is not purchased by imposing a state of deep and terrible degradation upon the whole of the female sex?

To this inquiry there can be but one reply. *A priori*, we should expect that where a wife is not permitted to be the sole companion of her husband in that relation, she could be little better than a servant, kept to minister in a peculiar way to the gratification of her lord. And experience fully confirms this theoretical conclusion. Woman, in polygamous countries, invariably occupies a position of complete subordination, almost of slavery. She cannot be the equal of her husband; for if she were, she would demand his exclusive love. She is regarded as an instrument of sensual pleasure, useful and necessary for the purpose of procreation, but unfitted to share the thoughts and take part in the counsels of her husband. With the women of oriental nations, to whom freedom is wholly undreamed of and unknown, this oppression may be comparatively little felt; with those of America and Europe, accustomed to other conditions of existence, it is unquestionably realised in all its poignancy. Polygamy among them can only be upheld by an iron discipline, beneath the rod of which all dissent is crushed in the bud; and obedience being thus effectually secured, the natural feelings of women are as far as possible perverted by religious teaching. The odious duty of imitating Sarah, who gave Hagar to Abraham, is inculcated upon faithful wives; while she who is most sedulous in seconding or even stimulating her husband's desires, is upheld as the fairest model of conjugal virtue. But these means are wholly insufficient to overcome the better nature of Mormon women. Heartrending stories of wives whose happiness has been destroyed for ever, whose married life has been embittered by this cruel custom, have reached us even from the secluded valley of Salt Lake; but we may reasonably hope that with the greater freedom of escape afforded by the Pacific Railway, and the influx of Gentiles induced by the same event, it will be impossible to maintain a system which causes misery and servility in the one sex, and brutality in the other.

That woman, in the Mormon scheme, does in fact occupy this depressed and degraded position, is abundantly proved by the writings of the sect. Submission is invariably upheld as the grand duty of women; reproduction as the grand purpose they are called upon to fulfil in the economy of life. Of any more exalted or more spiritual notion of their nature, these people seem to have absolutely no conception. Lamentable as this is, it must be acknowledged that there are too many among ourselves whose view of female duty is scarcely more elevated than that of the Mormons.

Such persons contend that to marry, to have children, to manage a household, are well-nigh the only occupations in which a woman can properly engage. It is hard to see how they can meet the argument for polygamy drawn from the excess of females over males of a marriageable age; for if women are to be nothing but wives and mothers, we ought at least not to prohibit bigamy, and thus to render even that impossible to many thousands among them. Their theory of female subordination is illustrated in a very *naïve* form in the following "Maxims for Mormon Wives," extracted from a Mormon newspaper by an American lady:—

"1st. Occupy yourselves only with household affairs; wait till your husband confides to you those of higher importance, and do not give your advice till he asks it.

"2nd. Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals, and do not read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example, and practise virtue yourself to make him in love with it.

"3rd. Command his attention by being always attentive to him; never exact anything, and you will attain much; appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to perform more.

"4th. All men are vain; never wound his vanity—not even in the most trifling instances. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it.

"5th. Seem always to obtain information from him, especially before company, though you may pass for a simpleton. Never forget that a wife owes all her importance to that of her husband."

Now this is scarcely a parody of the opinions held, but not quite so candidly expressed, by many in this country, who are very far from approving of plurality of wives. Their doctrine, nevertheless, is allied with that of the Latter-day Saints; for it springs, in the same manner, from a low estimation of the capacities of woman, and a desire to restrict her to the sphere of domestic life. Polygamy should be opposed, not by declarations against its licentiousness,—for Utah society is not licentious,—but by endeavouring to improve the tone of opinion on the great question of the relations of the sexes, and to raise the legal and political status of women to an equality with that of men.

Only a few words remain to be said in conclusion, as to the general characteristics of the religious and social movement inaugurated by the Latter-day Saints. Can it be accepted as, on the whole, a progressive and beneficial movement, deserving commendation, if not sympathy? Now there is much in the condition of the population at Salt Lake City which every impartial critic is compelled to admire. Travellers with one voice declare that the monster evils of drunkenness and prostitution are unknown among them. Chastity is strictly observed by both sexes, and the Saints are depicted as, on the whole, an industrious, a peaceful, and an inoffensive people. True, there are charges of murder and robbery brought against

them by their enemies. But these apply only to the so-called "Danites," a body of secret police, organised during the troubles in Missouri, and possibly named after the Danites whose history is recorded in the 18th chapter of Judges. These men are supposed to be sworn to obey the orders of the ecclesiastical chiefs, whatever crimes they may enjoin upon them; and it is supposed that they have sometimes been employed to put inconvenient persons out of the way. These charges are, of course, denied by the Mormons themselves; but their assurances are deprived of all value by the fact that they denied the existence of polygamy—the initiated with intent to deceive, the rest in ignorance—for nine whole years after its authoritative establishment by the revelation of 1843. But, be the stories of the Danites' atrocities true or false, it is clear that they affect only the leaders of the Church, and a few of their more trusted followers. As to the rest, we may confidently accept the commendatory verdict of unprejudiced observers.

Yet, in spite of these good qualities, which deserve no stinted measure of approbation, their religion is clearly a step in the direction of retrogression. While the tendency of progress is to make the conception of the Deity more spiritual, more abstract, and more vague, the Mormons have made it more materialistic, more concrete, and more definite, till they have reduced their God to a sensual being by no means superior to the old heathen divinities. While progress diminishes the belief of educated men in supernatural events, they have encumbered their theology with a mass of miracles and marvels. While progress increases the influence of the people in government, and diminishes the power of priests, they have committed uncontrolled authority to a priestly autocrat, who governs in the name of God. While progress is continually effecting the more and more complete emancipation of women, they have enslaved her in the bonds of a more absolute subjection.

Can we attempt to discover the causes of so extraordinary a success, achieved by a religion so opposed to the tendencies of the age? Any solution of this problem must of course be more or less conjectural, yet an attempt to solve it ought not to be omitted. Apart from the temporal advantages of a settlement in the valley of Salt Lake,—an attraction which could not operate during the first eighteen years of the existence of the sect,—a cause of sufficient power may perhaps be found in the doctrine of the continuance of revelation in modern times. Not only is every man among them supposed to be assured by personal revelation of the truth of his faith, but he knows that his prophet is guided by Almighty Power; he is certain that the affairs of his Church are the subject of direct intervention from the Father of mankind; he

feels that he is living under a code of laws that have come down from heaven. Now to human nature, ever craving for some distinct communication of the divine will and the divine mind, a faith like this is full of consolation. It offers precisely that infallible certainty which natural piety desires. The belief in heaven-sent prophets and sacred books—a belief which is shared in one form or another, not only by all European nations, but by the inhabitants of China, Japan, India, Thibet, Siam, Ceylon, Persia and other countries—has its source and origin in this same desire. Catholicism satisfies it by its theory of a living Church, appointed to lead the footsteps of the faithful with unerring voice by means of its ever-present priesthood. Protestantism is less successful in meeting this natural want. It offers the Bible for the guidance of mankind, but leaves the innumerable questions raised by the interpretation of that Bible to the uninspired and fallible judgment of the individual believer. Here it is that Mormonism steps in, offering the clear light of revelation in place of the feeble flicker of private opinion. It confirms the faith of the sectary that his Bible, which he is endeavouring to follow, is true, but proves to him, also, that hitherto he has not understood it. Hence the fact that its success (where it has succeeded) has been in Protestant countries; hence its comparative failure among Catholic populations. The latter are provided by the Church with that certainty which the Protestant wants; and they are not accustomed, like Protestants, to draw independent inferences from the study of the Bible. That this is the only cause of the success of Mormonism, I do not pretend; others have doubtless co-operated with it, but that this has been one of the most powerful it would be difficult to dispute. The mental illumination that took place in the early life of its founder, was typical of a process that has been frequently repeated in a modified form in the experience of his disciples. Just as it was impossible for him to decide, by his unaided reason, between the claims, all equally well-founded, of hostile and conflicting sects, until his embarrassment was relieved by the merciful assistance of Providence; so it has doubtless been with many a pious Mormon. Left to the uncertain guidance of ministers without inspiration, without revelation, without the gifts promised to believers—blind leaders of the blind—they wander in darkness and in error until, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, they are led to know and to acknowledge a truth which speaks to them in a tone of authority and power, and carries with it indications of its superhuman origin so clear and so unmistakable, that opposition is henceforth impossible, and doubt is for ever at an end.

AMBERLEY.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IN WHICH MRS. ROWLEY TRANSACTS IMPORTANT BUSINESS IN PARIS;
PEOPLE GO TO LOGGERHEADS ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS;
MRS. UPJOHN TAKES A LIVELY INTEREST IN MR. ARNAUD; AND
MRS. ROWLEY REAPPEARS IN THE PENINSULA.

WHILE all these things were doing at Foxden, there had been but little correspondence between the widow and her friends in England, except with Mr. Cosie and Arnaud. To Mr. Cosie she wrote often, and he best knew what irons she had in the fire. Had Mrs. Upjohn been more sagacious, or had she not been too much engrossed with her Viscount and her festivities, she might have known better than she did all that was going on.

Mr. Cosie had actually been with Mrs. Rowley in Paris.

Said Susan Rowley one night to her sister, as they were going to bed—

“Fanny, my dear, mamma is meditating something important, as sure as a gun.”

Susan always knew Mrs. Rowley better than her sister, though she did not love her better; but Susan was more acute and observant.

“Oh,” replied Fanny, “I dare say she is only thinking of making Mr. Arnaud more comfortable on his desert island.”

“She has something more in her mind than that, I’m positive,” said Susan. “She has sent for Mr. Cosie to have a grand palaver with him. She expects him here to-morrow.”

Susan was right.

Old Cosie arrived the next day, obedient to his summons, and Mrs. Rowley was immediately closeted with him, looking as practical and enterprising as ever she looked in her life. It was easy to see that the buffet fortune had given her had neither crushed her spirit or quenched her speculative fire.

“The farming is going on pretty well,” she began, “eh, Mr. Cosie?”

“Nothing can be doing better, madam—crops flourishing, cows calving, bullocks heavy, lambs brisk.”

“That’s all right. Now tell me, Mr. Cosie, has anything else occurred to you that I could do with a little money, which, poor as I am, is burning my pockets or lying idle in the Three per Cents. Of course during my married life I was able to economise something out the income of my own small property.”

Cosie was not prepared for such a question. He never dreamed of Mrs. Rowley embarking in new ventures in the present ticklish position of her affairs; in short, he looked amusingly dumb-founded, and when he recovered his tongue he knew not what to reply.

"Really, madam—upon my word—I'm sure I don't know; you take me by surprise—nothing does occur to me just at the present moment."

"Well, Mr. Cosie," said the widow, diverted by his perplexity, but making no remark on it, "something has occurred to me. There is a vein of copper on the property, is there not?"

Cosie assented.

"Is there any reason why we should not work it a little, eh?"

"I only know one," replied Cosie, with a smile; "it's just this, you will have Mr. Marjoram down on you."

"Pooh, pooh, we can't mind Mr. Marjoram, you know; he never speculated in his life, I suppose, unless it was in Dutch tulips. The fact is, Mr. Cosie, as I am doing well above ground I am bent on doing something underground also; I really can't afford to be too prudent. In short, we must get some of that copper up to the surface. This Cornish soil of ours is something like your turtle soup—the best things are at the bottom of the tureen; eh, Mr. Ex-Sheriff?"

"I ought to have thought of that," said Cosie, laughing at the simile he so well understood; "really, madam, I don't see why we should not look after the copper, now you mention it, particularly as a shaft was sunk years ago, and some buildings erected, though nothing was done."

"So much the better; it seems to me a very fair investment for a couple of thousands. You see how I am situated; I might retrench my expenditure, but if I do I lessen my influence and usefulness; on the other hand, by increasing my revenue, I hope to extend both."

Mr. Cosie returned to his hotel as ruminative as one of his own oxen. Mrs. Rowley well knew he was almost as great a speculator as herself. In fact, after very short reflection, he not only determined to invest the same sum as the widow in the mining, but when he saw her again the next day he had a proposition of his own to make.

"I wonder, madam," he said, "it did not occur to me yesterday, but something might be done in the brewing line at Oakham, with no great outlay of capital. Some friends of mine have been talking of it."

"Brewing! Why, Mr. Marjoram will be for putting me in St. Luke's!"

"That he will, ma'am, for certain."

"You think I ought to brave that,—well, how much would it take to start the brewery?"

"Two or three thousands; but I would not have you invest more than one."

"Come, go for the brewery—I'll risk a thousand on it. As you back my proposal, it's only fair that I should back yours. But don't meddle with the brewing yourself, for I want you to be a magistrate, and they don't put brewers 'into the commission. You have been made a D.L., I hear."

"I declined it, madam," said Mr. Cosie.

"You were quite right," said the widow; "it is only a feather, but you will be very useful in the magistracy."

Mr. Cosie went home a happy man, for neither his own farming nor Mrs. Rowley's satisfied half his ardour for enterprise, or occupied half his time.

Not a word, that whole day, did Mrs. Rowley say to her daughters about either the copper or the ale.

Said Susan again to Fanny, in the same sisterly council, held, like the court of Areopagus, in the dark, with only a few feet between their couches.

"I take it very ill of mamma, to be so mysterious about her designs."

"It is a great shame for her," said Fanny; "but if she is speculating, perhaps she is afraid of our following her example."

"And why should we not? We have more to risk now than she has, and might hazard something with less imprudence."

"I don't know, Susan,—I don't understand those things. I always think mamma must be right."

"Well, my dear, I take it ill, I can tell you; and I feel so vindictive that I think we ought to be even with her."

"Susan, what can you mean? you are shocking to-night."

"Why shouldn't you and I club together, and put the old house on her little property into habitable order, or part of it, all with our own money?"

"And let her know nothing about it! Oh, Susan, what a charming plan! I must kiss you for thinking of it,—we'll do it, we'll do it." Fanny sat up in her bed, and clapped her hands.

"I thought of it," said Susan, "before Mr. Cosie went; but if I had seen him privately, mamma might have suspected something,—we'll write to him at once, and bind him to secrecy."

Such were the circumstances in which the restoration of the Manor House was resolved on. Mr. Cosie was instructed to be as expeditious as possible, and as silent as the grave.

As to returning to England, Mrs. Rowley had not yet even spoken of it, when these conversations took place. She did not

think Fanny's health confirmed enough yet for travelling. Even after she first talked of it seriously, some time elapsed before the step was decided on. Thus it happened that rumour went before her as usual, and people were discussing her objects in coming home, while she was still on the other side of the Channel.

Her lawyers, who knew everything from Mr. Cosie (who kept the counsels of the young ladies better than he did their mother's), took opposite views of the proper line of conduct for her to pursue in the present state of her affairs. The cautious Mr. Marjoram thought the widow ought to live quietly and economically in some cheap place on the Continent, until her affairs took some favourable turn.

"She is much too active for such a life as that," said Alexander.

"She is too active," said his partner.

"She can't be idle," said Alexander.

"She can't be quiet, that's it; she will just make a mess of it."

"She is quite right, in my judgment, to make the most of what she has left," said Alexander.

"She is more likely to make it less."

"Never fear, she is too sagacious and practical for that."

"Practical!" cried Marjoram, "she is as great a projector as old Cosie; they will both burn their fingers, depend on it. That woman dabbles in the funds, I have no doubt; I saw Capel Court in the corner of her eye."

Alexander laughed, and Marjoram continued. "Well, I only know what I should do in her place; I should live retired on half my income, and put by for the rainy day."

"You would do no such thing," said Alexander. "I know you better."

"What would I do then?"

"Very much what Mrs. Rowley seems going to do; put your shoulder to the wheel, and work out of your difficulties,—just as you did formerly to pull me out of the mire, where I should probably have stuck to this day, only for your efforts. Why should a woman be less energetic, with the same stimulus to exertion?"

Marjoram made no direct reply to this, but shrugged his shoulders, resumed his pen, and only said he was afraid, if she came home, she would make bad worse.

"I don't say it is all her fault," he added; "but somehow your Rowley is a bone of contention wherever she comes or wherever her name is mentioned. There are my sisters, who have not had a quarrel these ten years; they had a regular row about her this morning."

This deplorable but brief rupture took place at breakfast.

Miss Mary thought the widow was right to come home and fight her own battle. Miss Primula (called Prim in the domestic vernacu-

lar) maintained that she might very well leave her battles to be fought by her friends.

"She is acting, you may be very sure," said Mary, "under Mr. Alexander's advice."

"I don't believe it," said Prim; "and, at all events, she would do much better to act under our brother's, who is older, and has twice his experience. He would never have advised her to lower herself by turning brewer."

"I see nothing lowering in it," said sister Mary. "Brewers are often very great people; there are brewers in Parliament, and I have heard my brother say that Oliver Cromwell was once a brewer himself."

"He was just a wicked usurper," said Prim. "I hope Mrs. Rowley is not going to make an Oliver Cromwell of herself, either in Cornwall or elsewhere."

"And pray, Prim, dear, what would you have her do?"

"Lay aside her conceit, and live modestly and respectably in a boarding-house at two or three guineas a week, until her prospects get better; that's what I'd have her do."

"The notion of Mrs. Rowley in a boarding-house! Prim, how can you?—Mrs. Rowley in a boarding-house! I wonder at you; how can you talk so?"

"Oh, she is too proud, I suppose."

"Quiet, girls, quiet!" said Mr. Marjoram, in his rough, good-natured voice, glancing at the disputants over the *Times*, which he was reading, as usual, while breakfast was preparing.

"Oh, Prim, you know she's not proud, any more than yourself, although she has so much to be proud of; but you've turned against her, just because she indulges now and then in a little innocent speculation."

"Innocent speculation! Don't tell me; speculation's gambling, and you know it, Mary, as well as I do."

"Quiet, girls!" said Marjoram again.

"Indeed," said Mary, "I know no such thing."

"Well, I know," said Primula; "I have a great mind to unchristen my scarlet carnation."

"I suppose you'll christen it Mrs. Upjohn."

Marjoram now waxed wroth, and threw the *Times* down on the floor; he thought it full time to interfere with vigour to put an end to the altercation.

"Come," said he, "no more of this; what's Mrs. Rowley or Mrs. Upjohn to either of you? No more of this, you pair of fools, but give me my tea."

In a moment the combatants were meek as mice. Poor Mary, who was tea-maker, began immediately, in great trepidation, to pour out

her brother's cup ; but nothing came but hot water, the tea itself had been forgotten in the fervour of the dispute.

Need it be said that before Marjoram went to town that morning the two good old girls had made it up ? He left them gardening together with the perfect unity in which they had passed their virtuous and not very short lives, "both in one key" again, and that key was their common hope that when all was right and the proper time was come Alexander would marry the widow, which would make his aged mother the happiest old lady in England. The subject reminded Mary that one of her carnations was still without a name, and it became the Alexander from that moment. She wrote it on a little slip of parchment,—bit of an old deed,—and tied it with an end of red tape round the stem of the flower.

There was a particular corner, be it known, in their brother's office, where useless documents and ends of tape were thrown expressly for horticultural purposes, and his sisters used to go every now and then and carry off with them what they wanted. It was a dangerous practice certainly in case any paper of importance should by accident get thrown amongst the refuse, and Alexander had often given his colleague a hint on the subject. There is always some point or another, where the wariest of men is not enough on his guard.

But we cannot linger now, even in so pretty and fragrant a spot as Marjoram's garden, so many serious matters require our attention.

And yet it is hard to tear ourselves away, if not from the garden, at least from the gardeners, the little contrasts betwixt them came out so quaintly in their different ways of working. The quieter and gentler Mary handled the flowers so tenderly, as if they had been her fellow-creatures ; she was incapable of forcing anything, even a strawberry, and she tied up her plants when they drooped or struggled with as much delicacy as if their stalks had feeling as well as life. Poor Prim was only less gentle because her ailments sometimes ruffled and soured her, though Heaven knows it was not much ; but she vented it quite unconsciously on her carnations and chrysanthemums, she was cross and peevish with them, and sometimes tied them up as tight as if she intended to choke them, which the good soul would hardly have done to a nettle that had just stung her. Mary saw it all but never made a remark, only when Prim went to another part of the garden Mary would stealthily liberate the captive stems, like Mercy following in the steps of Justice.

But we must move on.

Mrs. Rowley's enemies were constantly accusing her of striking *coups*, taking people by surprise, and making what they called sudden incursions, or raids, but in truth she did no such thing. If when she last visited Cornwall she was not expected, it was no fault of hers,

for she had announced her intention to her brother-in-law, only he left her letter unopened. In like manner on the present occasion she informed her friends at Oakham that she was coming down, and who else had a right to be informed? Was she to have written to Mrs. Upjohn? That lady might have known all about it almost as soon as Mr. Cosie himself, only that of late nobody ventured to name Mrs. Rowley in her presence. It was the talk of the servants' hall, and the talk of her very guests when the ladies retired after dinner. Mr. Bittern would have blabbed it in the drawing-room willingly enough, but Lord Stromness kept him quiet. Lord Stromness, who was a shrewd, observing man, had not been long at Foxden before he discovered, like Mr. Bittern, that there were certain topics which were not to be touched on either in conversation with Mrs. Upjohn or her daughter. In fact he observed a great deal more in that way than Mrs. Upjohn would have relished, with the designs she entertained.

Not being prepared for the blow, she felt it the more when it came; and the more too because she had been enjoying a fool's paradise in convincing herself that there was no place for Mrs. Rowley in the country. Mr. Pickford it was who brought her the news. Not only was Mrs. Rowley coming to a certainty, but about to take up her residence at the Meadows, it having been arranged that the Cosies were to give it up to her, and remove to a house in the village. Nothing was uncertain but the day. Mrs. Upjohn had sent out invitations for a dinner on that day week, to be followed by a dance by moonlight. Now she had to think of the reception to be given to her foe, and thinking of this led her immediately to think of Arnaud. There was nothing Italian either in his complexion or the cast of his features, and she had ascertained without much trouble that he had been on a distant foreign mission, and, on his return, had been sent to the islands by Mrs. Rowley. There was, therefore, some connection between them. What could it be? Supposing him to be her brother, which the likeness to her father indicated; though it was so strange that he should be ignorant of the fact, yet might it not be known to Mrs. Rowley, and, being the crafty woman she was, with so deep an interest in keeping the secret, might she not have contrived his exile to Africa to get rid of him; and when that plan failed, might she not have devised his present employment, out of the reach of all communication with the world, as the next best way of disposing of him?

Oh, if this suspicion was well-founded, how well-timed the discovery would be at this particular moment! What a dainty dish to set before the wily and unscrupulous widow on her reappearance in the country!

After Mrs. Upjohn had brooded on all this, until the intensity of

wishing almost produced belief, overlooking all the difficulties in the way of the conclusion she desired, seeing nothing but the mischief it seemed pregnant with, and not having the capacity (when no Mr. Leonard was at her elbow) for any but the clumsiest methods of effecting her purposes, she resolved to employ a low attorney she knew in the town, brother to Mr. Mallet, the disgraced carpenter, and one of Mrs. Rowley's bitterest enemies, to pay Arnaud a visit and bring the matter to the point.

This respectable limb of the law, whose portrait we cannot stop to draw, obeyed her summons, wearing his best black suit, with more despatch than he usually made with his causes, and found Mrs. Upjohn waiting impatiently for him.

She told him the business she had with him in a rigmarole way, which, however, made her drift sufficiently plain.

"Yes, madam," he replied, with alacrity. "I see it plain as a pike-staff; this meritorious young gen'leman has jist been kept in total, complete, and utter ignorance of his rights. It will be my duty to enlighten him, both as to the facts of the case and the law bearing on them, as Blackstone observes in his Comments. That done, madam, I'll jist get from him the short particulars necessary to establish his claims to the property, be the same more or less, and the rest is plain sailing—jist the ordinary proceedings which you may leave to me, with the assistance of Mr. John Thrustout."

"Just so, Mr. Mallet," said Mrs. Upjohn smartly, for she wanted no long speeches. "Go over and see the gentleman, and take your measures promptly; for the woman—lady I can't call her—who keeps him out of his own is expected down every day."

"We shall be prepared to receive her, I hope, ma'am, and perhaps present our compliments too in the shape of a nice little strip of parchment."

"Do your best; you shall be handsomely rewarded for your trouble."

Thus stimulated, and snuffing the scent of further profits to come, the Oakham pettifogger proceeded hot-foot on his errand. The day being rough, he was pale as death between fright and sickness when he got to the island, and not much better when, guided by the boatman, he introduced himself to Arnaud in his cot. Too ill to be as long-winded as he was with Mrs. Upjohn, and besides, not dreaming that either management or circumlocution was necessary in presenting the tenant of a hut with the prospect of an estate, he blurted out the object of his visit in very few words, only interrupted by hiccuping.

Arnaud was at a loss for a moment to understand him; when he did, he leaned with his elbow on the table he was reading at, and promenaded his full, bright, determined eye over him from head to

foot with an expression of unutterable contempt, to be divided between the fellow himself and the lady who sent him.

"So," he said, "I am the son of the late Mr. Evelyn, am I?"

"The legitimate son, sir, we believe, or at least hope and expect."

"Legitimate! Come, its pleasant to know that, at all events. What's your name?"

"John Mallet, of Oakham, gentleman—attorney—a man, sir, who, though I say it, who shouldn't say it, has been the means, under divine Providence, of getting many a gentleman his rights."

"And now, Mr. Mallet, attorney, of Oakham—we won't mind either gentleman or Providence for the present—suppose I were to employ you as my lawyer; tell me exactly what you would do."

"In due course of law, sir, it would be my duty to proceed at once to bring an ejectment against the widow, which would probably come on for trial at the winter assizes."

"And the widow, as you politely call her, what would become of her? If she has no property but this estate, she would be beggared, I presume."

"Well, sir," he replied hesitatingly, not liking Arnaud's look, "we need not go into that just now; but you could let her off easy as to the arrears."

"That's true," said Arnaud, making a great effort to command himself and look grasping, though there was something in his eye that spoke of grasping something quite different from an estate. "But," he quickly added, "what a very tedious proceeding! You can't right me and beggar Mrs. Rowley before the winter assizes,—is that what you say?"

"We can't go faster in ejectment on the title, sir."

"Is that the state of the law in England?"

"Yes, my dear sir, and has been for time to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

"It may be your law on the mainland," said Arnaud, rising and towering to his full height above his visitor, who had not felt comfortable for the last minute or two, "but here, Mr. Mallet, we have a much more summary method when we want to eject an officious and impertinent intruder. We don't pitch him over the cliffs, because that would be homicide; we don't thrash him, because that would be assault and battery; but we sometimes order him to be ducked, to encourage him to meddle again in affairs that don't concern him; and if I don't pass that sentence on you on the instant, it is out of no respect for Mrs. Upjohn, but out of respect for myself, and not to sully the pure waters of the ocean with the contact of a creature like you. Away, sir! never show your face on these islands again, or I may forget my respect for the Atlantic, and perhaps my objections to the cudgel as well."

This fierce commination, delivered in Arnaud's fluent thunder, with an emphasis on each clause that made it fall like the thwack of an oaken staff, was almost as effectual, and Mr. Mallet felt at least morally cudgelled as he slunk out of the hut, without daring to mutter a syllable in reply.

Arnaud stood everything but the unfortunate suggestion of some little merciful forbearance towards Mrs. Rowley, but that was too much even for the patience of a divine.

But it was not Mr. Mallet's destiny to escape that day with only "a flea in the ear." Before he left the island he was recognised by some of the people as having been Mrs. Upjohn's instrument once or twice in prosecutions under musty old statutes for violation of the Lord's Day; and the Lord having now visibly delivered him into their hands, they executed on him the judgment of ducking which Arnaud had only threatened, and left him on the beach at the other side in the state of a half-drowned rat. He made his way back to Foxden, laying the dust like a water-cart, and boiling with rage, notwithstanding all he had got to cool him.

Mrs. Upjohn was as much concerned for his fate as it was in her nature to be, and had a bed provided for him while his clothes were drying, which, with a jorum of hot brandy and water, made him all right in a few hours, though it did not much abate his fury.

"Why, madam," he said, before he left the house, with a few guineas in his pocket, "if that ill-conditioned younker had been lord of the manor, and I had gone to serve him with a writ, instead of offering to serve one for him, he could not have used me worse. And what's the use of bringing an action against a penniless scamp like him? Why I couldn't get sixpence damages out of all his goods and chattels, not to mention my costs."

"I am quite astonished," said Mrs. Upjohn. "He can hardly be such a saint as to refuse a property if he had a right to it."

"Saint indeed! just as much as I am. If you had only seen how he looked when I ventured to allude to Providence, leaning on his elbow, ma'am, like a wild beast; if he's Mr. Evelyn's son at all, he probably came at the wrong side of the blanket."

"Possibly; at all events, he seems a very desperate character."

"And there is not such a lawless crew on earth as he has got about him. Mrs. Rowley ought to be ashamed of herself to harbour such vermin."

"Very true, indeed, Mr. Mallet. I won't forget your treatment, you may depend upon it."

But he was scarcely gone than she forgot all about it in her vexation at the failure of her scheme and the hurry of her preparations for the grand fête that was soon to come off.

The day at length arrived. The festivities were intended to make

an unprecedented sensation, but (just as the stars grow pale before the sun) the arrival of Mrs. Rowley threw everything else into the shade, and the deepest shadow of all was what it flung on Mrs. Upjohn herself, who would have given a hundred pounds to have been spared the trial of entertaining company in the fearful state of commotion she was in. Had the audacious widow but arrived early in the day, the bustle and excitement she caused might have been over long before dinner-time; but, as if of malice prepense, it was dusk before the vociferous cheering in the village, distinctly heard at Foxden, proclaimed Mrs. Rowley's approach. In truth she had expressly delayed her arrival to that late hour, in order to pass quietly through the town, but Arnaud was so exasperated by what had occurred a few days before that he had prepared his devoted islanders to give her an extraordinary reception. They came over in a strong body, and the carriage no sooner appeared than they unyoked the horses, harnessed themselves in their place, and drew it the whole way to the Meadows. The hubbub might almost as well have been at Foxden itself, the places were so near, and Mrs. Upjohn and her guests sat down to dinner in the very midst of it, though it probably only spoiled her appetite and her daughter's. Some of the guests had even been delayed by the crowded state of highway and by-way, and the latest had even seen Mrs. Rowley drawn in triumph.

At last, at last, it was over—the weary, weary, eternal dinner, and Mrs. Upjohn had an interval of comparative repose before the later festivity commenced with the arrival of the evening company.

The ball was by moonlight, on the well-shorn lawn on the side of the house looking to the sea; the light of the moon being helped by lamps of various colours suspended from the trees. Under a spreading beech the orchestra was placed, and a spacious tent had been pitched for the ices and other refreshments. None of the travellers thought of Mrs. Upjohn, and it was only fair, for Mrs. Upjohn was not thinking of them.

Dance followed dance until the moon rode the meridian, and Mrs. Upjohn was beginning to detest the dancing as she had done the dinner. She was heavily taxed, certainly, and she went through the routine of her odious duties with wonderful composure for her, though some people, who were not waltzing or quadrilling, noticed that she was rather absent and off her centre. Such constraint was too much for her at length, and she slipped out of the crowd, for a moment's relief, into a retired walk on the other side of the house, out of sight of the revellers.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN WHICH MRS. UPJOHN RECEIVES AN UNSEASONABLE VISIT, AND TWO GAY YOUNG LADIES FALL INTO BAD COMPANY AT SUPPER.

SHE had only taken a few turns when she heard a step close behind her, and turning half round she perceived by the twinkling lights that she was followed by a gentleman whom at first she supposed to be one of her guests; but in a moment she was startled by recognising a person who was about the last in the world she expected to see bodily. Indeed, she would not have recognised him as quickly as she did had not her relations with him imprinted his features on her memory with the vividness that belongs to faces that are either objects of extraordinary affection or of peculiar aversion and fear. Two faces of the latter description had long haunted her by day and by night; the grimy one of the Tyburnian locksmith, though seen only once, and indistinctly, in the twilight of a guilty evening, and the formidable physiognomy common to the twin Leonards, in whose grip she never ceased to feel herself, except in the dizziest whirl of dissipation; and often in her gayest hours she had terrible fancies of a pair of little gleaming rapacious eyes, fixing her like those of a cobra, sometimes with a hard ruthless stare, sometimes with a humorous, but not less cruel twinkle, according as the dull rogue or the facetious one offered himself to the mind's eye.

That it was either one or the other who now stood before her was all she could be positive about in the first instance, so faint and flickering was the light, and she was so fluttered by the suddenness of the apparition.

The exchange of greetings under such circumstances was rather blunt and uncereemonious than cordial or polite on either side. Mrs. Upjohn's urbanity was always an affair of reflection or calculation; she could produce it when she thought it called for, just as she could produce money out of her purse when she wanted it; and this made just the difference between her and her visitor, who carried so little of the coin of civility either in his hand or his pocket that he never so much as excused himself for breaking in upon the lady's privacy at an hour so ill-chosen for business of any kind.

Indeed, she opened the conversation by alluding to the unseasonableness of the visit on such an occasion, and at such an hour, for it was past midnight.

"As to the hour," replied her unwelcome acquaintance, "my business, ma'am, won't detain you long, if you happen to have three hundred pounds about you."

"I only owe you two, sir," said Mrs. Upjohn, in trepidation, and

moving on as she spoke, to draw him further away from the neighbourhood of her company.

"Two in London, ma'am, three down here, and it will be five if you give us the trouble of going to Kissingen for it."

The coarse, loud tone in which he spoke redoubled Mrs. Upjohn's impatience to get to a place where the silent moon and the secret-keeping trees would be the only audience. For this purpose, gathering up about her the folds of her ball-dress, she turned abruptly into a narrow alley which led up among the shrubs to an open platform, where there was a circle of rustic seats in a recess carved out of the rock, only occasionally resorted to for the view it commanded, and not easily found by strangers, though at no great distance from the house.

Arrived at this spot, Mrs. Upjohn was obliged to sit down, for she was blown a little by the ascent, short as it was, and she could not well help motioning the gentleman to sit also, which he probably would have done without her invitation.

He again left her to renew the dialogue, which she did, as soon as she recovered herself, by asking—

"Which of you is it? I never know which of you I am talking to."

"It doesn't signify a fig," he replied; "but I'm the other one."

It was a stupid question for Mrs. Upjohn to ask, for her first acquaintance would have accosted her in a very different style. He would never have omitted a bit of rant about the moon, such as—

"Come, meet me by moonlight, my dear,"

for that was his way of doing business.

"No matter, of course," she resumed; "you shall have the sum I promised to-morrow, and your travelling expenses besides."

"To-morrow, ma'am, if you like; but three or nothing."

To what purpose count the groans of the worthy lady, or relate her idle remonstrances, or tell how oft she wriggled on the rough-hewn logs she sat on, to the serious damage of her silks, or describe the passionate surgings of her stomacher, or the vibrations of her fingers, or the stampings of her feet? She must pay, and Mr. Leonard whistled one of his pot-house melodies, while, inarticulate with vexation, she made up her mind to bleed.

"Meet me here in the morning at nine o'clock," she sullenly said; "but, remember, this is positively the last time you shall extort a penny from me, and I must now insist on your going at once about your business."

She rose, and led the way rapidly back towards the house. When they were again within the light of the lamps, she wheeled about, and whether it was respect for the laws of hospitality or some other

stronger consideration which had suddenly occurred to her, she asked Mr. Leonard whether he would like something to eat before he went,—a cold chicken, or something like that.

It was the very thing he was thinking of,—only he wanted his brother's superior address to compass his object. In fact, he had seen the lavish preparations the servants were making for supper in a spacious marquee, and they had made his lips water.

Mr. Archibald Leonard became almost urbane under the influence of Mrs. Upjohn's most unexpected proposal, which he promptly accepted, with a remark not unlike that of the fox in the fable, that "a chicken would do him good," though he went further than the fox, in suggesting the addition of a lobster salad and a flask of champagne.

"You shall have it," she said, and she brought him to a retired arbour not far off, where there were seats and a table, and desired him to wait there, and he should be taken care of.

Nor was he kept waiting long, for Mrs. Upjohn went straight to the tent and directed one of her men to furnish a tray with the promised good things, and everything else necessary, and take them to the arbour for a friend of hers, who had arrived late, and had not had time to change his dress. Not for a long time had Archie Leonard seen such a spread, and soon as he was left to himself the only difficulty he felt was where to begin. The servants had even gone beyond their orders to make their mistress's friend as comfortable as they could. They even brought him a lamp, which was certainly necessary; the bower was so much in the shade. He decided to begin with the chicken and tongue, and if he said grace before he attacked it, it must have been mental. A wing and a leg disappeared, and his fork was now in the breast when he heard steps close by, and girls' voices and laughing. As the steps drew near he could hear the voices distinctly.

"I positively won't have *my* supper in that stuffy tent such a night as this, though I'm just as hungry as a hawk, Lucy."

"Nor I, though I'm hungry as two," said the other Miss Lovibond; "dancing does make one so ravenous. I could actually eat a hawk, though I'd rather have a chicken."

At this precise moment Mr. Leonard transferred the breast to his plate; he thought it was time.

"And only think who was to take me to supper—that horrid astronomer; how he would have bored me to death with Jupiter's rings and the Great Bear! He is certainly the great bore himself."

"And the procession of the equinoxes, Harriet: I suppose it must be like the Lord Mayor's show."

"What an escape! but I am so *awfully* hungry."

For all that we know, to Miss Lucy Lovibond may be due the

glory of having been the first young lady in England to embellish our conversational vocabulary with a word which is now in such demand that without it the nymphs of the present day would be at a sore loss for words to express their feelings.

Mr. Leonard proceeded with the breast of the chicken all the more vigorously when he heard what an appetite was within a few yards of him. Had he been an owl he might justly have complained, like Gray's—

“Of such as wandering near his secret bower
Molest his peaceful solitary meal.”

Now there was a calling and shouting heard from a distance; it was a hue and cry after the Lovibonds, probably originating with the astronomer in search of the lady assigned to his care.

“Miss Lovibond!”—“Lucy!”—“Harriet!”—“Lucy Lovibond!” resounded from various points; and finally came Mr. Bittern's scream, as like a parrot's as human voice could be—“Return, Miss Lucy, for pity's sake, Mr. Greenwich is dying for you—and for his supper.”

“Let us hide,” cried one of the girls; “they are capable of pursuing us.”

“This way,” cried the other; and, in a twinkling, rounding a clump of shrubs, which had hitherto protected Mr. Leonard, the pair of beauties bounced in upon him.

Much less would at any time have been enough to set the merry Misses Lovibond giggling. As to Master Archie he was struck dumb by the sudden irruption of two such fine ladies, blazing in ball costume. The glee was all upon their side.

“Oh, but you are a knowing old stager,” said Lucy, addressing him. Even with the help of the lamp the arbour was rather dim.

“Dear me,” cried the other, “but you are cosy; you remind me of Jacky Horner, only I hope you will be a better boy and allow us to have a finger in the pie.”

“There's no pie, Miss,” said Archie, with his usual stolidity.

“No matter, no matter, there's chicken and lobster, at any rate; do help me to something, like a good man,—quick, quick, quick, for I'm famished.”

Archie offered her a *thigh* of the chicken, as he elegantly termed it. The girls laughed and exchanged glances; they understood in a moment from his vocabulary why Mrs. Upjohn kept him in the background; he was probably one of her unrepresentable relations.

But they did not care a pin who he was. One despatched the remains of the fowl, while the other devoted herself ravenously to the lobster salad. In a few minutes there was not much left of either.

“I am quite ashamed,” said Lucy; “we have gobbled everything up but the knives and forks.”

"Do run up to the tent, like a good man," said her sister, "and fetch us another chicken or anything you can get."

"Do, now, and we will promise not to eat it all," said Lucy imploringly.

Archie, who was now in very bad humour, was not in a position for assigning all his reasons for not relishing a mission which involved his emergence from obscurity, so he contended himself with the excuse which his dress provided him with, and it was certainly not a bad one.

"Well," cried both the girls at once, "at least give us a glass of champagne before we go."

With this he complied with the greater alacrity as the champagne was all that was left of the feast of which he had hardly had his share. So he took the flask in hand, worked off the wire with the help of a fork, and proceeded in so awkward a way to sever the remaining bonds that imprisoned the sparkling wine that the girls both jumped up in alarm for their dresses; but it was too late for the safety of Miss Lucy's, for the explosion took place in an instant; and though the cork missed her pretty face by an inch or two, her muslins received nearly half the contents of the bottle. This was no laughing matter even to the Lovibonds; they both ran away screaming, and Mr. Leonard was once more alone in his glory.

He was really sorry for what he had done, and sorry also for the loss of so much good liquor; but what better could he do than finish the flask and retire for the night?

As he was leaving the harbour his eye was caught by something glittering on the ground, which at first he took for a glowworm; but as he was not much of a naturalist, it interested him vastly more by proving to be a handsome bracelet of opals and emeralds, which one of the ladies had no doubt dropped from her arm. Master Archie picked it up, examined it closely, and stood for a moment as if deliberating what to do. The result was that he marched off with it in his pocket. It would be time enough, at all events, to restore it to the owner the next day.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH A GENTLEMAN TAKES A GREATER INTEREST IN MR.
ARNAUD THAN MRS. UPJOHN HERSELF.

THE contracting parties, high and low, were punctual at the place of assignation the next morning. How and where the gentleman passed the remainder of the night is of no consequence. Mrs. Upjohn at least passed a sleepless one; her purse was drained, and she rather

hoped than expected to get a little service out of Leonard, by way of discount on the heavy sum in which she was again mulcted. It was a sudden glimpse of the possibility of this which had so suddenly changed her demeanour towards him the night before, and procured him the bountiful entertainment which, interrupted as it was, so far exceeded both his expectations and deserts. Had he not seen Mrs. Upjohn very imperfectly by the light of the moon and the lamps, he must have been struck more than he was by her appearance in broad sunshine; for as she glided out of the house in her robe-de-chambre, before one of her servants was stirring, she looked like a belated spectre—if any one has ever witnessed that ghastly phenomenon of morning. It was not merely that she was exhausted by the fatigues of the fête, or that she had not slept; but she was compelled to show herself, which was not her usage, without either the advantage of her maid's assistance or any of the artificial adornments of her person, to some of which not even her maid was privy. In short, she came to the rendezvous, leaving the fine colour of her cheek behind her in one box, the ivory smoothness of her forehead in another, and divested of all the numerous embellishments which had contributed to the radiant and blooming figure she had made a few hours before at the ball. In short, there was nothing to conceal the fresh ravages which care and envy were again making of her charms, threatening soon to reduce her to much the same plight she was in when she first came down to the country. And this was the lady who was always taunting Mrs. Rowley with her vulgar arithmetic. Mrs. Upjohn might still have been almost as attractive as Mrs. Rowley, if she had only vexed herself with multiplication or worried herself with a sum in the rule of three.

As if she had not bad spirits enough in her train already, she was now going to keep an appointment with another. As far as the meeting concerned Leonard, the business was soon despatched. She handed him the cash, and he coolly put it in his pocket. As he was about to decamp with his booty in a great hurry, especially with the bracelet, about which he foresaw that a disagreeable fuss would probably be made before the day was much older, Mrs. Upjohn asked in a by-the-bye way, as if struck by a sudden thought, whether he knew where Mrs. Rowley was at the present moment.

"I hear she's in Cornwall," he replied.

"Is that all you know?" said the lady; "you will be surprised when I tell you she has settled herself down in a thatched cottage not far from this."

"I can't wish you joy of your neighbour," said Leonard.

"I only wish I knew how to get rid of her," said Mrs. Upjohn.

"Burn her out," said Leonard.

"Fie, Mr. Leonard, what a notion!"

"I'm only joking, of course, ma'am; but I wonder a woman like her lives in a thatched house."

"You don't think it grand enough for her, eh?"

"No," he added, with a suggestive expression in his eye, "but I was just thinking how liable thatch is to take fire. Any one who has a grudge against you has only to light a match and put it under the straw,—your house is in a blaze about your ears before you can say Jack Robinson."

"I never thought of that before," said Mrs. Upjohn; "however, I think we must try some milder way of proceeding."

"Find her brother, and she won't give you much more trouble, at least in this county."

"Oh, then, you know something of that?"

"Don't I?" cried Leonard.

"Pray tell me what you know," said Mrs. Upjohn insinuatingly.

But the caitiff required no encouragement to repeat a tale he was never tired of telling, and she listened with the profoundest attention while he related all the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted, how he had been connected with the affairs of the Evelyns, the services Mr. Evelyn had employed him in, the base ingratitude with which he had been treated, and finally how Miss Evelyn had influenced her father to cast him off, and had otherwise ill-used him.

"You don't say so," said Mrs. Upjohn.

Without a word more, he pulled up the left sleeve of his coat, and that of his shirt with it, and showed the seam of an old wound or fracture just above the wrist. The mark was distinctly visible all round the arm.

"There!" he cried, "I owe that to Mrs. Rowley, I owe her this useless shattered limb; it was set badly by an ignorant Italian surgeon, after a compound fracture, and I have suffered the tortures of purgatory, with it, from that day to this. I swore at the time I would never die until I had my revenge, and I repeat the oath every time my arm gives me a twinge, which is every day of my life."

"How and where did it happen?" cried Mrs. Upjohn. "How could she possibly have done it?"

"Another time I'll tell you all about it," replied Leonard, pulling down his sleeve, and having the best reasons for not going into details. "You know enough to know what little reason she had to love me."

"Yes; but it's one thing not to like a man, and another to break his arm. Was it with a poker? I had no notion she was such a virago."

"We'll say no more about it now," said Leonard, impatient to be off.

"Stop one moment," said Mrs. Upjohn. "All this happened, you say, in Piedmont?"

"Or thereabouts."

"And it was there, was it, Mr. Evelyn was in hopes of discovering his son?"

Leonard nodded assent.

"The reason I ask is that I happen to know a young man from that country who bears a striking resemblance to Mr. Evelyn."

"Where is he?" inquired Leonard eagerly—"in England?"

"In this very county, not far from this, but not with Mrs. Rowley."

"By George, I must have a peep at him, wherever he is. I must see him before I go up to town."

"You really had better, I think," said Mrs. Upjohn, who saw with immense satisfaction that with respect to Arnaud she had no occasion to purchase Mr. Leonard's services, his zeal being quite as great as her own.

In fact, he was so excited by the information he had received that he forgot the strong reasons which he had for hastening his departure. He was now only impatient to have Mrs. Upjohn's directions to the place where Arnaud was to be found.

"A short voyage, I hope, won't frighten you," she said. "You will have to cross over to that little island yonder; it's only a row or a sail of a quarter of an hour."

"I would cross the Atlantic in a cockle-shell, ma'am, to have the pleasure of presenting that jade with her lost brother. But what the devil is he doing on the island?"

"Preaching to the natives, he is by way of a missionary. But, let me tell you, he is a terrible fellow; and has already used very ill a gentleman of my acquaintance, who went to him at my suggestion to offer him his services professionally, believing him only ignorant of his rights. The whole thing is very mysterious; but he certainly comes from Piedmont, and strikingly resembles the late Mr. Evelyn."

"By George, I'll not leave Cornwall until I see him."

"Quite right, Mr. Leonard; to get a boat you have only to cross the bridge, take the green lane straight before you until you come to the Meadows—the thatched cottage I told you of—so that you may pay Mrs. Rowley a morning visit, if you fancy it."

Mrs. Upjohn sat so long, after her friend's departure, meditating on all the subjects she had discussed with him, among others what he could have meant by dwelling, as he did, on the particular dangers thatched cottages were exposed to, that the clock in the yard struck ten before she recollected the state of her toilette and the risk she ran of being caught by some of her guests, not even

"half made up." What would become of her, if Mr. Bittern, for instance, should be perversely matinal and happen to be lounging about? She might as well be seen by the whole party. But she succeeded in gaining the house and her dressing-room without being observed by any one but the servants, and found Spangles, her maid, in a prodigious fidget, not knowing what had become of her, and wringing her hands over her lady's superb ball-dress which she found not only fretted, but torn in several places, and she was still more horrified to find a box-snail nestled in the skirts, having evidently travelled all over them by the evidence of the slimy trail he left behind him. La! what could her mistress have been about to get her things into such a pickle? Except among philosophers there is no such speculative mind as that of a lady's-maid, and this was not the first, or perhaps not the twentieth, occasion that Mrs. Upjohn, in her recent career, had supplied her housekeeper's room with subjects of discussion more interesting than nice.

The snail had already been discussed that morning. Spangles had actually produced it in support of her credibility, which had made some of the other maids scream, and all of them declare that it was a great shame for Spangles to bring such a nasty thing to a breakfast-table.

"Throw it out of the window this instant!" said the housekeeper authoritatively. "One would think nobody never see'd a snail before."

"Nobody ever see'd a snail before," replied Spangles, "half-way up the skirts of a dress that cost twenty pounds if it cost a shilling. I would just give something out of my pocket to know how it got there."

"I'll tell you," said Captain Motley's man, who was the wag of the circle. "He just galloped up; did you never hear of a snail's gallop?"

"I suppose the missus supped on the grass," said another of the party.

"No, she didn't," said the butler, "I saw her with my own eyes in the markey. I didn't see her eat, to be sure, but I helped her twice myself to sherry, and three times to champagne."

"I'm told she didn't eat three mouthfuls at dinner yesterday either," said Spangles.

"Where's Miss Raffles?" said the housekeeper,— "she's late to-day."

Miss Raffles was maid to the Lovibonds, and she flounced in just as her name was mentioned, twice as excited as Spangles, for she had to tell, not only of a beautiful flounced French muslin ruined, but of the loss of the bracelet.

"And it was such a love," said Raffles, "if it had been mine, I should just break my heart."

"It's sure to be found about the grounds," said one of the maids.

"It never will," said Raffles, "Miss Lucy is cock-sure it was stolen."

Raffles then made them all die laughing with her account of the scene in the bower, and the queer sort of a customer who had his supper there almost in the dark, and how the young ladies had a fancy to join him, and how dearly they paid for their lark.

"It was a friend of the family who arrived late, and had not time to dress," said the butler, "I heard the Missus tell Jeames to take care of him."

"A friend of the family! If you had heard Miss Lucy's account of him, and his little eyes, like a ferret's, and his 'pology for a nose, and such lingo as no gen'l'man that is a real gen'l'man ever employs."

"He might be a friend of the Missus, for all that," muttered another of the domestics.

"Hush," said the housekeeper, tapping the table with her spoon presidentially, "I won't allow such hobversations to be made in my presence."

To which the butler added, that no such gentleman as Miss Raffles described had slept in the house.

"No matter for that," said Raffles, aside to Mr. Motley's man; "I don't think my ladies will stay much longer under the roof, if they stay a day, of which I have my doubts."

Raffles was right in her conjecture, but what took place above stairs, and the results of Mr. Leonard's petty larceny, will appear hereafter. We must now take the reader with us to the Meadows.

MARMION SAVAGE.

676

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

form 410

